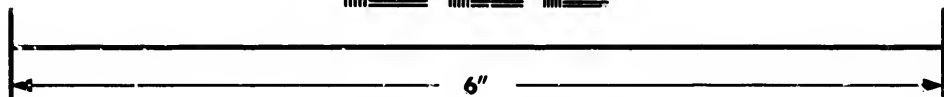
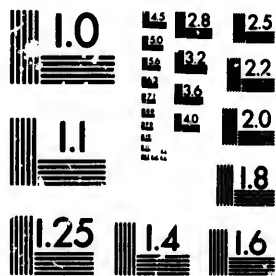


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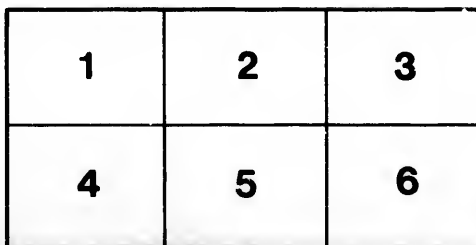
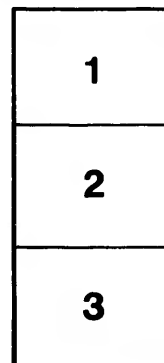
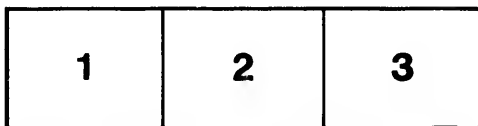
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A C

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH:

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

A NEW EDITION ENLARGED AND IMPROVED

BY

NORMAN MACDONALD, ESQ.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SONS,

1893.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE influence of poetry on mankind is confessedly great, particularly in the first stages of society. A people, the nearer they are to a primitive state, are always found the more susceptible of the inspiration of the muses. Unsophisticated manners engender bold and original conceptions, and these producè poetry characterized by natural, imaginary, graphic, and sublime descriptions, and an irresistible power over the passions. It is in this stage, that the song commemorative of prowess and moral worth has the effect of promoting and enlarging the virtues it celebrates.

The Highlanders have been highly distinguished among the Keltic race for a successful culture of the bardic science, and they possess very interesting remains of ancient composition.

Such portions of Gaelic poetry as have been published amply display its excellence: the poems of Ossian alone prove undeniably the poetical character of the people with whom those beautiful productions originated, and by whom they have been preserved, to be of a high order.

The compositions of different bards have been published either in whole or in part; and, although none could ever equal the renowned son of Fingal, many exhibit surprising talent and genius.

In order to meet the wishes of many of the most influential and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Highlands, as well as to gratify the desire of the natives in general, the present work—being the “BEAUTIES” selected from the native bards, both ancient and modern, known and unknown to the public at large—is now undertaken.

From what he has already published, the qualifications of the Editor, it is believed are well known to his countrymen. He has had peculiar facilities for the preparation of the present work. Pursuing the subject for many years,—he has traversed the Highlands in all directions, and has been fortunate enough to preserve many fine pieces, which, he has reason to believe, are now wholly lost among the people. Respecting the bards—he is in possession of a large collection of curious and interesting particulars, known to few others.

The work comprises, besides the lives of the poets, and numerous illustrations

and historical notes in the English language, the best pieces of ancient and modern composition; properly classified.

Besides the merit of the poetry, the utility of the work will be otherwise great. It will display the various provincial dialects, and the Glossary will be both interesting and instructive to the philologist and Gaelic Student; while the historian may consult the lives and notes with much advantage, the antiquary and philosopher will find much light thrown upon ancient manners by the whole, especially by the compositions of the CLUAR-SHEANA-CHAIN, or the *Songsters of the ancient tax*, a class of the *improvisatori* hitherto unnoticed, but who exercised great influence throughout the Highlands.

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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

O caraibh mi ri thaobh nan allt,
A shiubhlas mall le cumhaibh cinin,
Fo sguil a bharrach leag mo c'eanan,
'S hi thus' a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dithean 's nan gaoth tla,
'Smo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
'S e lubadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlar.

Biodh sobhrach bhlan is aillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain' fo' dhrinichd,
'S an neicean beag 's mo lamh air cluain,
'S an ealabhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ur.

*Perhaps it is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty to what part of the Highlands the AGED BARD belonged, or at what time he flourished. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who has given a metrical version of the above poem, says, "It was composed in Skye," though upon what authority she has not said. The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Treig** is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now Loch Treig is in the bras of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Ben-ard or Scur-oilt. Perhaps Ben-ard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eos-bha*, near Kinloch-loven, in Lochaber. The following is almost a literal translation of the above poem:—

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps; under the shades of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me.

At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.

Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my hillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inhaled, and the *caltrif* at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty brow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love.

*We likewise find *Treig* spoken of in "*Oran na comhachaidh*," where the author of that piece says, "*O'laith ni a Treig mo cheann-shath.*"

† An herb called St. John's wort.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruachaibh ard mo ghlinn',
Biodh lubadh gheug a's orra bla;
'S clann bheng nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaidh aost' le oran graidh

Briscaidh tro chreag nan eideann dlu,
Am fuaran ur lo torranam trom,
'S freagraidh mac-talla gach ciuil,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlu nan tonn.

Freagraidh gach enoc, agus gach sliabh,
Le binn-fhuaim gear n'an aighean near;
'N sin cluinidh mise mile geum,
A' riuth m'an cuairt domh 'n iar san ear.

Let the new-born gurgling fountain gush from the ivy-covered rock; and let all melodious echo respond to the sound of the stream of ever-successive waves.

Let the voice of every hill and mountain re-echo the sweet sound of the joyous herd; then shall a thousand lowings be heard all around.

Let the frisking of calves be in my view, by the side of a stream, or on the acclivity of a hill; and let the wanton kid, tired of its gambols, rest with its innocence on my bosom.

Poured on the wing of the gentle breeze, let the pleasant voice of lambs come to my ear; then shall the ewes answer when they hear their young running towards them.

O let me hear the hunter's step, with the sound of his darts and the noise of his dogs on the wide-extended heath; then youth shall beam on my cheek, when the voice of hunting the deer shall arise.

The narrow of my bones shall awake when I hear the noise of horns of dogs, and of bow-strings; and when the cry is heard, "The stag is fallen," my heels shall leap in joy along the heights of the mountains.

Then methinks I see the hound that attended me early and late, the hills which I was fond of haunting, and the rocks which were wont to re-echo the lofty horn.

I see the cave that often hospitably received our steps from night; cheerfulness awaked at the warmth of her trees; and in the joys of her cups there was much mirth.

Then the smoke of the feast of deer arose; our drink from *Treig*, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

M'an cuair. biodh lu-chleas nan hogh,
 Ri taobh nan sruth, no air leirg.
 'S an mincean beag do'n chumhraig agith,
 'N an achlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Sruthaibh air sgeith na h-osaig mhin,
 Glaothhan maoth nan ero mu'n chluais,
 'N sin freagrai!h na mheanmh-spreigh,
 'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

A ceum an t-sealguir ri mo chluais!
 Le sranna ghath, a's chon feagh sleibh,
 'N sin dearsaidh an oig air mo ghruaidh,
 'N uair dh-eircas toirm air sealg an t'hoiidh,

Duisgidh snior am chnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,
 Mi tairmrich dhos a's chon a's shreang,
 'Nuair ghl-odhar—"Thuit an damh!"
 Tha mo bhuiann, a' leum gu beo ri ard nam
 beann.

'N sin ehi mi, air leam, an gadhar,
 A iannadh mi an-mooh a's mooh;
 'S na sleibh bu mhiannach leam ' thaghall.
 'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dos.

I see Ben-ard of beautiful curve, chief of a
 thousand hills; the dreams of stags are in his
 locks, his head is the bed of clouds.

I see Sear-cilt on the brow of the glen, where
 the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the
 beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs,
 of rocks, and of elks.

Let joyous duck-larks swim swiftly on the pool
 of all pines. A strain of green firs is at its head,
 bending; the red re-waves over its banks.

Let the beauteous swan of the snowy bosom
 glide on the tops of the waves. When she soars
 on high among the clouds she will be unencum-
 bered.

She travels oft over the sea to the region of
 foaming billows, where a sail shall never be
 spread out to a mast, nor an oak-prow divide a
 wave.

Be thou by the summits of the mountains, the
 mournful tale of thy love in thy mouth, O swan,
 who has travelled from the land of waves; and
 may I listen to thy music in the heights of
 heaven.

Up with thy gentle song; pour out the doleful
 tidings of thy sorrow; and let all-melodious echo
 take up the strain from thy mouth.

Spread out thy wing over the main. Add to
 thy swiftness from the strength of the wind.
 Pleasant to my ear are the echoes of thy wound-
 ed heart—the song of love.

From what land blows the wind that bears the
 voice of thy sorrow from the rock, O youth, who
 westest on thy journey from us, who hast left my
 hoary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most
 modest and beauteous, and of the whitest hand.
 Joy without end to the smooth cheek that shall
 never move from the narrow bed.

Say, since mine eye has failed, O wind, where
 grows the reed with its mournful sound? by its
 side the little fishes whose wings never felt the
 winds' soft breath, maintain their sportive con-
 flict.

Raise me with a strong hand, and place my head
 under the fresh birch; when the sun is at high
 noon let its green shield be above mine eyes.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream, who
 swiftly walkest among the stars; let my night-
 work be in thy music, bringing back the days of
 my joy to my recollection.

Chi mi 'n uamh a ghabh gu fial,
 'S gu tric ar ceumaibh ro' 'n oidhclh';
 Dhuiseadh ar sunnd le blathas a crann,
 'S an solas chuach a bha mor noibhneas.

Bha eeo air flegth bharr an fheidh
 An deoch a Treig 's an tonn ar ceol,
 Go d' sheinnendh taig 's ge d' ramadh sleibh
 Sinnto 's an uaimh bu sheunh ar neoil.

Chi mi Beinn-ard is aillidh fiamh,
 Ceann-fadhna air mhile beann,
 Bha aising nan damh na ciabh,
 'S i leabaidh nan nial a ceann.

Chi mi Sgorr-cild' air bruach a ghlinn'
 An goir a chuach gu binu an tos.
 A's gorn mheall-wild' na mile giubhas
 Nan luban, nan earba, 's nan loa.

Biodh tuinn og a snamh le sunnd,
 Thar linne 's mine giubhas, gu luath.
 Srath ghiubhas uain' nig a ceann,
 A' lubadh chaoran dearg air bruaich.

Biodh eal' aluinn an uchd bhain,
 A snamh le spreigh air bharr nan tonn,
 'Nuair thogas i sginth an nird,
 A measg nan nial cha'n fhas i trom.

See, O my soul, the young virgin under the
 shade of the oak, king of the forest! her hand of
 snow is among her locks of gold, and her mildly
 rolling eye on the youth of her love.

He sings by her side—She is silent. Her heart
 pants, and swims in his music; love flies from
 eye to eye; deers stop their courses on the extend-
 ed heath.

Now the sound has ceased; her smooth white
 breast heaves to the breast of her love; and her
 lips, fresh as the unstained rose, are pressed close
 to the lips of her love.

Happiers without end to the lovely pair, who
 have awaked in my soul a gleam of that happy
 joy that shall not return! Happiness to thy
 soul, lovely virgin of the earling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream?
 Return yet—one little glimpse return; thou wilt
 not hear me, alas! I am sad. O beloved moun-
 tains, farewell.

Farewell, lovely company of youths! and you,
 O beautiful virgin, farewell. I cannot see you.
 Yours is the joy of summer; my winter is ever-
 lasting.

O place me within hearing of the great water-
 fall, with its murmuring sound, descending from
 the rock; let a harp and a shell be by my side,
 and the shield that defended my forefathers in
 battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast
 that slowly movest; bear my shade on the wind
 of thy swiftness, and travel quickly to the Isle
 of Heroes.

Where those who went of old are in deep slum-
 ber, deaf to the sound of music. Open the hall
 where dwell Ossian and Dnal. The night shall
 come, and the bard shall not be found.

But ah! before it come, a little while ere my
 shade retire to the dwelling of bards upon Ard-
 ven, from whence there is no return, give me the
 harp and my shell for the road, and then, my
 beloved harp and shell, farewell.

'S tric 'g astar thar a chuain,
Gu asraith fhuar nan ions' ronn,
Far nach togar breid ri crann,
'S nach sgoilt sron dharrach tonn

Bi thusa ri desan nan tom,
Is cumba' do ghaol ann ad baeul,
Ecia ' thriall o thir nan tonn,
'S tu seinn dhomh ciuil an aird nan speur.

O! cirich thus' le t-oran ciuin,
'S cuir naighnachd bhochd do bhroin an ceill.
'S glacaidh mac-talla gach cinil,
An guth tursa sin o d' bheul.

Tog do sgiath gu h-ard thar chuan,
Glac do luathas bhe neart na gaoith,
'S cibhinu a an ehluais an fuaim,
O'd ehiridhe ceint'—an t-oran gaoil.

Co an tir on gluais a' haath,
Tha giulan glaoidh do bhroin an chreig?
Oigeir a chuidh nain a thriall,
'S a dh-fhag mo chiabh ghlas gu'n taic,

B'eil deoir do ruis: O! thusa ribhinn,
Is mine ma's' 's a's gile lamh?
Solais gu'n ehiridhe do'n ghruaidh mhaoith,
A chaoilh nach gluais on leabaidd chaoil.

Innsibh o threir mo shuil, a ghaoth',
C' ait' an beil a chuil' a fas,
Le glaothian broin 's na bric r'a taobh,
Le sgiath gun deo a cumail blair.

Togaibh mi—caraibh le'r laimh threoin,
'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ur,
'N uair dh'eircas a' ghriann gu h-ard,
Biodh a sgiath uain' cecean mo shul.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiuin,
Tha 'g astar dhuineasg veull na h-oidhch',
Biodh gnoimh in' cillehe ann ad cheol;
Toirt aimsir mo mhuir gu'm chuimhu'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn og,
Fo sgeith an daraich, righ nam fath,
'S a lamh shneachd' meag a ciabhan oir,
'Sa meall-shuil chiuin ait og a graidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,
Le cridhe leum, 's a snamh' na cheol,
An gaoil bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air foidh nan sleibhtean mor.

Nis threig an fuaim, 's tha eilabh geal min,
Ri uchd 's ri cridhe gaoil a' fas,
'S a bilibh ur mar resgun smal,
Ma bheul a gaoil gu dhu an sas.

Solais gun ehiridhe do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhuais dhomh m' aobheas ait nach pill,
A's beannachd do t-anams' a ruin,
A nighcan chiuin nan cuach-chiabh grunn.

'N do threig thu mi aisling nam huadh?
Pill fathast—acon cheum beag—pill!

Cha ehluin sibh mi Ochoin! 's mi truagh.
A bheannaibh mo ghraidh—slan leibh.

Slan le comunn exomh na h-oige,
A's oigheannan boidheach, slan leibh,
Cha leir dhomh sibh, dhuibhse tha samhradh,
Ach dhomsa geamhradh a chaoilh,

O! cuir mo ehluis ri fuaim Eas-mor
Le chroinan a' tearnadh an chreig.
Bi'dh cruit agus slige ri'm thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shinnis sa' chath.

Thig le cnirdens thar a chuain,
Osag rabh a ghluais gu mall,
Tog mo cheo air sgiath do luathais,
'S imich grad gu eilean fhlaithais.

Far'm beil na h-oidh' a dh-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal trom gun dol le ceol,
Fosglaidh-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaoil;
Thig an oidheche 's cha bli'm bard air bhrath.

Ach o m'an tig I seal m'an triall mo cheo,
Gu teach man bard, air ar-bheinn us nach pill,
Fair cruit 's mo silige dh-innsaidh 'n roid,
An sin; me dhruit, 's moshlige ghraidh, slan leibh.

Note.—This is a curious and valuable relic of antiquity. It affords internal evidence that the doctrines of Christianity were either wholly unknown to the poet, or had no place in his creed. The Elysium of bards upon Ardven, the departure of the poet's shadow to the hall of Ossian and Daol, his last wish of laying by his side a harp, a shell full of liquor, and his ancestors' shield, are incompatible with the Christian doctrine of a future state.

That it is a composition, however, long subsequent to the times of Ossian, is evident from the change which the manners of the Caledonians had in the interim undergone: for in the poems of that bard there is scarcely an allusion to the pastoral state. At any rate, the art of taming and breeding cattle was certainly not practised by the Fingalians. Hunting and war seem to have been their sole occupations. Our aged bard, however, lived in the pastoral state of a city; a state which many poets have made the subject of that species of poetry denominated pastoral.

Our bard exhibits tender senses, and describes happy situations. He paints the beauties of nature with the hand of a master, and expresses the warmth of his feelings in glowing numbers. His style is nervous, his manner chaste. His fancy wears the native garb of purity and simplicity; and true taste will recognize his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as real poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigor of life. He has arranged and drawn forth to view rural objects, attended by such circumstances as had made the most pleasurable and lasting impression upon his own mind; and he seems, at the same time, to have been highly sensible of the beauties of nature, and capable of producing those strokes of fancy which evince poetic merit.

This poem shows that men leaving a pastoral life are capable of refined feelings and delicate sentiments, and may be actuated by the best affections of the heart; that long posterior to the days of Ossian, the Christian religion had not perhaps been heard of by the Caledonians; and that they were of opinion that the soul was an airy substance capable of existing in a state of separation from the body, and of enjoying, in the region of the clouds, those agreeable occupations, which had given it pleasure on earth.

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

A Chomhachag bhoich na Sroine,
A nochd is bronach do feabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghail,
Cha'n ioghnadh ge tróm leat t-aigneachd.

"S co'-noise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na faillean ann sa' choiantieb,
'S iomadh linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhoich na Sroine."

Nise bho na tha thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaoisid ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dha gun euradh,
Gach aon sgeula ga'm beil a' vd.

"Cha d' rinn mise braid' no brengan,
Cladh na tearmann a bhriesteadh
Air m' fhear fein cha d' roinn mi iomluas,
Gur cailleach bhoich ionraig mise."

Chunnacas mac a Bhrithheim chalma,
Agus Feargus nòr an gaisneach,
As Torradan liath na Sroine,
Sin na laoiich bha domhail, taigil."

Bho na thoisich thu ri seannachas,
A's eigin do leanmhuinn mi's faide,
Gu'n robh 'n tréuir bha sin air foghnadh,
Ma'n robh Donnaghail ann san Fhearsaid.

"Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
An daoin' is allaidh bha 'n Albainn,
'S minig a bha mi ga gisteachid,
'S e sig reiteach nan tom sealga."

Chunnaic mi Aonghas na dheigh,
Cha b' e sin raghainn bu taire,
'S ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thomaidh,
'S rinn e muilleat air All-Lavach."

Bu lionmhor cogadh a's creachadh,
Bha'n an Lochaber 'san uair sin,
C'aito 'm biodh tusa ga t-fhalach,
Eoin bhig na mala gramaich."

*This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Domhail mac Fhàilaidh nan Dan*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber, and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. "At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who, as might have been expected, proved a very unmet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn

"S ann a bha cuid mbor de m' shinnisir,
Eadar an Innse a's an Fhearsaid,
Bha cuid eile dhiu' ma'n Deaghtuigh;
Bhiodh iad ag eigeach 'sa'n fheasgar.

"N uair a chithinnse dol seachad,
Na creachan agus an fuathas,
Bheirinn car beag far an rathaid,
'S bhithim grathuinn sa' Chreig-ghuanaich."

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,
Chreag an dh-fhuair mi greis de m' arach.
Creag nan aigher 's nan damh siubhlach,
A chreag urail, aighearach, ianach.

Chreag ma'n iathadh an fhaoghait,
Bu mhiann leam a bhi ga taghal,
'N uair tu bhinn guth gallain gaothair,
A' cur graidh' gu gabhail chumhainn."

"S binn na h-olaircan ma' bruchan,
'S binn a cuachan; 's binn a h-cala,
A's binne fti sin an h-ghoaghan,
Ni an laoghan meana-bhrcac, ballach.

A's binn leam torama, na'n dos,
Ri uillinn nan corra-bheannr cas,
'S ar-eilid bhiorach is caol cas,
Ni fois fo dh-uileich ri teas."

Gun de sheil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's a'uing dh'i' feur a's cneamh,
Mathair an laogh mheata-bhric mhìr,
Beas an fhit mhall-rosgaich ghlain."

'S siubhlach a dh'-fhalbhas e raon,
Cadat cha dean e sa'n smuir,
B' fhearr leis na plaidé fo' thaoth,
Barr an fhraoich bhadaich uir."

Gur aluinn sgeamh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o sfireadh nam beann,
Mac na h-oidhe ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann."

down with the toils of the chase, and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. - Fear, rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and mistreating him. - In fact, "like the goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of Esop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance, and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

Eilid bhinneach, mheargant bhallach,
Oidhar, caugach, uhd reidh ard,
Daimh togalach, croic-cheunnach, sgiamhach,
Cronnach, ceann-riabhach, deurg.

Gur gasl' a ruitheadh tu suas,
Ri leachdunn chruaidh a's i cas,
Moladh gach aen neach an cu,
Ach molams' 'n trup thà dol as.

Creag mo chride-sa chreag mhor,
'S ionmhunn an lon tha fo ceann,
'S anns' an lag a th' air a cul,
Na machair a's mur nan gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgach nam faaran,
An riagach o'n dean an daimh ruan,
Chuireadh gadhar is glan nuallan,
Feidh na'n ruaig gu Inbhir-Mheorain.

B' annsa' leam na durlan bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri cararadh sil,
Buirean an daimh 'm bi ghne dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sin.

'N uair bhuras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bhucas damh Beinn-na-eràige,
Fragraidh na daimh ud da cheile,
'S thig feidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an cairidh fhuidh a's carb',
Ch'an fhuca mi dath air bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

Cha mhi-fhin a sgaot an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o cheile,
Gur grathunn an fheil' a fhuaras.

'S creag mo chride-s' a Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhioleireach, bhraonach,
Na 'n tulach ard, aluinn, fiarach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinig a bha mi 'g eisdeachd,
Re seideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a' chuala mi moran,
De chonnanach an daimh a' laidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam an fiadhach,
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fhaghar.

'S eibhinn an obair an t-shealg,
'S ait a cuairt an aird gu beochd,
Gur binne a h-aighear 's a' fonn
Na long a's i-dol fo bheairt.

Fad 'sa bhithinn beo no maireann,
Deo dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am feohar an fheidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

Cait' an eualas ceol bu bhinne,
Na mathar-gallhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheunga na' ruith le gleann,
Miol-choin a dol a'nt a's ast'.

'S truagh an diugh nach beo an fheoghainn,
Gun ann ach an ceo de'n bhuidheann,
Leis 'n bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun ol, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A srol fathrumach ri crann,
Suaicheantas shofleir shiol Chuiunn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall.

'S ann an Cinn-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha nanhaid' na graidhe bhuidhe,
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhath 'e 'n sabaid' na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Ruidhe so shios,
Am fear a b' oig dhoms' a bhas,
'S tric a chuir 'e thagradh an cruathas,
Ann eluais an daimh-chabraich an sas.

Raonri Mac-Dhòmhnuill ghlas,
Fear n fhuair foghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhac-Dhòmhnuill a chuil chais,
M' m' beo nach a' chomfraig leis.

Alasdair eridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bli ann mor a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Sliochd nan sonn leis a chu ghlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhoir,
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheinn na feidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an toir,
Mo dhoigh gur Domhnallach treun.

A's Domhnallach thu gun nhearachd,
Gur tu buinne gcal na cruaghach,
Gur cairdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,
S gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig-ghuanaich.

Ma dh-fhagadh Domhnall a muigh,
Na gonar a' taigh na' fleagh,
S gearr a bhios gac air bhuil,
Luch' a chruidh bi'dh iad a staigh.

Mi'm shuidh air sith-bhruth nam beann,
A coimhead air ceann Leola-Treig,
Creag ghuanach am biòdh an t-shealg,
Griannard am biodh na feidh.

Chi mi na Du-lochain bhuan,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,
Chi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiann,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-ard,
Agus an carn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rimheach an coire dearg,
 Far 'm bu mhianach leinn bli sealg,
 Coirro nan tulaichean faoich,
 Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidh Bhilean-nan-dos,
 'N taobh so bhos do Sgurra-lidh,
 Sgurra-choimnich nan damh seang—
 Ionmhain leam an diugh na chi.

Chi mi Srath farsuinn a chruidh,
 Far an libhar guth nan seang,
 A's Coire creagach a mhain,
 A' minig a thug mo lumb toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
 Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sith,
 Mar sin agus an Leitir dhubh,
 'S an tric a rinn mi fuil na' frith.

Soraith gu Beinn-allta bhuan,
 O'n 's i fhuair urran nam beann,
 Gu slios Loch-Earnachd an fheidh,
 Gu'm b'ionmhain leam fein bli ann.

Thoir soraith nam thun an Loch',
 Far am fajeo 'bhos a's thall,
 Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
 Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhse an loch,
 An loch, air am b'iodh an lach,
 Agus iomadh eala bhan,
 'S bh'idh iad a snamh air ma seach.

Olaidh mi a'Treig mo theann-shath,
 Na dheidh cha bli mi fo mhulid,
 Uisge glan nam sunnan fallan,
 O'n seang am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,
 Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
 Sugh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,
 'S mise ga ol gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bha 'n communn bristeach,
 Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilich,
 Mise gu brath cha dirich,
 Ise gu dilian cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu leir,
 Gabhadh mi fhein d'ibh mo chad,
 Dearmad cha dean mi s an am,
 Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

Cead is truaighe ghabhadh riabh,
 Do 'n fhiahaich bu mhor mo thoil,

Cha 'n fhalbh le bogha fo m' sgeith,
 'S gu la-brath cha leig mi coin.

Tha olaidh mo bhogha 'n am uehd,
 Le agh maol, odhar is ait,
 Ise ceanalt-'s mise gruamach,
 'S ernaiigh an diugh nach buan an t-shlat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhain,
 'S tursach air turas do 'n eilean,
 Chaill sinn an tathunn a's an dan,
 Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceanal.

Thug a choillo dhiot-s' an carb',
 'S thug an t-ard dhiom-sa na feidh,
 Cha n eil naire dhuinn a laoiel,
 O'n laidh an aois oirnn le cheil'.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
 'S moch a shuibhlain bhos a's thall,
 Ach a nis on fhuair mi tri,
 Cha ghluais mi ach gu min, mall.

Aois cha n'eil thu dlunn meachair
 Ge nach feudar leinn do shechnadh,
 Cromaidh tu n' duine direach,
 A dh' thas gu mileanta gasda.

Giorrachidh tu air a shaoghal,
 Agus caochlaidhidh tu ' chasan,
 Fagaidh tu cheann gun-deudach,
 'S ni thu eudann a chasadh.

A Shincad chas-aodannach, pheallach,
 A shream-shuileach, odhar, eitidh,
 Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a lobhair?
 Mo bhogha toirt dhiom air eigin.

O'n 's mi-fhin a b' fhearr an airidh,
 Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,
 No thusa aois bhothar, sgallach,
 Bhios aig an teallach a' shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a rithist:
 " 'S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn.
 Ris a bhogha sin a ghiulan,
 'S gur mor bu chuibhe dhut bata."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bata,
 Aois granda chairtidh na pleide,
 Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
 Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

" 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,
 Dh-fhag mise gu tuisleach an fhan,
 'N deis fhaobhadh as a sheasamh,
 Bha riomhe na fhleasgach neannach."

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUADH.

THE real name of this poetess was Mary M'Leod, though she is more generally known among her countrymen by the above appellation. She was born in Roudal, in Harris, in the year 1569, and was the daughter of Alexander M'Leod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was a descendant of the chief of that clan.*

It does not appear that Mary had done anything in the poetic way till she was somewhat advanced in life, and employed as nurse in the family of her chief: neither is there any evidence that she could write, or even read. Her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge.

"*An Tulla 'm bu ghna le Mac-Leoid*" was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament* she would make for him? Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. "Come nearer me," said the aged and infirm chief, "and let me hear part of it." Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem.

"*Hithill uhill agus ho*" was composed on John, a son of Sir Norman, upon his presenting her with a snuff-mull. She sometime after gave publicity to one of her songs, which so provoked her patron, M'Leod, that he banished her to the Isle of Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own.

It was during her exile there that she composed "*S mi 'm shuidh' air an Tulaich*," or "*Luinneag Mhic-Leoid*." On this song coming to M'Leod's ears, he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board except she should promise to make no more songs on her return to Syke. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

Soon after this, a son of the Laird's had been ill, and, on his recovery, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which, like its predecessors, drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song-making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "It is not a song; it is only a *cronan*,"—that is, a hum, or "croon."

She mentions, in a song which we have heard, but which was never printed, that she had nursed five lairds of the M'Leods, and two of the lairds of Applecross.

* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *Fionaghal Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Troterness, and was a native of Skye. She was married, and some of her descendants are still in that country. All that we have been able to meet with, of Flora's poetry, is a satire on the clan Mac-Martin, and an elegy on M'Leod of Dunvegan. We have the authority of several persons of high respectability, and on whose testimony we can rely, that Mary M'Leod was the veritable authoress of the poems attributed to her in this work.

The song ends with an address to *Tormod nan tri Tormod*.* She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir Tormod*." During her exile she composed one of the finest of her poems: the air is wild and beautiful; and it is no small praise to say that it is worthy of the verses. On her passage from Mull to Skye she composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured: we give a few stanzas of it:—

"Thèid mi le'nà dhòcaid do dhùthach Mhic-Leold,
M' Inil air a mhòr luchbhuch shù,
Bu chòir dhomh gun bh' m' eòlas san tìr
Leodaich, mar pìll cruaidail mi,
Sìubhaladh mi 'n àrr, tro dhùlachd nan slàn,
Do 'n tìr g'ann bh' fìrthì thànach-cheallan;
On eòlas an sgeul buadhach gun bhreug,
Bhàin g'ann mo chùibh fhuadachadh.

"Chl mi Mae-Leold 's prìseil an t-òg,
Bhàinich gu mòr buadhach,
Bhò Ollaghlair nan tann chùireadh srolalbh rì craun;
'S Leodach an dream namhàrra.
Eòladh na fùlan g'ann air an sùlma,
'S fannall rì mo cruaidail iad,
'Na fùrvaith pharg an am rìsgadh nan arm,
'S eilutach an t-ainm fhuaras leibh.

"Sìol Tormold nan sglath fòrmenlach fial,
Dh' eòladh do shìnghe luath-luathach,
Fèalradh nan pìos, fòrman nan pìos,
'S dearbh gu'n bh' leibh 'n dhuic'ehas;
'Thàinig teuchdair do 'n tìr gu macanta mìn,
'S a'it fann gach bh' eòlas leann,
D' bhàn-bhèagan nan steud 's an fèagair iachd-theud,
Bh'èir greis air gach sgeul buadh-ghleireach.

"Nuair chùireadh na tìoch dolgheas air chaol,
Turas rì gaoith ghìudste leibh,
O bharralbh nan eòran gu tarrudh nam ball,
Teumachadh teann suas rìthie,
Fannair gu fòrle mar rì Mae-Leold,
Charach do shìol nan-dhàir 't,
Bhò a'ois an fhìon gu talla nam pìos,
Gu'n beamach mo rìgh 'n t-uisal ud."

* We knew an old man, called Alexander M'Rae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, whom we have heard sing many of Mary's songs, not one of which has ever been printed. Some of these were excellent, and we had designed to take them down from his recitation, but were prevented by his sudden death, which happened in the year 1833. Among these was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling M'Donald's "*Birlinn*," composed upon occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RU Aidh.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

Ri fuaim an t-shaimh
'S naigreach mo ghean,
Bha mis' uair nach b'e sud m' abhaist.
Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach pìob nuallanac' 'hor,
Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceol,
'Nuair ghluais' i le meoir Phadruig.*
'Nuair ghluais' i, &c.

Gur maing a bheir geill
Do'n t-saoghal gu leir,
'S tric a chaochail e cheum gabhaidh.
'S tric a chaochail e, &c.

Gur lionmhoire churs
Na'n dealt air an drìuchd,
Ann am madainn an tus maighe.
Ann am madain, &c.

Cha'n fhacas ri m' re,
Aon duine fo 'n ghreinn,
Nach tug e ghreis fein dha sin.
Nach tug e, &c.

Beir an t-soghraidh so buam,
Gu talla nan cuach,
Far 'm biodh tathaich nan truadh dainhail.
Far 'm biodh, &c.

'Thun an taighe nach gann,
Fo 'n leathad ud thall,
Far beil aighear a's ceann mo mhanrain.
Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tormod mo run,
Ollaghaireach thu,
Foirmeil o thus t-abhaist.
Foirmeil o thus, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' chiall,
'S e bu chleachdadh dhat riamh,
'Teach farsunn 's e fial failteach.
'Teach farsunn, &c.

Bhiodh tional nan Clìar,
Re tamul, a's cian,
Dh-fhios a bhaile 'm biodh triall chairdean.
Dh-fhios a bhaile, &c.

'Naile chunna' mi uair,
S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,
Fo ghruaigh chleachdaich nan dual ar-
bhuidh,
Fo ghruaig, chleachdaich, &c.

* The celebrated PADRUG MOR Mac Cruimeln,
one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunve-
gan.

Fear dìreach dens treun,
Bu ro fhirinneach beus,
'S e gun mhi-ghean, gun cheum trailleil.
'S e gun mhi-ghean, &c.

De'n linne a b'fhearr buaidh,
Thu 's na crìochailb mu'n cuairt,
Clann fhìrinneach Ruairi lain-mhoir.
Clann fhìrinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadh mhic rìgh,
No gaisge, no gnìomh,
Nach eil pearsa mo ghaoil lan deth.
Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an Iugh,
Ann an ceantaidh 's an cliu,
Ann am feil' 's an gnuis nairc.
Ann am feil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gnìomh,
'S ann am puilte neo-chrion,
Ann am maise, 's am miagh aillteachd.
Ann am maise, &c.

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
Ann an uaisle gun chron caileachd.
Ann an uaisle, &c.

Tuigs-fhear nan teud,
Purpas gach sgeil,
Susbaint gach ceill naduir.
Susbaint gach, &c.

Gu'm bu chubhaidh dhut sid,
Mar a thubhairt iad ris,
Bu tu 'n t-ubhal thar meus aird chraoibh.
Bu tu 'n t-ubhal, &c.

Leodaich mo run,
Seorsa fhuair cliu,
Cha bu thoiseachadh ur dhaibh Sir.
Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sibh
Ann an iomartas rìgh,
'Nuair bu mhulaidich stri Thearlaich.*
'Nuair bu, &c.

Slan Ghacil no Ghail
Cha' dh-fhuaras oirbh foill,
Dh-aon bhuaireadh g'n d'rinn ur namhaid.
Dh-aon bhuaireadh, &c.

Lochninnich threun
Toiseach ur sgeil,
Sliochd solta bho freumh Mhanuis.
Sliochd solta, &c.

* King Charles II.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,
Bhì gu morghalach glie,
Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shìochd bhì
adlumhor.

Chriosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhin,
Bean bu shoeraiche cinll,
'S i gu foisteineach flal narach.
'S i gu foisteineach, &c.

Am beil cannach a's cliu,
'S i gun mhilleadh na cuis,
'S i gu h-iriosal cinin cairdeil.
'S i gu h-iriosal, &c.

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrein,
Gu toileachadh trend,
'S a h-olachd, a reir han-righ
'S a h-olachd, &c.

'S tric a riarach thu cuilm,
Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg,
Nighean Oighre Dhun-Tuilin, slan dut.
Nighean Oighre, &c.

ORAN

DO DH' IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LEOID.*

LUNNEAG.

*Il-ithill mhill agus o,
Il-ithill o h-oireannan
Il-ithill mhill agus o,
Il-ithill o-h-o h-oireannan
Il-ithill mhill agus o
Il-ithill o h-oriannan
Faillill o h-ullill o,
Il-o ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.*

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
Cha'n e cadal is miannach leam,
Aig ro mhend na tuile,
'S mo mhùilean gun iarann air,
Tha mholtair ri paidheadh,
Mur cailltear am bliadhna mi,
'S gur feumail domh faighinn,
Ge do ghabhainn an iasad i.
Il-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air a chlachair,
Rinn m'aigne-sa riarachadh,
Fear mor, a bheoil mheachair,
Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu,
Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacal
Na caisteil ged iarrainn ind;
Cheart aindceoin mo stata,
Gun charaich sud fiachan orm.
Il-ithill, &c.

* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's
Collection of Highland Airs, pages 28—103.

Ged a thuir mi riut clachair,
Air m'fhacal cha b'fhior dhomh e,
Gur rioghail do shìoinneadh
'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,
Fior Leodach ur, gusla,
Foinnidh beachdail, glie flalaidh thu,
De shìochd nam fear flathail,
Bu mhath an ceann chliarannach.
Il-ithill, &c.

Ach a mhle ud Shir Tormod,
Gu'n soirbhich gach bìndhna dhut,
Chuir bunidh air do shìochd-sa,
Agus piseach air t-iarmadan;
'S do'n chuid eile chloinn t-athar,
Annas gach rathad a thriallass iad,
Gu'n robh toradh mo dhurachd
Dol nan run mar bu mhiannach leam.
Il-ithill, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhìreach,
'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,
Le d' lothain chon gheusda
Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thriallass tu,
Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, cinnteach,
Cruaidh, dìreach, gun fhiaradh ann;
Bu tu sealgair na h-cìlid,
A choilich, 's na liath-chìre.
Il-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,
Fior bhoinne geal suaire' thu,
Am beil naisle na peacaige,
Air an d'fhas an eul dualach,
'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe,
Sin a's urla glan, suairec,
Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.
Il-ithill, &c.

Slan iomradh dhut Iain,
Gu mu rathail a dh' eircas dut,
'S tu mae an deagh athar,
Bha gu mathasach meaghrachail,
Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
Faoilteachail deireachail,
Sar cheannard air trup thu,
Na'n cuirte leat feum orra.
Il-ithill, &c.

Gur aluinn am marcach
Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
'S tu cumail do phears'
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut,
Thigeadh sud ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorin, dhias-fhada,
A's paidhir mhath *phiostal*
Air crios nam ball sniomhanach.
Il-ithill, &c.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHINA LE
MAC-LEOID.

Rron! gur muldach 'tha mi,
'S mi gun mhìre gun mhauran,
Anns an talla 'm bu gna le Mac-Leoid.
Rìgh! gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, menghrach,
Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,
Far m' bu tartarach gleadhraich nan corn.
' Taigh mor, &c.

Tha do thalla mor prìceil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
Far an fcaidh mi 'm flon bhì 'ga ol.
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dil' aie an aitreabb,
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt na coir.
Och mo dhiobhail, &c.

Chi mi 'n chliar a's na daimhich,
A'treigsinn na fardaich,
On nach eisd thu ri fàilte luchd-cooil,
Chi mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shir Torma! nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeilm a chuir asad no bosd.
Shir Tormad, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deag urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air nìrighioll beoil.
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lugh-mhor,
Dol a shìnbhal nan stuc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-ord.
Leat bu mhiannach, &c.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,
Led' bhogha ernaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i do lamh nach, &c.

Glac-throm air do shìnsaid,
An deigh a snaitheadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an coin.
Glac-throm, &c.

Bhiodh ceir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarraunn,
'Nuair a leumadh an t-saighlead o d' mbeoir.
Bhiodh ceir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gainc 's an smeoirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhail.
Nuair shuidheadh gach curaid nam d' bhord.
'Nam dhut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig naislenn,
'S cha robh beagan mar ehnathus ort,
Sud an cleachdadh n' fhuair thu t-aois oig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm biodh farmm air thailcag,
Agus fuaim air a chlarsaich.
Mur a bhùineadh do shar mhae Mhic-Leoid.
Gu 'm biodh farmm, &c.

Gur b-e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,
Greis air uirsgheil na Feinne,
'S air euidenachda cheir-ghil nan croe.
Gur b-e b' eachdraidh, &c.

CUMHA DO MHAIC-LEOID.

Gur e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhuadaich mo chiall uam,
Mar nach bitheadh i agam,
'S nach fhaic mi riamh i;
Gur o Abhall an lùs so,
Tha mise ga iargann;
E gun abuchadh meas air,
Ach air briseadh fo ehiad bharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mi nise ga eisdeachd,
Gach aon cheudh mar thig oirn',
Dol an friccad, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud la,
Crench nid an t-seobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fuir allail,
Bu neo mhalartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnainn, 's an Paris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh n-ur eliu tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd calaidh,
'S a leannan na feileachd.

Ach a fhriambaich nan curaidh,
'S a chuilin nan leoghan,
A's ogha an da sheanar,
Bu chaitheamaich' loistean;
C'ait' an robh e ri fhaotuin
Air an tuobhs' an Roinn-Eorpa,
Cha b' fhuarras ri fhaighinn
Anns gach rathad, bu doigh dhuibh.

Ach a Ruairidh mhic Iain,
'S goirt leann fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
'S e mo chreach-sa mac t-athar,
Bhi na laidho gun eiridh,

Agus Tormol a mhac-sa,
A thasgaidh mo chaille!
Gur e aobhar mo ghearrain,
Gu'n chailleadh le chaille' iad.

Nach mor an sgeul sgrìobhaidh,
S nach longhnaidh leibh fein e,
Dullleach na craoibhe,
Nach do sguoileadh am meanglan,
An robh clu, agus onair,
Agus moladh air deagh-bheairt,
Gu daonachdach, carthannach,
Beannachdach, ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an nai-lheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun do chorp a bhì 'san Duthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut;
Sgeul eile nach fusaadh,
Tha mi claidinn sun uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha eoidreas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghal gu'n eis linn,
Gun cluinneamaid Leodaich,
Bhì ga'm fogradh o'n oighreachd,
'S a'n coraichean glana,
'S a'm fearann gun deigh air
'S ar ramtanan farsuinn,
Na'n rach-te 'n am feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-aobhar
Clann-Raonuill, 's Clann-Domhnuill,
Agus taigh Mhic 'Illeain,
Bha daingheann 'n-ur seorsa,
Agus fir Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Nall tharais a Cnoicheart,
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,
O champ Inbhir-Lochaidh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh Clann-Choinnich,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuaillean,
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh tri uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhì ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaoth do mhna muinntir,
'S nach cluintear, 's an uairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Earadh,
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,
Far bo dual dut o 't' sheanair.
Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach,
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaibh,
De shloinneadh nan righrean,
Leis na chiosaicheadh Manainn.

'S e mo ghaols' an sliochd foirmeil,
Bh'air sliochd Ollaghair, a's Ochruidh,
O bhaile na Boirbhe,
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n toiseach;
Gur ioma fuil mhorga,

Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iarl' Il', agus Rois thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt* na h-Appun,
Ged a's gasl' an duin' og thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
Iad tapaidd 'n am fòirneart,
Na ghabhsa meannadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach coir dhut,
Cha toir thu l dhaindeoin,
'S clu'n fhaigh thu le deoin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear colgreach
A thagrudh ur'n Oighreohd;
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisleachd,
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fheildh,
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

* Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan, which made the Mac-Leods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Mac-Leod having left no male heir.

MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAIGH.

Tha mise air leaghadh le bron,
O'n la dh-cug thu 's nach beo,
Mu m' fhuaran faighidneach, coir,
Uasal, aighearach, og,
'S uaisle shuidhe mu bhord,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treoir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leon,
Macaan min-geal gun sgleo,
B' fhearrail, finealt an t-og,
De shliochd nam fear mor,
D'a bu dual a bhì coir,
'S gu'm b'fhuil faiteal do bheoil eisleadh

S' tu chlan na h-ireinn a b'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as an d'fhas,
Cairdeas righ as gach ball,
Bha sud sgrìobt' leat am bainn,
Fo laimh duine gun mheang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

A ruairidh aigeanntaich aird,
O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an aidh,
Mhic an fhir bu mhor gair,
Nan lann guineach, cruidh, garg,
Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb,
Iar-ogha Uilleam nan long breid-ghéal.

Fhuair mi m' ailleagan ur,
'S e gun smal air gun smur,
Bu bhreac min dearg do ghnuis,

Bu ghorm taoghach do shuil,
Bu ghlan sluisaid, a's glun,
Bu deas, daighenn, a lub ghleust thu.

A lub abhoil nam buadh,
'S maing a tharladh ort uair,
Mu ghlaic Fhionnaidh so shuas,
Air each erodhanta luath,
Nanmaid romhad na ruaig,
Air dhaibh buille cha b'uair eis e.

Ach fhir a's curranta lamh,
Thug gach duine gu oradh,
'S truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slan,
Ri uair cumaisg no blair,
A thoirt eis dheth do namh,
Bu leat urram an la cheudateh.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,
Meoir a's gruine ni sgrìobhadh,
Uasal faighidneach, cinnteach,
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgrìobhaidh,
'S tu nach muchadh an fhirinn,
Sgeul no chreche! so shil do chreuchdan.

Stad air m'aighear an do
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcanta fein,
Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,
D'huilt an gobha dhomh gleus,
D'huilt sud mi 's gach leigle
'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo rìgh dh'eug thu.

Thuit a chraobh thun a bhlaire,
Rois an graine gu lar,
Lot thu 'n cinneadh a's chradh,
Air an robh thu mar bharr,
Ga'n dìonadh gach la,
'S mo chreach! bhuinig am bas treun ort.

'N am suidhe na d' shecmar,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an ordugh,
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phosaidh,
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Domhnuill,
As do dheigh mar bu choir dh'i,
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-srol ghle-
gheal.

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,
Fiamh a ghuil air mo ghruaidh,
'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
Mareach deas nan each luath,
Sar Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fheime.

Ach fhuair mi m'ailleagan og,
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheol,
Saoir ri caradh do bhord,
Mnai ri spionadh an fheoir,
Fir gun tallsig, gun cheol,
Gur bochd fulang mo sgeoil eisdeachd.

'Nuair a thionail an sluagh,
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,
Mur ghair sheillean am brauach,

An deigh na meala thoirt uath,
'S ann bha'n t-cireadh bochd truagh,
'S lad ma cheannas an t-sluagih threubhaich.

MARBHIRANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH

MAC'ILLECHALUM RARSAIDH.*

Mo bheud, 's mo chradh,
Mar dh'-'eirich dha
'S 'hear ghleusda, ghraidh,
Bha treun san spairn,
'S nach faicear gu brath thu' n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curanta, mor,
Bu mhath cumadh, a's treoir,
O t' uileun gu d' dhorn,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhroig,
Mhio Muire mo leon,
Thu bhì 'n innis nan ron,
'S nach faighear thu.

'S math lubadh tu pic
O chul thaobh do chiinn,
'Nan rusgadh a ghill,
Le ionasaidh nach pill,
'S air mo laimh gu'm bu cinnteach saighead
uat.

Bu tu sealgair a gheoidh,
Lamh gun dearnad, gun leon,
Air 'm bu shuarach an t-or
Thoirt a bhuanachd a cheoil,
'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na 's leoir,
'S na chaitheadh tu.

Bu tu sealgair an fheidh,
Leis an deargta na bein;
Bhiodh coin earbsach air cill
Aig an Albanach threun;
C'ait' am faca mi fein
Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
A dheanadh riut euchd flathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan stri thu,
Casán dìreach, fad' fìnealt,
Mo chreach dhiobhail
Chaidh thu dhith oirn, le neart sine,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,
Faicinn t' fhearsainn gun surd,
'S do bhaile gun smuid
Fo charrraig nan sugh,
Dheagh mhic Chalum nan tur a Rarsa.

Och! m' fheudail bhuan,
Gun sgeul sa' ohan,
Bu ghle mhath snuadh,

* This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Raasa.

Ri gráin, 's ri fuaich,
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,
Nach d'fhead thu 'n nair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhead, 's mo bhron,
Mar dh' eirich dho
Muir beineach, moir,
Ag leum mar d' bhord,
Thu fein, 's do shuid
'Nuair reub 'ur seoil,
Nach d'fhaod sibh treoir
A chaitheadh orr.

'S e an sgeul' craiteach
Do'n mhacoi a d'fhag thu,
'S do t-aon bheathair,
A shuidh na t'áite,
Dluain t'áige,
Chaidh tonn b'it ort.
Craobh a b' nair' de 'n abhal thu.

CHUMHA MÍIC-LEOID.

Cha sard eadail,
An rams air m'áigeadh,
Mo shuid fhasach,
Gun sard macnais.
'S a' chuir a chleachd mi:—
Sgeul ur ait ri eisceachd.

'S trom an eadhrom so dhruidh,
Dh-fhag mo chusleán gun lugh,
'S tric snigh' mo shuid:
A tuiteam gu dlu;
Chall mi tuchair mo chuil:
Ann a eideirech luchd-ciuil,
Cha teid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,
Fo thasgaidh bhord,
Sar mhac 'Ic-Leoid,
Nan bratach sroil,
Bu phailt' ma'n or,
Bu bhinn-uisneachd sgeoil;
Aig luchd-astair
A's ceoil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n eol,
Fear t-fhasain beo,
Am blas luchd beoil,
'S am maíse neoil,
An gaisge glois,
An ceart san coir;
Gun aircas na sgleo feile.

Dh-fhalbh mo solas,
Marbh mo Leodach,
Calama, crotha,
Moanamnach ro-ghlio,
Dhearbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Soanachas colais;
Gun chearb fighluim,
Dealbhach ro-ghlan t-cáigisg.

An treas la do'n Mhairt,
Dh' fhalbh m'alghear gu braith,
Bhí sud a'ghial mo ohráidh,
Bhí 'g amhar do bhais,
A ghlois fhálthiasach nait;
A dheag mhie rathail,
An armuinn eochdaich.

Mao Ruairidh reacht-mhoir,
Uaibhreic, bhreuchdail,
Bu bhuidh leatsa,
Dualaas farsu'm,
Smuadh-ghláine pearsa;
Cruidail 's smuadh gun cucoir.

'Uaill a's niteis,
'S an bhuaig gu faighte,
Ri nair ceartais,
Fuasgladh faeil;
Gun ghruam gu lasan;
Gu suairec, suaste, reusant.

Fo bhuid na ciste,
Chaidh grunn a ghlois,
Fear fughant, miséal,
Cuilmnach, gilteil,
An robh eiu gun bhriseadh;
Chaidh uir fo lie air m' eudail.

Gnais na gláinne,
Chuireadh suaid air fearaibh,
Air each cruilheich ceann-ard,
'S lann ur than ort,
Am beart dhlu dhuinghin:
Air eull nan clann-fhalt teud-bhuidh.

'S iomadh fear ainceoil,
Is aoidh 's luchd callaidh,
Bheir turnais tamul,
Air crin a mhalairt,
Air iuil 's air ainne,
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug e.

B tu 'n sith-thamh charid,
Ri' am tigh'n gu bail,
Ol dion nig fearabh,
Gun stri gun charraid,
'S bu mhiam leat mar ruit,
Luchd inns' air annas sgeula.

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhun adhmhor,
Sailbhear, failteach,
Cuilm-mhor staitoil,
Gun bhuirb gun ardan:
Gun diultadh air mal dheirceach.

Thu shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morgan,
Nan scol corra-bheann,
'S nan corn gorm-ghlas,
Nan eol orghan
'S nan scod bu bhorb ri elginn.

Bha leath do shloinn 'th,
Ri siol Cholla,
Nan eise tramh,
'S nam plus soilleir,
Bha choig-amh Coimneach,
Ba lion-mòr do luingeas breid-ghéal.

'S iomadh gear d'alta,
'S nuaid bh-as-bhuailt,
Ri la t-segaidh,
Cha 'n fhath aiteis,
Do 'd chaidion t-fhaicinn
Fa ehtar gl'aise,
Ma thruaidh! chrench an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crun,
Bean eheilidh ghlan ur,
Thug l'ceud ghradh ga run,
Bu mhòr a' h-aobhar ri sunnd,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghuais a ceile.

Si fhras nach ciuin,
A thainig as ur,
A shrac air sin',
Sa bhris ar stiur,
'S ar eairt mhath luil,
'S ar take euil;
'S air eaidridh euil,
Bhiodh againn 'na d' thur eibhinn.

'S mor an innudrain tha bhuainn,
Air a dumadh 's an naigh,
Air eunneadh 's ar buaidh!
Air eunna 's ar 'n mail;
'S ar sugradh gun ghruainn
'S fal air eunneinne
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUIÑNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich',
Fo mhulal 's fo ime-cheist;
'S mi coimhead air lle,
'S ann de'm ionghnadh san am so.
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
Gus n do chaochail air m' aimsir;
Gu'n tiginn a'f taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh.

*I h-urabh o, i h-oirtunn o,
I h-urabh o, i h-oirtunn o,
I h-urabh o, h-ojaidh ho-ro,
H-i-ri-ri rithibh h-o-i ag o.*

Gun tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh, a's Sgarbaidh;
Beir mo shoraidh do'n duthaich,
Tha fo dhubhar nan garbh-bheann.
Gu Sir Tormod ur, allail,
Fhuair ceannas air armailt;
'S gun eaint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Gun eaint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air;
Fear do cheille, 's do ghlocais,
Do mhisnich, 's do mheannmann.
Po chruadail, 's do ghalge,
Do dhrench, 's do dhealbha;
Agus to-lachd as t-aisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leannbhainn.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus to-lachd, as t-aisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leannbhainn;
Dh-fhuil dircach righ Iacbhainn;
B' e sid toiseach do sheannachais.
Tha do chaidens so-larraidh,
R's gach farla tha 'n Albainn;
'S ri uaisleat, na h-Eireann,
Cha b'reug, ach sgeul dearbht' e.
I h-urabh o, &c.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht' e;
A mhic an fhir d'aitich,
Bha gu fughantach ainmeil.
Thug barrachd an ghoce,
Air gach Rìdir bha 'n Albainn;
Ann an cogadh 's an sio-eainnt,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Ann an cogadh 's an sio-eainnt,
'S ann an dioladh an airgeid;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do mhac-sa,
Bhìdh gu beuchdail mor, tucannach.
Bhìdh gu fughant', fial, farsuinn,
O'n a gheuch sibh mar shealbh e;
Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhia'.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo efreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhia';
Ach an non t'hear a dh-fhuirich,
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.
Ach eulail do dh-fhearnibh;
Ge do ghabh mi bh'uat tearbadh;
Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uireasaidh dealbha;
Cruilho farsuinn, fial, fearail;
'S math thig geal agus dearg ort.
Suil ghoru 's glan sealladh,
Mar dhearcraig na talmhuinn;
Lamh ri grunnidh ruiteach,
Mar mhuaig na feara-dhris.
I h-urabh o, &c.

Lamh ri grunnidh ruiteach,
Mar mhuaig na feara-dhris,
Fo thugh na gruaige,
Cul dualach, nan camalub.
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhardaich,

An caradh air calachuinn;
Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Ih-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Agus lanntuinnean tann,
O'n ceannaibh gu'm barra-dheis.
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhiu,
Isneach a's cairbiinn;
Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
Le'n tafaidin cainbe.
Ih-urabh o, &c.

Agus iubhair chruaigh, fhallain,
Le'n tafaidin cainbe,
A's cuilbheirean caola,
Air an daoirid gu'n ceannaicht' iad.
Glac nan ceann liobhte,
Air chuir sios ann am balgaibh;
O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.
Ih-urabh o, &c.

O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';
Tha mo chion air a churaidh,
Mac Mhuire chuir sealb' air.
'S e bu mhiannach le m' leanabh,
Bhi'm beunnaibh ran sealga;
Gabhail aighear na fridhe,
'S a dircadh nan garbh-ghlac.
Ih-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frithe
'S a dircadh nan garbh-ghlac;
A leigil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhran ud,
Fuil thoirt air chalgabih,
O luchd nan ceir geala;
S nam falluinnean dearga.
Ih-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan ceir geala,
'S nam falluinnean dearga,
Le d' chomhlain dhaoim' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaitheamh na fuirge,
'S a b'urainn ga seoladh,
Gu seol-ait' an tarruinnte' i.
Ih-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

An naigheachd so 'n de
Aighearach i,
Moladh do 'n leigh,
Thug maileart d'am cheil
Nis teannaidh mi fein ri cronan,
Nis teannaidh, &c.

Beannachd do 'n bheul,
Dh-aithris an sgeul
Cha ghearrin mi fein
Na chailleadh 's na dh-eng
'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
'S mo leanabh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
Air slaint do thighinn,
Gud chairdean 's gud thir,
Mhic armuinn mo ghaoil,
Be m' ardan 's mo phris,
Alach mo righ thogbhuil
Alach mo righ, &c.

'S fath mire dhuinn fein,
'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,
Do philleadh on eug,
'S millis an sgeul,
'S binne ro gleus orgain,
'S binne no gleus, &c.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,
An caisteal nan arm
Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tormod,
Leis a mhacan, &c.

Tha mo dhuis' ann an Dia,
Guir muirneach do thriall,
Gu Dun ud nan ciar,
Far bu duthchas do'm thriath,
Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiail foirmeil,
Bhiodh gu fiugheantach fiail, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach ard,
Be sud innis nam bard,
'S nam filidh ri dan,
Far bu mhinig an tamh,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlas daibh sud,
Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlasath, &c.

Gu aros nach crion
Am bidh garaich nam piob
'S nan clarsach a ris
Le dearsadh nam pios
A' cuir saradh am fion
'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh or-cheaird,
'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh, &c.

Buaghach am mac,
Uasal an t-slat,
Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,
Cruadalach pailt,
Duais-mhor am beachd
Ruineach an neart Leodach
Ruineach an neart, &c.

Fiuran a chluain,
Duisg san deagh uair,
'S du dhut dol suas,
'N eliu 's ann am buaidh,
'S duthas do'm luaidh,

Bhith gu fuighantach suaire ceol-bhinn,
Bh' dh gu fuighantach suaire, &c.

Fasan bu dual,
Fantalach buan,
Soorach ri tuath,
Cosguil ri cuairt,
Cosunta cruaidh,
A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
A mosgladh an uair foirneart.
A mosgladh an uair, &c.

Leansa 's na treig,
Cleachdadh a's beus,
T-aiteam gu leir,
Macanta seimh,
Pailt ri luchd theud,
Gaisgeil am feum,
Neart-mhor an deigh toiresachd.
Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Sicshd Ollaghair nan Iann,
Thogadh sroitlean ri crann,
'Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,
Priseil an dream,
Rioghail gun chall corach.
Rioghail gun chall, &c.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,
Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,
Gur dearbhata dhut laoiach,
Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,
Thig ort as gach taobh gad chonadh,
Thig ort as gach taobh, &c.

Uasal an treud,
Deas, cruadalach, treun,
Tha'n dual'chas dhut fein,
Theid ma d' ghuailibh ri t-fheum,
De shliochd Ruairi mhoir fheil,
Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhe an t-og Rìgh,
Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gaeil gu leir,
Cho cairdeach dhut fein,
'S gur feard thu gu t-fheum,
Sir Domhnall a Steibht,
Ceannard nan ceud,
Ceannsgalach treun ro ghlic,
Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhairil 's mo bheachd,
Air na fùrain as leat,
Gu curantach ceart,
'S ann de bharrachd do neart,

Mac-'Ic-Ailcin 's a mhao
Thig le farum am feachd,
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.
Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, &c.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,
Thig am barantas sluaidh,
Nach mealladh ort uair,
Cha bu churantas fuar
Na fir sin bho chluain Chnoideirt.
Na fir sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh an Aird,
'S M'ò Choinnich Chinntail,
Theid 'nad t-ìomairt gun dail,
Le h-ìomadaidh graidh,
Cha b'ìonghantach dhaibh,
'S gur lionmhor do phairt dhaibh sin.
'S gur lionmhor do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,
Mac 'Illean bhi bhuisinn,
Gun a thaigheadeas suas.
Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn.
T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, &c.

B'ìomadh gasan gun chealg,
Bu ceas faicinn fo arm,
Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
Eadar Bracadal thall as Brolas.
Eadar Bracadal, &c.

Tha mi 'g cean mo chall,
Iad a thachairt gun cheann,
Fo ehasan nan Gall,
Gun do phearsa bhi ann,
Mo chruaidh-chas nach gann,
Thu bhi anns an Fhraing air fogradh.
Thu bhi, &c.

A Chrosd cinnich thu fein,
An spiunnadh 's an ceill,
Gu cinneadhail treun,
'N ionad na dh' eug,
A Mhic an fhir naoh d' fhuair beum,
'Sa ghineadh o'n chre ro-ghlan.
'S ghineadh o'n chre, &c.

A Rìgh nan gras,
Bidh fein mar gheard,
Air feum mo ghraicidh,
Dean oighne slan
Do'n Teaghlaich aigh,
Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr solais.
Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr, &c.

IAIN LOM;

OR

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.* He was sometimes called *Iain Mann-tach*, from an impediment in his speech. He was of the Keppoch family; lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and died at a very advanced age about the year 1710.

We know little of the early education of the Lochaber bard. Of him it might be said, "*poeta nascitur non fit*;" but from his descent from the great family, *Clann-Raonail na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1683. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughaill*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last

* Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard.

drop of their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an inch of land to bestow upon them. The M'Donald of Keppoch always appeared at the head of his own men, although only a branch of the great clan. He might have got rights, as he had just claims to land for signal services; but "would he care for titles given on sheep skin?"* he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword!

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspecting young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Archibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mubach*), a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity, by "*Tobar nan Ceann*."

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the "man of song" in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and

* Alluding to vellum.

greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every eye by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyleshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyleshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyleshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr. Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronimic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*,) who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr. Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the castle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No, truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquess of Argyle, who, on the score of heroism might have shaken hands with himself, felt the influence of the satire and ridicule of the popular bard and politician so much, that he offered a considerable reward for his head. The conduct of M'Donald on this occasion, indicates well the manner in which the character of a bard was respected and held sacred.

The poet repaired to Inverary, went to the castle, and delivered himself to the marquess, demanding his reward. We have already given an instance of his cowardly spirit. No one would accuse him of rashness; for he proved his prudence, caution, and foresight, from the long experience and trials he had in troublesome times. It was, therefore, on the safety granted to the office of bardship that he depended. Nor did he trust too much. He was perfectly safe in the midst of his enemies; even in the very castle of their chief who offered a reward for his head. The marquess received him courteously, and brought him through the castle; and on entering a room hung round with the heads of black cocks, his Grace asked John:—“*Am fac thu riamh Iain, an uiread sin de choilich dhubha an aon aite?*”—“*Chunnaic,*” *ars Iain.* “*O'aite?*”—“*An Inbher-Lochaidh.*”—“*A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu brach de chagnadh nan caimbeulach?*”—“*'Se 's duilich leam,*” *ars Iain,* “*nach urradh mi ga slugadh.*” *i. e.* “Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?” “Yes,” replied the undaunted bard. “Where?” demanded his Grace. “At Inverlochay,” returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. “Ah! John,” added his Grace, “will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?” “I am sorry,” says the other, “that I could not swallow them.”

He was buried in Dun-aingal in the braes of Lochaber; and his grave was till of late pointed out to the curious by the natives. Another bard, Alexander M'Donald of Glencoe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

“*Na shineadh an so fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an 'eoghainn's fuath an tuire, &c.*”

Iain Lom composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

IAIN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S teare an diugh mo chuis ghaire,
Tigh 'n na raidean so 'niar;
'G amhare fonn Inbher-laire,
'N deigh a strachdadh le siol;
Tha Cheapach na fasach,
Gun non nird oirre 's flach;
'S leir ri fhuicinn a bhruithrean,
Gur trom a bhare oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirne thainig an diombuain.
'Sa 'n iomaghuin gheur;
Mur thu claidheamh ar finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca 'Thureach gun sireadh,
Bhi a pinnceadh ur cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar fillceadh,
Measg ar cinne mor fein.

'S gearr o chomhair' na h-aoine,
Dh' fhag a chaidh sinn f' 'prochd;
O am na feill-Micheil,
Ge b'e nith rinn mo lot;
Dh' fhag sud n' ar miol-mhuir sinn
'S na' r fuigheall spuir air gach port;
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri cheile,
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne gearr uninn,
Bhuail an t-carrehall orm spot;
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,
Bha cull na fala fo 'm brot;
Bha mo lamhansa croabhach,
'N deigh bhi taosgadh 'ur lot;
Se bhi ga 'r cuir ann an ciste,
Turn as miste mi nochd.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp ehmraidh,
Anns 'm bu dlu chur na'n sgian;
'S iad na 'n sineadh air urlar,
'N seomar ur ga 'n cur sios;
Fo chasan shiol Duglaill
Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
Dh' fhag alach am biodag
Mur sgaile ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhar,
A sheall n'ur bhathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur bheus;
Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bairn an aibhisteir threan;
Ach mu rinn iad bhr lotsa.
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n eadal thaigh duinte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheo;
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhusgadh,
Thaobh 'ur chuil a's 'ur beoil;
Aeh na 'm fuigheadh sibh uine
O luchd ur mhi-rurin bhi beo;
Cha bu bhlaie gun surd e,
Biodh air' air muirn 's air luchd-ccoil.

A leithid de mhort cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'm beus;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhruithrean,
E dhol an lathair mhie Dhe;
Mur am bat air an linne,
Ge b'e shireadh na deigh;
Cha tain' a leithid do mhilleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghréin.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn
Bhi 'g innseadh blur beus
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
'N uair chuaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein
'Sa chuir sibh cungaidh 'ur easuibh,
Ann an Aros na 'n tud;
'S 'ur buachailleann bath-chruibh,
Ann an garadh nam peur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceill;
Chaidh a ghlaicadh droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad flabh Dhe;
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sginean,
Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh;
'S a 'neach nach do bhuaicceadh,
Bhi ga bhuaire anns a bhreig.

Acha Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall,
Dh' fhag thu sinne n'ur breislich,
Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,
Chaidh gun fhios dut air chail;
Tha sinn corrach as t-uogais,
Mur cholainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-iom' oganach sgaiteach,
Lub bhaclach, sgiath chrom;
Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn;
A dheanadh leat eiridh
Mu 'm biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl;
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig.
Dheagh Shir Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shio-chaint,
Bha da 'r dionadh gu leoir;

Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhí stríochdadh,
Fhúd 'sa 'n cian bhíodhmaid beo;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dith oir',
B' ole an dioladh sin oirn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas,
Leis an sgathur na uicoir.

'N glan fhuirán so bh' aguin,
'N taobh so fhlaitheas Mhic Dhe;
Thainig sgiursadh a bhais air,
Chaill sinn thoirt le sráidh geur;
'N t-aon fhuirán a b' aillidh,
Bh' ann 's phuirce 'n roibh speis;
Mur gu 'm buaineadh sibh áilean,
Leis an fhaladair geur.

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bmaladh,
'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh;
'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,
B' fhearr leam uam e mur cheud:
Gar an teid mi g'n innseadh,
Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul;
Luchd dheanadh na síthne,
Bhí feadh na tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH.

AN STOP DHUINN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
'S líon an cupa le solas,
Mas a brandaí na beoirí, tha mi toileach a
h-ol

'N deoch' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S air Sir Alasdair og thig on chaol.

'M fear nach duirig a h-ol
Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,
Tha mo dhurachd do'n oigear,
Crann curaidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Rígh nan dul bhí gad chonadh fhir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'n taigh í,
Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,
Le sliochd uábhreach an athar,
A choisín buaigh leis a chláidheimh,
Fíor ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caitheamh gu daor.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
Dh' fhas gu flathasach feile,
Do shíochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,,
Gedafhuair an claidhe 's an teug oirbhsgriob.

Bhíodh an t-íubhar ga lubadh,
Aig do fhleasgaichean úra,

* This song was composed on account of the laird of Glengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alexander McDonald of Slate, and Sir James his son.

Dol a shíubhal nan stuc-bheann,
Ann 's an uighe gun churam,
Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruggte na gill.

'S tha mo dhúil ann 's an Tríanaid,
Ged thainig laigsinn air t-flon fhuil,
Slat den chuilleán bhá ciatach,
Dh' fhas gu furach falaidh
Sheusadh duineil air blal-thuobh an rígh.

'S an am dhut gluasad o ' t-níreamh,
Le d' cheol cluain' agus enismeacaid,
C thír-uasal nan glas-eburn,
Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
Gam bu shuineas íarr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuair a thairte fo luchd í,
Bhí tarraim suas air a cupaill,
Bord a fuairidh 's ruidh chuip air,
Snaim air fuathail a fíuch bhúird,
'Sruth mu guilibh 's í suchta le gaoith.

'S nuair a chairte fo seol í,
Le crainn ghasda 's le corcaich,
Ag íomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,
Aig a comhlán bu bhoiche,
Seal m'an togt' oirre ro-sheol o thír.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
Far an greudhnaich luchd calaidh,
Gabhail fáilte le caithream,
As na clarsaichean glána,
Do m'bhaoi oig nan teud banala binn,

Sliochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,
Leis an do chuireadh cath garabhach.
Fhuair mí urrad gar seannachas,
Gun robh an taras ud ainmeil,
Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r cis.

'S íoma neach a fhuair coir naibh,
Ann sann am ud le'r goraich,
Ban díu Rothaich 's Rosaich,
Mac-Choinnich 's Díuc Gordon,
Mac-Ílleain o Dreolain 's Mac-Aoidh.

Be do shuaicheantas taitneach,
Long, 's leoghan, 's bradan,
Air ehan líobharu an aigeil,
A chraobh fhigéis gun ghaiseadh,
A chuireadh fion dí le pailteas,
Lann dhearg ro na ghaisgeach nan tim.

Nuair bu sgíth ae luchd theud e,
Gheibhte Bíoball ga leughadh,
Le fíor chreideamh a's ceille,
Mar a dh' orduich mac Dhe dhúibh,
S gheibhte teagasg na Cleir' uaibh le síth.

Mhic Shir Seumas nam bratach,
O bhun Sleib'te nam bradan,
A ghlac an fheile 's a mhaise,

O cheann ceile do leapa,
Cum do reite air a casan,
Bi gu reusanta, macanta, min.

Slochd na milidh 's nam fearabh,
Na srol 's nam pios 's nan cup geala,
Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
Nuair bu rìoghal an tarruinn,
Bhiodh pìob rimheach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slan 's gum a h-iomlan,
Gach ni tha mi g-iomradh,
Do theaghlach rìgh Fionghall,
Oighre dlìgheach Dhun-Tuilm thu
Olar deoch air do chuilm gun bhi sgi.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

'S trom 's gur eisleanach m' aigne,
'N diugh gur feudar dhomh aìdeach',
O 'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mi corr.
'S trom 's gur, &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanus guu aìtreabh,
'S nach h-e 'mal a ta fairtleachadh orm.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga 'm fhogradh a m' dhutaich,
'S m' fhearann post' aig siol Dughail,
'S iad am barail gu 'n uraich iad coir.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich mo shaobhaidh,
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaonnag m'a shroin.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mo ni a's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
Gun chead tearnadh measg loinidh no feoir.
Mo ni a's, &c.

O nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear morta,
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
Mur bha na cairdean curta 's taigh mhor.
O Nach d' fhas, &c.

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,
Dh-fhaoite thogail le copan,
Ruith na caochan ma bholtaibh am brog.
Fuil a taosgadh, &c.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,
Ged a ropadh tu caolain,
Cha n' e do chogadh a shaol mi theachd orm.
A rugh ropach, &c.

* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer; this song was composed on that occasion.

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,*
'Nuair a dh'it iad an gearran 'sa mhod.
Cleas a bhinne, &c.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breatunn,
Rinn am mearlach a sheasamh,
Bhi ga thearbadh o leandairt nan coird.
Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dan mnai a chruitoir,
Mun ghnìomh narach rinn musag,
Thug i lamh air a phluiccadh le dorn.
Cleas dana, &c.

A bhean choite gun obadh,
Bu choir a dochair a thogail,
Thig a chlach anns an tobar 's i beo.
A bhean choite, &c.

'Nuair bha a bheisd air a buaireadh
Na cionnta fein's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.
'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cadal gu seiscil,
Aig fadal Shir Sheumais,
Leig an ladarnas doistneach ud leo.
Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm faicinn do loingear,
'S mi nach bristeadh a choinneamh,
Na 'm biodh coisenohd air chomas domh beo.
Ach na 'm, &c.

Mìre shrutha r'a darach,
Ga cuir an uigheam gu h-aìthghearr,
Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mìre shrutha, &c.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-aodaich,
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri cuir bhod.
'Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacuibh,
Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leis.
Raimh, &c.

* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this:—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when law and justice are evidently different things, they say—"Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chlaicne."

Buirid ur air a totaibh,
 'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
 Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgoiltadh m'a bord.
 Buirid ur air, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Gen' tha mi m' eun fograidh san tir-sa,
 Air m' ruagadh as na crìochan,
 Gloir do Dhuin 's do dh' Iarla Shi-phort,*
 Cha bhi sinn tuille fo 'r binneas.

O ro ro seinn, co nam b'aill leibh?
O ro ro seinn, co nam b'aill leibh?
Call abhar-inn o, calman-codhail:
Trom orach as o, co nam b'aill leibh?

Sir Seumas nan tur 's nam baldeal,
 Gheibh luchd muirne cuir m' t-aitreabh,
 Ge do rinn thu 'n dusal cadail,
 'S eibhinn leam do dhusgadh madainn'.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Slan fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhabaich.
 Shiubhladh sliaibh gun bhàdh, gun chadal;
 Fraoch fo d' shìin' gun bhòd, gun bhagrach;
 Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Rinn thu m'òch-ciridh Di-domhnaich,
 Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdaoh,
 Thoir t namh nan cas-cheann doite,
 Chur sradaig fo bhraclach na feola.
O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Kerpoch *Jain Munnach*, the poet, had to flee for his life to Rosshire, where he got a place from Seaforth in Glensheal, where he and his family might reside till such time as the murderers could be apprehended, as Seaforth, at the poet's request, had petitioned government for carrying that point into effect. This happened in the time of Sir James M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate, anno 1663.

"The government finding it impracticable to bring those robbers to justice in a legal way, sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James M'Donald, signed by the Duke of Hamilton, marquis of Montrose, earl of Eglington, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their abettors.

"This, in a very short time, he effectually performed: some of them he put to death, and actually dispersed the rest to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civility of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments for the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James' honour.

"This letter is dated the 15th day of December, 1665, and signed Rothes. Sir James died anno 1678."—*Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.*

Mhoire 's buidheach mis' a Dhia ort,
 Cuid do 'n athohuing' bha mi 'g iarraidh,
 'N grad spadadh le glas lannuibh liatha,
 Tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-uidheam,
 Le d' bhraiteach aird 's do ghillean dubha,
 Sgrìob Ghilleaspuig Ruaidh t. Uithist,
 Bhuail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Cha d'farr thu bata no long dharaich,
 Ri am geamhraidh 'n tus na gallinn,
 Triubhas teann feadh bheann a's bhealach,
 Coiseachd bhonn go trom do mhealag.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Ach na'n cuirradh tu gach cuis gu aite,
 Mu 'n sgaoil thu t-itean air saile,
 'Nuair dh-eitich thu Inbher-laire,
 B' fheird do mheas e measg nan Gael.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach bu chruai' an ghoir ud,
 Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,
 Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-annoisein,
 Sealg nam boe mu dhos na maoliseach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S maing a rinn fhoghlum san droch-bheirt,
 'N deigh am plaosgadh fhuair bhur plòineadh,
 Claignean 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
 Mar chinn laigh 'an deigh am plotadh.
O ro ro sin, &c.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH.

RIGH TEABEACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,
 An ard ghleann munaidh,
 'S mor fath mo shulas ri gaire.
 Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thòd mi,
 Ma 's e 's olo leibh,
 Thig an sop a m' bhraghad.
 'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheanns' orinn a chluinntinn,
 Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn;
 Gu 'n do thiondai' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.
 O 'n bha, &c.

An ceum so air choisenchd,
 Le m' bhata 's le m' phoca,
 'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mhath.
 An ceum, &c.

Gur h-olc an nith dhuinn,
Bhi stad am prìosan,
'N am theachd an rìgh g'a aite.
Gur h-olc, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn furtachd,
As na eilabhan drauidte,
'Nuair dh' iarr sinn luchulr a gharaidh.
Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stìnbhairt,
Ma chaidhe an crùn ort,
Dia na fhear stùirdh air t-fhardaich,
'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
Gun aon bhuille claidheimh,
'N ainm an athar 's an ard Rìgh.
Ma chaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rioghachd
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mì-ruin
'N coinneamh ri mìle oiad failte.
'S thu thigh'n, &c.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhìsgeach,
'S measa run d'ut na mise,
Tha culr staigh am *petisean* an drasla,
'S ioma, &c.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal lintha,
Air an stormadh le iarunn,
B' olc na lorgairean riamh ann do gheard iad.
Luchd na 'n, &c.

Cha b' fhas' an dusgadh a cadai,
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a brachaidh,
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
Cha b' fhas, &c.

Na mearlaich uile chuidh dh' aon-taobh,
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hùndaidh,
'S math choisinn le bunndaid am paighthead.
Na mearlaich, &c.

Leam is eibhin a mur thachair,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
Leam is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir na cairtean,
Nach robh tionndas mi-cheart orr',
Bha mo shuilean ga m fàicinn an trath ud.
Cha robh, &c.

'S olc an leasan d'iciadain,
Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
'S olc an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,
Gloir agus moladh do 'n ard-Rìgh.
'N am, &c.

Le maighdeinn sgorr-shuileach smachdall,
Dh' fhagas giallan gun mbeartuin,
Dhuineas fairas a Mharceis mhì-chairdeil.
Le maighdeann, &c.

'S ged 's e thus cha 'n e dhreath,
Do luchd dhusgadh an teine,
'S mar mo run do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.
'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
'N deigh air thus bhl na Aingeal,
Chaidh sgursa' le an-lochd n Phurais.*
Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhuin,
Dol timcholl an 'omhuin,
Bhrìgh coltais toirt comh-fhillteachd dhasan.
Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' fhearr dhut na moran,
No na chruinnich thu stòras,
Bhi tìonal an oiraich gu d' gharadh.
'S mor a b' fhearr, &c.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard mìsgeach,
Bhi 'n ait as nach tig sibh,
Mur sgaile *phictuir* 'sa 'n sgathan,
Na thu fhein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
Bha tarraunn uainn ar euid beartais,
Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitehall* dhuinn.
Na farabhalaich, &c.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHAIDH.†

LUNNEAG.

H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
H-i rim h-o-ro, h-o-ro leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Domhnuill.

An cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chuimein;
'S fud chaidh ainm air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimhdean iom ain.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh'irich mi moch madainn dhomhnaich,
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha buaidh an là le Clann Domhnuill.
H-i rim, &c.

* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

† This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells, on Sunday, February 2, 1645.

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirlh surl 'nr tapaidh;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasur,
'S eirig air a chus mar thachair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a Idraghaid,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chur, gun chllathadh, no gun aiteach,
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paighte.
H-i rim, &c.

Air do laimhse 'Thighearna Lathair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidheamh;
'S ioma oghnoch ehinne t-athar,
Tha 'n Iubher-Lochaidh na laidhe.
H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha riamh dheth d' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhead a bhòtann thoirt tiorann,
Ach faoghlum snamh air Bun-Neluhais.*
H-i rim, &c.

Sgeul a b' aite 'nuair a thigeadh,
Air Caim-beulaich nam beul sligeadh,
H-uile dream dhùu mur a thigeadh,
Le bualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.
H-i rim, &c.

'N lathu sin shuail leo dhòl leotha,
'S ann bha laoiach ga 'n ruith air reothadh,
'S ioma shòdanach mor odhar,
Bha na shineadh air ach'-an-tothair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ge be dhireadh Tom-na-h-aire,
Bu lionor spog ur ann air dhroch shailleadh,
Neul nurbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgiursadh le lunnan.
H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm bualadh ma na sronan,
Bu lion'or claidheamh elais-ghorm comhnard
Bha bualadh an lamhan Clann-Domhnuill.
H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair ehruinnich mor dhragh na
'Fhalachd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimhneach ri talamh,

* When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more irksome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bonnets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and gallant to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhuimh neacha Dhuimh. ha, cuimhnichibh 'ur boineidean."

An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.
H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmhor corp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocain fhròiche,
O 'n bhur an grenste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir bhar a Chaorainn.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le frinn,
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;
Chaidh na laoiach ud gu 'n dheall
'S chuir iad nnoim air luchd an mi-ruin.
H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mhuldeartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sheoladh an euan ri la doillear,
Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,
'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.
H-i rim, &c.

Cha b' e sud an stubhal cearbach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creuchadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;
'S leagadh leis coilcach Strath-bhalgaidh.
H-i rim, &c.

An t-eun dona chaill a cheutaidh,
Ad Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgriteach,
Gheall thu 'n de a bhi cuir as duibh,
Chuir thu 'n reitrea seach an caisteal,
Scoladh ghe mhath air an leantunn.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armainn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhùu fuireach,
'S reitrea air prabar an duileisg.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair Mhic Cholla ghasda,
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu 'n ruig air Ghallaibh glasa,
'S ma dh-ol iad cal gun chuir thu asd' e.
H-i rim, &c.

'M b' aithne dhuibhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,
'S math a bha e air a thobar,
Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar;
Ach fuil Dhuimhneach an deigh reothadh.
H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrìos mu 's truaigh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur paistean
Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 's 'n arach
Donnalaich bhan Earraghael.
H-i rim, &c.

LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S eian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc;
Na 'n chluinneadh tu fathunn,
Le rabhadh an eoin;
'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron!*

Ain leith-naobh Beinne-buidhe,
Sheus a bhuidheann nach gann;
Luchd dhearcadh an iubhair,
'Su chur sibhal fo chrann;
'S dlombach mise d' ur snothair,
'Nuair a dh' nom sibh a nall,
Nach deach a stench air Gleann-Aora,
Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhauill,
Chum thu chodhail gu duineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-Iarl Aorach,
Do chuir gun aobhar a Muile,
Bha thu roimhe 'n Durt-eldheann,
'S dh' fhagh thu leigheart mu choinne,
'S gun aon eislein a' t-aighe,
Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
A laoch aigeantaich phriseil,
Oig rimheich an aigh:
Tha mise an fhiona,
Ad ghruaidh direadh an aird;
'S tha thu shloechd nan tri Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingean air sail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgaith agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach curadh adbhans;
Cha bh' mid ag eigeach,
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Inbher-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoch-sa gu camp.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'M brudar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' fhearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhuisg;
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' uigh,
Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnuis aobhach,
'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuill,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aighe,
'S leum a bhradain am burn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

*This battle was fought between the Campbells of Argyle and the men of Athol.

Gur mise bha tursach,
'N am dhomh dusgadh o m' bhrudar;
Bhi faicinn do chursalbh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;
Bhl gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhull thu thig'n uithe;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an duisgear an ualg dhomh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha prulp air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' fhu dhut am faighneachd;
Eoin Abrach o'n Ghiubhsaich,
Cha toir cubair a ghreim deth;
'S Gilleanbuig a Bhrraighe,
Gu latha bhrath nach bi 'm foill dut;
Mae Iuin 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imicheadh an oidich leat.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S loma marcaiche statail,
Gar an air' mi ach cuid diu;
Eadar geata bhrraighe Acuin,
Gu slios Blair nam fear luidheach;
Mur ghabh sud a's bragh Ard-dhuil,
Agus braighe Bochuidir;
Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail,
'N eirig la Tom-a-phubail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S loma oganach guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-aithneicht;
Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,
'S caol Mhuile nan canach;
Ghearra'lh beum le 'n arm guineach,
Ga 'n tomann do 'n fheamainn;
Ann an eirig nam muineal,
Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S fad o'n chuala' mi seachas,
'S mi 'm sheana-ghiullan gorach;
Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-feilidh,
Os ceann leine no cota;
Bhi ga innse gu soilleir,
Anns' gach coinnidh a's codhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Siol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnuill.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Righ! nach robh iad an geambairn,
Lan teampull do shluagh;
Do luchd nam beul cama,
'S cha b' ainid sud uainn;
'S ioma claidheamh geur guineach,
Laidir fulangach e'naidh;
Th' aig mo chinnendh ga 'm feitheamh,
'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S b' fhearr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,
Clann 'Illeain nan tuagh;
'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
No claidheamh an truail;

Bheirte mach na h-airm chatha,
 'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan;
 'S ged b' ghuineach na Duimhnic,
 'S iad sìol Chluinn a bha cruaidh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha mo run air na gillean,
 Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg;
 Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,
 Dhol an iomairt nan arm,
 Dhol a mall thar an lline,
 Le gillean na Cairge;
 'S ioma marbh bhiodh 'i shireadh,
 Air am pilleadh do Chearara.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dìth dhut a Mharuis,
 Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
 Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaoil mhula,
 Nach d' fhas gu balachull, brunnach;
 Cheart cho chinnteach 'sa 'm bus,
 Ged tha thu 'n draod as an t-sealladh;
 Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
 Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhùrachd,
 Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic;
 Cha robh againn do sgathan,
 Ach greasid tra do 'n taigh grunnach;
 "Aisling caillich mar a durachd,"
 Gach mìl-run bha do 'n duin ud;
 Ged bu ladurna 'n cul-chainnt,
 Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e ningeachd na tuathla,
 Gluais an marcus le dhaoine;
 Ach toguil a bhraataich,
 'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair;
 Fhuair thu iuchair na corach,
 Gu t-ordugh le d' dhaoine;
 Agus fosgladh gach caistell,
 Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dut,
 Innis fharsuinn nam faochag;
 Ged bu daingheann a chlach i,
 Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach;
 Cha robh euilbheir caol glaise,
 No gunna prùise gan sgoileadh;
 Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan canach,
 Gu ruig ball' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard *Lieutenant* o 'n rìgh thu,
 Thug thu sgrìob do dh' Earr'ghael,
 Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinn-tìre,
 'S gach aon nith bh'anns an ait ud;
 Agus lè bheag riabhach,
 Mu 'n iath a mhuir shaille;

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

'S goirt a chnead a ta' m ehlabb-sa,
 Fhad 's bha 'n t-insad gun pluaigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghilinne-garaidh,
 Na bi falach do ruin oirn;
 Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,
 Tha thu 'd charaid dhuinn duballt;
 Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,
 Na ni ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaobh,
 A luchd nan ceanna-bhearra' crubhaidh,
 Thionndaidh falachd a chruin ruiba.

'S e do charaid mur dealaidh,
 Mac 'Ie-Allein a Muideart,
 Sliochd an Alasdair Gharaidh,
 Luchd tharruinn nam fìran;
 Cha do chuir caibh shalach;
 Na tafaid ealamh ri d' chul-chrann;
 Bheireadh beum air a h-atborg,
 Fhad sa mhaireadh a fudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,
 Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut;
 Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
 'S iad mach tairgeadh do mhealladh;
 Luchd na 'm peighinnean talubaidh,
 'S tu dh' fhaodadh eurb's' asd gu daingheann;
 Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Chollla,
 Na ni 'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
 Gunna stailte, 's lann du-ghorm;
 Le 'n gunnaichean caolo,
 'S na daornuinn ga 'n giulan;
 Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Laeluinn,
 'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
 Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughaidh,
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

Cha 'n iongnadh thusa bli fiabhach,
 'N taobh shìos do Bhun-atua;
 Ged theid Duimhnic gu 'n dicheall,
 'S gu dìdeann a chlaidheimh;
 'S leat na thubhairt mi chianamh,
 Ceart cho dìreach ri saighend;
 'S leat Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Stratha
 Agus da Mhac-'Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
 Gu 'n do stad a chainn air am muineal;
 Nis o 'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,
 'S fad bhios Duimhnic gun urram;
 Ged a Shacil le Mac-Cailein,
 E bhi na bharrach air Muile;
 B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aigne,
 Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
 O nach doirtcadh gloir bhreamais!
 Naile chailleadh sibh geoigh ris,
 Nach b' fhiach an rostadh ri teallaich;
 Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
 Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh;
 'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
 B' e fhein an saighdear bu ghlainc.

Gur mairg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,
Neach a dh-fhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,
Na 'm biodh cuimh'n air an lath' ud,
Fhuair iad t-athair fo 'n comas;
Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
Chaisleil Bhlair gu gle shoilleir;
'S beag bha dlùchas an lu sin,
Gu 'm biodh iad paighte na 'n comainn.

'S mor tha cadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn;
Chuidh thu 'n cuir na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh biodaig no sgrine;
Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnean,
Chaill e 'n oig'neachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mhac Mhoirich,
Dhol n' ur coinneamh ach ainneamh;
Na ghabhail mar cheampach,
Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhi na charaid;
'N deigh a Chomasclair Stiubhairt,
Thain' sibh 'n tus air le h-an-tochd,
Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
Ann an tìr *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu sèalbhach,
'S na deun searbh i gun bhinneas;
'S na toir t-ghaidh neo-chearbhadh,
Do 'n fhear nach earb thu do shlinnein;
Ma chuir an rìgh an t-slat sglursuidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh;
Uair ma seach air an fhuirnais,
Mur-bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
'S mairg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh;
No ghuidheadh na bhreig e;
Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnaic;
Mu 's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuaigh thu chud air an Lunnainn;
Chaill thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
'N ranntar-buth bh' aig na luchan;
'S iad a trusadh ri cheile,
Na 'n droch reiseimeid churta;
'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr';
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu;
'Sa bheisd mhòr 'sa 'n robh phlaigh dhiu,
Sgrìos gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-amrai,
A bheisd ghrann'd 'sa chrain mhullaich;
Cha robh an sabbat nan ath dhiu,
Belsed le 'n al nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mod ga 'r cruaidh sharach'
'S na cuid a fagadh ma 'r muineil;
'S ann an sud a bha 'n gatur,
Co a charadh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa 'm bun rutha,
Cha 'n eil iad buidheach da' r 'n an-tochd
Mar chlach an ionad an uibhe,
Na 'm biodh luitheachd na 'n teangaidh;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhìarmaid,
Bhi ga 'r biadhadh an an-tochd;
Math an agaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urranta modhar;
Am blaidhna chail sibh an curraehd,
'S eiginn fuireach gle shamhach;
Chail an t-Iarl air 'ur turas,
Mheud 'sa bhuing e mhàl oirbh;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhi ri cruinneachadh enamhaig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dhol an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Liothunn;
Thug sibh ioc-shlaint mar carlais,
Mheall sibh null thar an abhuirn,
Marcus Atholl 'sa bhrathair;
Chuir sibh 'n hiumh an toll-dubh iad,
'S loisg sibh duthaich Iarl Earlaidh.*

Tha thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
'S ad shar Iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhiot,
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite;
Tha do thìotal cho lionor,
Chumail dìon air do cheardean;
Geard an rìgh fo d' s' chd orduidh,
'S tha thu d' mhoir-fhear Baile-mhanaidh.

ORAN AIR RÌGH UILLEAM

AGUS BAN-RÌGH MAIRI.

LUNNEAG.

*Hi-rinn h-a rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hi-rinn h-a rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh bronach,
Air son foirneart mo rìgh.*

'N d'ugh chuala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b'aimhealach leinn,
'N'an cumadh e chasan—
'S gu boidh an t-ath-sgeul cho binn—
Rìgh Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still;
O'n 's leat uachdar na mura,
Gluais a's taruinn gu tìr.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mhic Mhuire na h-oighe,
Coimhead foirneart mo rìgh;
Co b'urrainn da'r smaladh—
Ach do lamhans' bhi leinn:

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faic a nis prionns Orans',
Cur na coir os a cinn;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-'ear,
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

A Rìgh clumbachdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm beil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghuidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachrunach pill:
Faic luchd nam breid daite,
Bhi gun deant ann rin linn;
'S ma tha 'n encoir nan aigneadh,
Beum do sblat os an cinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair a thainig thu Shasunn,
'S tu rinn aiscag a bhreannais;
Sheilbh choir thoirt air eiginn,
O athair coile thug bean dut.
Cha bi reull nan duilean,
Bha deannadh iuil dut 'san ain-eol;
Mar bha roinnh na trì rìghrean,
'N uair bhà 'osa na leanabh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Shan-'ear,
Sgeula grain no luchd teagasig;
'S gur mor am fa naice,
'S an coig aintean a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhein, 's mac a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgrìobhtuir,
Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sliochd e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S fìor mhallaichte 'n lanan,
Chum an *Spain* anns an roinn ud;
Seilbh choir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mutha malairt an t-slaighteir:
Ged' a stadadh an claidheamh,
Gun bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bì dh'gach fuil 'g eigeach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 'e a dh' oidhche.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maing a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a namhaid,
Chuir eadh fudar na ghreadan,
An grund' na h-eaglaise gnathaicht;
'S lìonor lunn tha na teine,
'S a ghrund 'n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chì sinn fhathasd sud dìolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhaistinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh *Whitehall* losgadh,
Bu mhall do choisceadh gun bhrogan;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairtì,
Air mhìre, bhathadh, na toite.
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,
B'fhaoin an cruadal, 's an seoltachd;

Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe!
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhin an rostadh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ach rucas a's cealgan,
O chruitean ceagach an rabuill;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a' daoine ga aicheadh.
Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgath garaidh;
Thog iad a'rsan mar nirsgeul,
Gu 'n do rohurt e dhearb-bhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm bu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,
Thog na deomhain ga dhìbeirt!
'S nach b' nrr' iad ga dhearbhadh,
Ach mar bhuille scarbh da 'n luchd mi-zuin;
Gu 'n cuirte is can a chlamhain,
An nead clannaich an fhìreoin;
Mac nuice a bhataich,
Shalcha fala nan rìghrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maing rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
Rì Duitseach shantach gun trocair;
Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnas da,
Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rogair.
Ged' a thug thu dha Mairi
Air laimh, chum a posaidh,
Ghabh e t-oghreachd a t-an-toil
Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Bha mac aig rìgh Daibhidh,
'S bu deas aill air ceann sluaigh e,
Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
'S am fear nach cair da bhuaireadh;
'N uair a sgaioicadh am Ìlar sin,
Thug Dia paigheadh na ghròis da;
'S 'n bu droch oluine cloinn e,
Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
Ged' a rachadh do bhatnagìn,
Cha b' ionann bas du 'sa dh' iarralnn;
Ach mo suilean bhì t-fhaicinn,
Edar eachabha ga d' stialladh;
Dol a d' smaladh 's an adhar,
Mar luaithe dhaigte ga criathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrios gun iarmad, gna duilleach,
Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhan duibh;
Gun sliochd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,
Do ghniomh broinne droch Mhairi;
Ged' a ghlacadh na theum e,
'S farsuinn beul a mhie-lamhaich;
A shean *staoile* bhì 'n cunnart,
Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a craineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach seun gun tuisleadh air Mairi,
 'S olc an lun tha na togsaid;
 'N ar fhaicear laogh caraid,
 Nuas gu lar as a poca.
 Cha bhi 'n sean fhacail claoite,
 Air neo 's claon theid a thogail;
 Tha 'n da shant 's an droch mhnaoi ud,
 'S annsadh * * * le no boban.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach na 'n tigeadh an righ sin,
 'S a mhac dileas air aidmheil,
 Ged' a theireadh prionns Orains,
 Nach h-i choir a bli againn,
 Cha bu mho'orra Uilleam,
 Air sraid Lunnainn an Sasunn,
 'N ceann fhuadach deth mhuineal,
 Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Prionns Orains a mhi-rath,
 Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
 'S coir an duilleag so thionndadh,
 Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e.
 Ma smaol am birh-shanntach sanntach
 Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud;
 Na a ruitheachd le lannan,
 Air nighean *Seanalair Huitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

B'fhearr gu 'm buaileadh e'n *staidse*,
 Tus a *bhaidse* bu choir dha,
 N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
 Mar fhuair rìgh Pharo, 's a sheorsa;
 Mar bha chomhairle bhreige,
 Chuir rìgh Seumas air fogradh;
 Aithris cleas nan droch rìghrean,
 Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Rìgh-borm*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgeul buan e do'n mheareaid.
 'S nach tog a mac a cuid oighreachd;
 'S ion dith curam a ghabhail,
 Mu'n duinear cathair na soills' orr;
 Thoil i mallachd a h-athar,
 O'n ghabh an t-aibhisteir greim dh'i;
 'S olc an dachas a lean rithi,
 Chuinnt a seanair na throiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
 Mar rinn am Frangach a thapadh—
 Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
 Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
 Bu mhath gu'm biodh an *adbhansa*,
 Air a tionndadh gu Sasunn;
 Na gu faicte an cunntar,
 Cho ghrad ri tionda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach ma stad air an diuc sin,
 'S nach e a run tigh'n ni's fhaide;

* Rehoboam, poetically.

Leig e cadal do'n chirein—
 Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e;
 Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth:
 'N uair tha leigheart mu'n chaisdeal,
 B'fhearr gu'm fuicinn an coilcehl,
 No, gu'n gaireadh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mu tha e'n dan dhut teachd dhachaigh,
 S' nar dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad;
 Ged' a fhuair thu puirt leonnidh,
 Rì am fograidh rìgh Sheumais;
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipeir,
 Seall air slachdan a ghleusaidh,
 Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,
 Ma's fìor *Tomas an Ìleumair*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICH.

DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHIC-DOMHNIULL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,
 'S trom euilainteach m'aigne,
 'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam bràth'
 rean,
 'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
 Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n de moch la Caisge.
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n de, &c.

Dia na stiur air an darach,
 A dh' fhalbh air tus an t-sinil mhara,
 Seal nu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thrag-
 hadh.
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge b'e am cur a choire e,
 'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhata.
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh cach cur ri gnìomhadh,
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,
 G' ol nag ucagan fion' air a faradh.
 G' ol na gucagan fion, &c.

Cha bu mhareach eich leumnaich,
 A bhuingeadh geall reis ort,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid oiseann saile.
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,
 Air chuan meanmach nan dronnag,
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh i h-earrach.
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiur oir',
 'N am bhi fagail na duthcha, [earrlinn.
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain du-ghlais fo h-
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mhcanbha,
 Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoirbheas le bair-
 linn,
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh, &c.

Ach na fuirbhirnich threnbhach,
 'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
 Bheireadh tulg an tas cle air ramh braghad.
 Beireadh tulg an tus cle, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalaichte na buird d'i,
 'S nach faighte lan siuil d'i,
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior luhadh nar alach.
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gun easlain,
 Ach ag freagradh dh'a cheile,
 'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird
 orr'.
 'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,
 Be ro mhath siubhal a daraich,
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Atuinn.
 Gearradh shrutha gu eniridh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
 Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cragh-gheadh.
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

'Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 Fhuair a treachladh le h-eirbheirt,
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le gabhadh.
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas, &c.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,
 Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuailleach dhionach,
 Gar lionmhor lann iarunn m'a h-earraich.
 Gur lionmhor lann iarunn, &c.

'Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
 Shuibhal ghleann gun bli curaidh,
 'S luill chainbe ri fulagan arda.
 Buill chaincaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
 Do mhae oighre 's mor curam,
 'S e do stoilte fhuair cliu measg nan Gael.
 'S e do stoilte fhuair cliu, &c.

Do mhae Uisteach gle-mhor,
 Dh'am bu chubhaidh bh'i'n Slicbhte,
 O'n Rugha d'an eighte Dun-sgathaich.
 O'n Rugha d'an eighte, &c.

Og misneachail treun thu,
 ('S blatb na bric ort san cuidinn)
 Mur mist' thu ro mheud 's a do nair innt.
 Mur mist' thu ro mheud, &c.

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,
 Ged nach cuir mi an ceill c,
 Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
 Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh, &c.

Ceist nan ban' o Loch-Treig thu,
 'S o Shraath Oisein nan reidhlean,
 Gheibhte broic, agus feidh air a h-aruin.
 Gheibhte broic, agus feidh, &c.

Dh'eireadh buidhear o Ruaidh leat,
 Lubadh iubar m'u'n guailleann,
 Thig o Bhurghaichean fuar Charn-na-Lairge.
 Thig o Bhurghaichean fuar, &c.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
 Clann Iain o'n Einnean,
 'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgathach.
 'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, &c.

'S iomadh oganach treubhach,
 'S glac-crom air ena. sgeith air
 Thig a steach leat o sgeith meall-na-Lairge.
 Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheach,
 Gun eagal, gun easlain,
 'Nuair chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.*
 'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein, &c.

MARBHIRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONULL.

Gur fad tha mi 'm thamb,
 Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
 Bigh! 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.
 Gur fad tha, &c.

'Se do thuras do 'n Dun,
 Dh-fhag snith' air mo shuil,
 'Sa bhi faicinn do thur gun cheo.
 'Se do, &c.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
 Gun cich ga 'm modhadh le sreinn,
 Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.
 Tha do bhaile, &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu stri,
 Ann an armalte an righ,
 Bhiodh do dhiolaid air mil-each gorm.
 Nuair a racha', &c.

* "Crois-tara," or "crom-tara," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipt in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1745, by Lord Breadalbine, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "Sgorr-theine," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "Carrig-thura." The last-mentioned signal is spoken of by Jernsdah to denote distress, chap. vi. 1.

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinnto do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.
Nuair a, &c.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n cliar,
Bh-aig fir t-sit-sa riamh,
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dho.
Fear ehann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chno.
Chlainn Iain, &c.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,
O b' eige nan gleann,
Chuireadh iubar le srann am feoil.
Clainn, &c.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a ris.
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n righ bhrat aroil.
'S leat, &c.

Gu 'm faicheadh mo Dhia,
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an duthaich nan clair 's mi beo.
Gu 'm faicheadh, &c.

Thig a Atholl a nios,
Comhlan ghasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt og.
Thig a Atholl, &c.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu geur,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighte 'n t-ol.
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir.
Bhiodh do, &c.

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhiol,
Gheibhte 'n gloin e mar ghriog an oir.
Uisge-beatha, &c.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa 'n allt,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.
'S ann na, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,
Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d'-fhaod iad bhi beo.
Buidheann, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualas mi-chliu,
Thig le Alasdair sunnach og.
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan og an fhuit reidh,
Gabhail dhian dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n eise ceol.
Bhiodh, &c.

Fhir a dh' fhuilig am bas,
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu brath na 'r coir.
Fhir a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rannt,
Bi'dh mi sgur anns an am is coir.
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

MARBHRANN.

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUDH GHILINNE-GARAIDH

Mi 'g ciri dh 'sa mhadainn,
Gur beag m' sitesar ri sugradh,
O 'n dh' fhalbh uachdran fearail,
Ghlinne-Garaidh air ghiulan;
'S ann am flaitheas na failte,
Tha ceannard aillidh na duthcha;
Sar choirnileir foinnidh,
Nach robh folleil do 'n chrun thu.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro 's fada 's gur fada,
'S cian fada mo bhron,
O 'n latha charadh gu h-iosa!
Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhod,
Tha mo chrid-sa ciuirte,
Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,
O 'n dh-fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sroim.*

'S maire a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhraataich;
Dh' eireadh stuadh an clar t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agus gaisgidh;
Sud am phearsa neo-sgathach,
'N t-suil bu bhlaiche gun ghaiseadh;
Gu 'm biodh maoin air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliu sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' ole e ri innseadh;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlar thu,
Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd phicean;
No roi' shaighdeirean dearga,
Ged a b' armailtean righ iad;
Le 'n ceannardan fuilteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean einnteach.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh;
Gur tu oighre 'n Iarl Ilich.
Nach tug cis le gnìomh foilleil;

Marcaich ard na 'n each cruitheach,
Nan srian ur 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluagh a toirt teine.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's ninn air fear t-fhasain;
Ann an gliocas 'sa geire,
An cliu, an ceunidh 'sa gaisge;
Thug Dia gibhteann le buaidh dhut,
Cridhe fhasguilteach farsuinn;
Fhir bu chiuine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-earachall a thachair,
O 'n chaidh an ionairt so tuathal;
O latha blair Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar ciinneach an uaislean;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhi bhuaith;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Raghuill,
'N fhuil ard 's i gun truaileadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triuir bhraithrean;
Chleachd mar abhaist bhi suairec;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caipteine' smachdail a chruadaid;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sleibhte;
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal;
Cha tig gu brath air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir chonnsunn cho cruaidh riu.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilig am bas duinn,
O 'n 's tu ar patron urnaigh;
Cum an t-aog o dha bhraithair,
Fhad 'sa b' aill leinn le durachd;
Dheanadh treis do 'n alach,
So dh-fhag e gun suilean;
'Sliochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n armuinn,
Nach tugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rioghachd;
'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
'S cha b' ann le sguinnel a shin thu;
Chair thu farradh na froise,
Seach ar dorsaibh g' 'ar dionadh;
Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsein cho laidir,
Ri leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rioghail.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut;
Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
Gu lam han a chuirteir;
Seobhag firinneach suniree,
Choisinn cruadal guch cuise;
Ceannard mhaithcan a's uaislean,
Aig an t-sluagh 's iad ga ghiulan.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri inseath,
Sa bhi g' a 'cirsinn le 'r suilean,
Do mhac oighr' ann a t-fhearann,
Mur bu mbath le luchd durachd;
'S an neach leis am b' oil e,
Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair;
'Troimh' 'n cridh' air a fiaradh,
Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

CUMHA MHONTOISE

Mi gabhail Srath Dhruim-uachdair,
'S beag m'aighear anna an uair so,
Tha'n lath' air dol gu guamachd,
'S cha'n e tha busin mo sprochd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
M'fhear ciunidh math bhi dhith orm,
Cha'n usa leam an sgrìobh',
Thaining air an rioghachd bhochd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
Aig Farbhalach gun fhirinn,
Bhar a chalpa dhirich
'S e oid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foiregneadh,
'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar marbhachd
Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
Fo bhruid aig rìgh na h-Eiphit,
Tha sinn air a chor cheudna,
Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "siuc."

Ar rìgh an deis a chrunadh,
Mu'n gann a leum e ur-fhas,
Na thaistealach bochd, ruisgte,
Gun gheard, gun chuir, gun choisid'.

'G a fharr-fhuadachd as aite,
Gun duine leis deth chairdean,
Mar luing air uachdar saile,
Gun stiuir, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha teid mi do Dhun-eideann,
O dhotrèadh fuil a Ghreumaich,
An leoghann fearail, treubhaoh,
'G a cheusadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fìor dhuin uagal,
Nach robh de'n linne shuraich,
Bu ro mbath ruidhe gruadhach,
'N am taruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chaille, bu ro mbath dluthadh,
Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
Ge trio do dhail gam' dhusgadh,
Cha ruig mi chach e nochd.

Mhic Neill,* a Asainn ehiannail,
Na'n glacain ann am lionn thu,
Bhiodh m'fhacal air do bhinn,
'S cha diobrainn thu o'n chroich.

Nan tuchrainns a's tu fein,
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge dubh na feithe,
Dol troimh cheile a's ploc.

Thu fein as t-athair ceile
Fear taighe sin na Leime,
Ge! chroichte sibh le cheile
Cha b'cirig air mo lochd.

Craobh ruisgt' de'n Abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun ehlui, gun cheutaidh,
Bha rianh ri murt a cheile,
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as chore.

Marbh-phasg ort a dhi-mheis,
Nach ole a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Litch
A's da trian d'i goirt.†

CUMHA

DO SHIR DOMHNULL SHLEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phramh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tim eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach air,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rinu e eudail bhoed thruadh da fein diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

* Captain Andrew Munro sent instructions to Neil Macleod, the laird of Assynt, his brother-in-law, to apprehend every stranger that might enter his bounds, in the hope of catching Montrose, for whose apprehension a splendid reward was offered. In consequence of those instructions, Macleod sent out various parties in quest of Montrose, but they could not fall in with him. "At last the laird of Assynt being abroad in arms with some of his tenants in search of him, lighted on him in a place where he had continued three or four days without meat or drink, and only one man in his company. Assynt had formerly been one of Montrose's own followers, who immediately knowing him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Aird-bhreae, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

† Damaged meal bought in Leth, was given to M'Leod of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

* Bishop Wishart.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach la,
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghru,
Air mo chuisse cha ra-segul breig e.
Tha liunn-dubh orm, &c.

Tha gach urra dol dhìom,
Bho fùghinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chaill mi armainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath luidair 's mo phruip,
Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic a's fear orr'.
Chaill mi armainn mo stuic,

Fath mo mhìre 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomairt so dh'fhalbh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lorg a cheile.
Fath mo mhìre, &c.

Mhuch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhi cladhach blur fios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lic de leugaibh.
Mhuch mo mheoghail, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,
Chuir e lughad mo thoirt 's beag 'm fheum air.
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bas Shir Domhnuill bho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgaol,
Dh'fhag mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm leireadh.
Bas Shir Domhnuill, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mhiann,
Gu dana ladurna, dian,
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n eacoir.
Sann ruit a labhrainn, &c.

Tha iomad smuainic bochd truadh,
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach air.
Bho 'n la chaochail air snuadh fir t-eugais
Tha iomrad smuainte, &c.

Leoghann fireachail aigh
Miuinte, spioradail, arl,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treubhach.
Leoghann tiorachail, &c.

Leig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, nan each,
Gheug thu 'n Arndail ghlas nan deicdag.
Leig nan arm is nan each, &c.

Bha do chinnceadh fo phramh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearan mail,
Uaislean t-fhearainn 's gach lan-fhear-feusaig.
Bha do chinnceadh, &c.

Bha mhnai bheil-dearg a bhruit.
Ri call an ceille sa'm fuill,
Cach ag eideadh do chuirp air deile.
Bha mhnai bheil-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mh'vlainn dir-daoin,
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
Deis a phasgadh gu eol 's na leintean.
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An ciste ghiubhais nam bord,
'N tru-aill chumhainn na's leoir,
'N deis a dhusgadh bho 'n t-srol air speicean.
'N ciste ghiubhais nan, &c.

Gu euglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
Gu euglais Shleibhte, &c.

Dh-fhalbh na spulpain a null,
Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunnad,
Cha b'iad na faehaich gun rum gun leud iad.
Dh-fhalbh na spulpain, &c.

Domhnull gorm bu glan gnais,
Fear bu mhin bha de 'n triuir,
Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuirt righ Seurlas,
Domhnull gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaic mis thu air trian,
'S cha bu gna leat bli erian,
'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion 's reidhlean.
Chunnaic mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola phaididh do mhiann,
'N am dhaibh falbh bhuaat gu dian,
'N cois na traghad ga'n lionadh reidh leat.
Cha bhola paidhidh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
'S iad a gabhail na's leoir,
Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga eighceach.
De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhord gun time gun ghruaim,
Le ol, 's le iomart, 's le sluadh,
scol bu bhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.
Mu bhord gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
Dh-fhag do pannal fo bron,
Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eighe.
Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,
Far na bhuaannaich thu 'm blar,
Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.
Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,
Nach falaicheadh gearrag a chuais,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
Air an talamh, &c.

Bu neo chraobhaidh na seoid,
Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
B' ann diu Raonull a's Eoin a's Seumas.
Bu neo chraobhaidh, &c.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil,
Do n-al ur 's th'air teachd orn,
Bho nach dhuigear le ceol Sir Seumas.
Cha dean mi run, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
'S fada bho cheile fo cheapaibh reig sibh.
Dh-fhalabh thu fein, &c.

'S blath an leab' air bhur cinn,
Seach daormainn thasgnidh nan suim,
Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le feile.
'S blath an leab, &c.

Thuir mi 'n urrad u' ribh,
Tha mi m' urainn a shein,
'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.
Thuir mi 'n uraid, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth Baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Koppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requited by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

G' socrach mo leabaidh,
 B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
 Ann an lagan beag uaigneach,
 A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,
 'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadainn,
 Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
 Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,
 'G eisdeachd glagraich nan saor.

'S oil leam oaradh na frithe,
 'S mi bhi 'n Lite nan long,
 Eadar ceann Saileas Si-phort,
 A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhaich,
 An tric an d'iarr mi damh-donn,
 'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,
 Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam eu gleusda,
 A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
 Cha suidh mi air bacladan,
 Air sliabh fad o chach,
 Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,
 Chaidh fuogh'd an tuim bain,
 'S cha sgaoil mi mo luaidhe,
 An Gleann-Ruathain gu brath.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghraidh uallach,
 A thogadh suas ris an aird,
 Dh'itheadh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an cal,
 'S mise fein nach tug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b'fhuar am mis Maigh.
 'S trio a dh'fhuilig mi cruadal,
 A's morau fanchd air 'ur sgath.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear huidhe,
 Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhord,
 Nach iarradh ri cheannach,
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;
 Uisge-beatha math dubailt,
 Cha be b'fhu leat ri ol,
 B'fhearr leat biolair an fhuarain,
 A's uisge luincaoh an loin.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riamh lochd,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fíor ghualainn nan cnoc,
 'S nach fuilgeadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh r'i corp,
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach dh'fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeantaich ceile,
 Nam eiridh ri driuchd,
 Cha'n fhaigeadh tu beud da,
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaibh a cheile,
 Am fíor eudainn nan stuo,
 'S ann am eiridh na greine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shul.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chleibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chronain,
 Air a mhointich bluig reidh,
 Dol an coinnemh do leannain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's ceir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhoiche,
 A's bu bhrisge loghmhorra ceum.

Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' f'fhearr am mor ole a chluinntinn,
 Bhrigh iomradh na fhaicinn;
 Dhombha b' f'fhuasad' sud innse,
 Rug air 'n inntinn trom shac dheth;
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n f'fhuilang,
 Bu chruaidh daillich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig cromas-sgian o 'n aog ml,
 Cha do ehaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' f'f'lag fodha dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhuisc mi,
 'S mi gun f'f'hear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dusal;
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth traigh orm,
 Rug muir baith' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' f'f'huasraich mi 'm bas dut,
 Gus an dh' f'f'lag mi thu 'n cruiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thursa,
 Nach dhuiscgear le teud thu,
 Na le torgan na fídhle,
 Mo dhiobhail 's mo leir-chreach;
 Fhír a chumadh i dionach,
 Dh' aindeoin siontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n dingh fo leacan na h-urach,
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an caitainn' thug so sgríob mi,
 Thug dhíom m' earr agus m' f'f'heusag,
 'S gear 's gur goirt spuir an rasair,
 Thrusas cnamhan a's feithean;
 Dh-f'f'lag sud mise dheth craiteach,
 Dh-aindeoin dail gu ro chreuchdach;
 Cha dean ballan no sabh dheth,
 Mise slan gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhail,
 Do mhor chumha ga m' leonadh,
 Na mo dhosan a liathadh,
 Coig bliadhna roimh' 'n ordugh;
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt paigheadh,
 A' meud m' ailleas as m' oige,
 O 'n rug deireadh do bhais orm,
 Os cionn chaich cha b'o m' ordugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mbeoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dolum,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' f'f'heith-chridh' air a leonadh;
 Leigeam fios thun a bhreitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu do-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e "Port Raoghail nìdhir,"*
Mur nach bu dlìgheuch is eòl domh.

'S bochd mo naillheuchd r'n h-innse;
Ge b' e sgrìobhadh i 'n lath-bhuinn;
O 'n la rinn thu feum duine,
Gus 'n do chuireadh 'sa 'n lar thu;
Bha mo dheas-lann dol sìos leat,
An cludhan eriche mo chradh-shlad;
'S mor na b' fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuan fhulreach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnig fhuanthais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaisceadh gu tann leat;
Ge b'e neach is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bhuis so,
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuairghe,
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-aruinn.

Cha chuis fharmaid mo lethid;
'S ann thà mi 'n deigh mo spuillidh;
Bhain an t-eug dhìom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chuirte;
'S feudar tannailte fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chul-thagobh,
Stad mo chlaidheannh na dhuille,
'S bath dhomh fuireach r'a rusgadh.

* *Raoghail odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose:—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a lachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trilling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port Raoghail nìdhir*," "Dun Donald's tune;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some boisterous and unroarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say: "*Bheir mis ort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghail nìdhir*," i. e. "I will make you sing 'Dun Donald's tune.'" The following are a few of the stanzas:—

"Be so an talamh mi shealbhadh!
Tha gun chladach gun gharbhach gu'n chos;
Ann an rachainn da'm fhalach,
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh falg o'

*Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beo
Chì mi lasadh an fhuair,
Chluinn mi sgàilceadh nan du-chlach ri ord!*

Fhuair mi gunna nach dlut rai,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach jub ann am dhorn,
Ach ma ni lad mo mharbhadh,
Cìod a feum a ni 'n armach sin dhomh-s'?"
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn sa sealbh,
Air lan a chaisleal de dh' airgead 's de dh-or,
Och! 'ma ni lad mo mharbhadh!
Cìod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh-s'?"
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Bhain an t-eug creach gun toir dhìom
Dh' aindeoin oigridh do dhuthecha;
Dh' fbag e m' aigheall fo dhoruinn,
'S bhual e brog air mo chluinneadh;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhomh,
Bu mhòr mo choir air an dubladh;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,
Bhi fo bhòrd ann an dunadh.

Bu deas deile mo shior-rùith,
'S gu 'm bu dìomach mo chlaraidh;
Bhu mo chala gun dìobradh,
Ga mo dhìon as gach sara-lh';
Eòdh gus 'n tainig an dil orm,
Dh' fhuag fo mhìghean gu brath mi;
'S arl a dh' eirich an staillo-'s orm.
Chuir i as domh ma m' airnean.

Call gun bhùinig gun bhuanachd,
Bhu ga m' ruagadh' o 'n trath sin;
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearraich;
'N chnich a shaoil mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhuoite ghluasail air talleas;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S thu fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n claidh mail' air mo fhruthare,
S nach taoghail mi 'n arl-bheann;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadhach,
Poug cha n' iarr mi air chersaich;
Mo cheol laithe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag tabhachd;
Fad mo re bidh mi 'g ainin,
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dhòth t-ailleas.

Ach dleasaidh faighidinn furtachd,
Nach faic thu chuisle ga luathaidh;
Air fear na teasach 'sa 'n fhiall-rais,
'S gearr mu shìoladh a bhruisidh;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraisaidh,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shlaht thug a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n cial iomairt Shìr Scumais,
Mar ri comhlan dheth m' chinneadh,
Seoladh air spinneig do dh' Eirinn;
'S ann nig I Chalum Chille,
Ghabh mi giorrag mu d' dheighinn;
Chaill thu lan meise feodair,
Air do shroin do 'n fhuil ghle dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaisceadh gu surdail,
Le 'nalach chalpannan cruaidhe,
Bu bheag roimh' 'n fhuaradh an curam;
Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,
Ghlacadh gluasad na stiurach;
'S fear math beairt air a guainn,
B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thir dhuinn,
 Bu neo-mhiodhoir ar loistean,
 Cornach, cupanach fionnach,
 Glaineach, liontaidh a stopaibh;
 Gu eairteach, taileasgach, disneach,
 'S taile air uigh na 'n folmibh;
 Dhonn-sa b' fhuasad' sud imse
 Bu chuid do m' guoinh o m' aois oige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,
 'S bha mo ehadal gle chomhward,
 Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
 An coim ehadal gun fhotas;
 Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhileas,
 Ga mo dhion o gach dorainn,
 'S e cuid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,
 Bhi 'n diugh a seasamh do chorach.

DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRUITHAINN;

OR,

DOROTHY BROWN.

This poetess belonged to Luing, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luing, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacIachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of Ossian makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass though the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luing, by a countryman of her own, Mr. Artt MacIachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laoigh mo cheille,
 Co chuannaic no dh' fhag thu 'n Eirinn,
 Dh' fhag thu na miltean 's na ceudan,
 'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid fein ann,
 Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,
 Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri cheille,
 Cha deanar cogadh as t-eugais,
 'S cha deanar sith gun do reite,
 'S ged nach bi na Duimhneich reidh riut,
 Gu 'n robh an rigl mur tha mi fein dut.

*E-ho, hi u ho, ro ho eile,
 E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri u,
 Ho hi u ro, o ho o eile,
 Mo dhiobhail dith nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo ehtarsach, a's m' fhiodhall,
 Mo theud chiuil 's gach ait am bithinn,
 'Nuair a bha mi og 's mi 'm nighinn,
 'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thighinn,
 Cheibheadh tu mo phog gun bhruthinn,
 'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhlegh oirr'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run am frionn,
 Cha bhuachaille bho 'sa 'n innis,
 Ceann-feadhna greudluach gun ghiorraig,
 Maronach nan steud 's leoir a mhire,
 Bhuidhneadh na cruintean d'a ghilleann,
 'S nach seachnadh an toir iomairt,
 Ghaolach na 'n deanadh tu pillendh,
 Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sireadh,

Gel a chailinn ris mo chinneach—
 Pog o ghrungach dhinn an fhírich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truang nach eil mi mar a b' ait leam,
 Ceann Mhic-Cailin ann am achlais,
 Cailin liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
 'S a 'n Crunair an deigh a ghlaicadh,
 Bu shuandach a gheibhinn eadail,
 Ged a b' i chreng chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eadhail thu dh' fheara' na dilinn,
 'S math 's eol dhomh do sdoineadh innse,
 'S cha b' ann an eagar fo 's 'n íosal,
 Tha do dhreuch mar dh' ordalach righ e,
 Falt an boineid tha sinterach,
 Sar mhug ort no euilbhear,
 Dh'eighte geard an eúirt an righ leat,
 Ceist na 'n ban o 'n Chrísteal Heach,
 Dorn geal ma 'n dean an t-or snianhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnulaich gasda mo ghaoil thu,
 'Scha b' e Mac Dhonnchad Ghlinne-Fuochain.
 Na dhine bla beo dhoto dhaoine,
 Mhic an fhír o thur na faoilenchid,
 Far an tig an long fo h-odach,
 Far an olte fion gu greudhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's o mo run an t-oigear,
 Finghantach aigeantach sporsail,
 Ceann irid da ceathairno moire,
 'S mise nach diultadh do chomhradh,
 Mar ri eadachaid no an omar,
 Mhic an fhír o 'n innis cheolar,
 O 'n tir am faighte na geoilth-ghlas,
 'S far am faigheadh fr fhalamh storas.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhór leat,
 'S cha bhíodh eiridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,
 Alg a línhad Iarla a's morair,
 Thigeadh a thóirt mach do chorach,
 Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
 Thig Mac-Dhonnúill duibh o Lochaidh,
 Bídh Sir Seamus ann le mhór fhír,
 Bídh na b' arusa Aonghas og ann,
 'S t-fhuil ghreudhnach fein bhí ga dortadh,
 'S deas tarraim an geur lann gleiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S na 'n saoilendh cinneadh t-athar,
 Gu 'n deanadh Granntaich do ghleidheadh,
 'S lona fear gunna agus claidheamh,
 Chotaichean ain' 's bhreacan dathan,
 Dh' eireadh leat da thaoibh na h-achunn,
 Cho lonnhor ri íbht an draighinn.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
 Luchd na 'n eul buidhe a's donna,
 Dheannadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
 Dh' oladh fion dearg na thomadh,
 Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,
 'S u thogadh creach o mhuintir Thomaidh
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Note.—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, poetess was not necessitated to make all stanzas of equal length. We know of other good songs in similar style; and, perhaps in some measure owing to this circumstance and the fertility of imagination, and richness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marthrum Iain ghairbh*, at page 13, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHC RAONAILL.

CICELY or JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raognuill na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to Gordon of baillie Dhone in Traspey, and lived with him in *Moraghach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin 'sa theanga shroil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Stan gu brach le ceol na clarsaich*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our

poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung:—

“ Nuair a ghlacadh tu do ehlarsach,
 Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lann rium,
 Cha mhath a thuigte le umaidh,
 Do chuir eilid-sa, 's mo ghabhail dhan-sa.”

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr. M'Kenzie of Gruineard called “ *An obair notha.*” Her husband died of a fit of intoxication, while on a visit to Inverness. She composed an elegy on him which is here given. The song “ *Alasdair a Glinne-Garaidh*” is truly beautiful, and has served as a model for many Gaelic songs. After the death of her husband, she was nearly cut off by severe illness; and upon her recovery, engaged her muse in the composition of hymns, some of which are still in use, as appears from a Hymn-book printed at Inverness in 1821. She lived to a good old age, but the time of her death is uncertain.

MARBHIRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

[This song was not composed by Cicely, nor did her husband die of intoxication.]

'S i so bliadhna 's fàid' a chloidh mi,
 Gu'n cheol gu'n aighear gun fhaoilteas,
 Mi mar bhat air traigh air sgaolteadh,
 Gun stiùir, gun seòl, gun rann, gun toman.

*O 's coma' leam fhìn na co dhiubh sin,
 Mìre, na aighear, na sugradh,
 'N dìogh o shìn mì r'n chunntadh,
 'S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhìom
 dubailt.*

'S i so bliadhna a chaisg air m' ailleas,
 Chuir mi fear mo thàighe 'n caradh,
 'N ciste chaoil 's na sòir 'ga sabhadh;
 O! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhoin' air m'
 fhagail.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chùilean gradhach,
 Bha gu foinntich, fearail, aillich,
 Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun arlan;
 Bha guth a bheil mar theid na clarsaich.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ma 's beag leam sud fhuair mi barr air
 Ceann mo stic is prìip nan cairdean,
 A leag na eud le bheum 's na blaraidh,
 Ga chuir fo 'n fhod le ol na graisge.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Cìod na creachan a thug bhuannt thu?
 Thug do dh' Inbheirnis air chuairt thu,
 Dh' ol an fhiona las do ghruaidhean
 'S a dh'fhag thu d' chorp gu'n lot gun luaidhe.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

'S mor a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean
 San tìr mhoir tha mill o 'n t-saile,
 Thu bhì nig na Gaill ga d' charadh
 'S do dhathaidh fein ga mort' le namhaid.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fàilteach, buailteach,
 Ceannsgalach, bòrb, laidir, nasal,
 Na 'm b' ann am blar na 'n spairn a bhuaill'
 thu,

Gu 'm biodh do chairdean a' tair-leum suas orr'
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Curaidh gasta, crodha, fumail,
 Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach;
 'N Coille-chriothnach 's la an t-sleibhe,
 Bu luath do lann 's bu teann do bucanan.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
 Nam brataichean sròil 's nan dath dearga,
 Gur tric an t-eug gu gear g'ur sealg-sa
 Leagail bhur crann-siùil gu fairge.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Nise bho na dh'fhalbh na braithean
 'S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
 A rìgh mhoir, ma 's deonach dail da,
 Gus an dìong an t-òighre t-aite.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ah a rìgh mhoir tog 's an aird iad,
 Mar chaoibh ubhan, mheulair mhiaghair.
 Mar ghallan ur nach lub droch aimsir,
 Mar phreasa fiona 's lionnhor leanmhuinn.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

O 's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrionnaich
 Aird righ deau sinn orsta cuimhneach;
 An deigh an latha thig an oidhche
 'S thig an t-aog air chaochladh *Staidhle*.
O 's comu' leam fhin, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHEINNE-GARAIDH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean,
 'S beag ioghnadh mi bhli trom creuchdach,
 Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ur sinn,
 'S deachdar dhombasa bhli gun 'n osnadh,
 'S mead an dosgaidh th'air mo chairdean,
 Gur tric an t-eug oirn a' gearradh,
 Tagia nan darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus comhla,
 Sir Donnnull, a mhac, 'sa bhrathair,
 Ciod e 'm feun dhuinn bhli ga ghearan?
 Dh-fhan Mac-Ie-Ailein sa bhlar bhuaín,
 Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
 Bha cumhail diou air a chairdean,
 Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
 Seobhug sul-ghorm, lugh-urhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na ceille 's na combhairl,
 Ann 's gach gnothach am bi curam,
 Aghaidh shoerach, sholta, thaitneach,
 Cridhe fial, farsuim, mu'n chuineadh;
 Bu tu tagha nan sar-ghaisgeach,
 Mo ghuallainn thuice-'s, —mo dhiubhail;
 Smiorail, fearail, feineach, treabhach,
 Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,
 Mu'n dh-imich an long a mach,
 Cha rachadh i rithist air sail,
 Gun 'n fhios cia futh a thug i steach,
 Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an trath sin,
 A bhli g ar fagal air fionthragh,
 Bhris bhur cridheachan le mulad,
 'S leir a bhuil cha robh sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu'n lasair dhcarg g'an losgadh,
 'S bu tu sgoilteadh iad gu'n sailtean,
 Bu tu gunnann chur a chatha,
 Bu tu'n laoch gun atha laimhe,
 Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhior-uisg,
 Fior-eun on ealainn is airde,
 Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beithach,
 'S bu tu damh leathann na craice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaomadh,
 'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,
 'S tu Beinn-Neumhais thar gach aonach,
 Bu tu chreag nach fhaicte thearann,
 Bu tu clach mhullaich a chaistail,
 Bu tu leac leathann na sraide,
 Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
 Bu tu clach uasal an fhaine.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,
 Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,
 Bu tu'n cuileann bu tu'n dreachunna,
 Bu tu'n t-abhall molaich blath-mhor,
 Cha robh meur annad do' chritheann,
 Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,
 Cha robh do chairdeas ri leannan,
 Bu tu leannan nam ban aluinn.

Bu tu ceile na mna priseil,
 'S oil leam fhin ga dith an drasl thu,
 Ge d' nach ionnan dhombasa is dhi-so
 'S goirt a tha mi-fhin ma earadh,
 H-uile bean a bhios gun cheile,
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhe na aite,
 O 's e 's urrainn bhli ga comhnadh,
 Annus gach leon a chuireas eas oir'.

* * * * *
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Guidheam do mhac bhli na t-aite,
 'An sailhrean an aiteas 's an curam,
 Alas lair a Gleanna-Garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

† The above four lines are lost.

THA MI AM CHADAL, &c.

DO DH' FHEACHD RIGH SEUMAS.

Gur diombach mi 'n iomairt,
 Chair gach fin' air fogradh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
 'S gu'n reiteach o Dheorsa;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.
 Gur h-ioma bean nasal,
 Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
 'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,
 Sior chaoidh na 'n uaislean,
 A fhuair iad ri phosadh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlann,
 Nach robh gann na 'n curasaid;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi,
 'N am bualadh na 'n laun,
 An am na 'm buileannan;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n am,
 Feadh gheann n's mhaineann,
 Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
 'N am teandachd mar churaklnean,
 'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
 'Si bhur lann bhios fuileachdach.
 Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deorsa;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi,
Ma 'n tig oirn an t-samhain.
Bìdh amhaich 's na cordaibh;
Tha mi am chadal 's na duisgibh mi;

Na 'n cìreadh sibh anas,
Le crùdal a's duinealachd,
Eadar islean a's naislean,
Thuath agus chumanta,
'S gu'n sgiursadh sibh maibh e,
Rìgh fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn;
Dheamhu an cadal gu sunndach leibh

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MACVURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhonnill*, *Mhic-Ie-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhaird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachun mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*: Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaidh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard; he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions; they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard,

written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian:—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torluim goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Sierramachd Inbheruis, a naoidhamb latha de chiad mhios an fhoghair, anns an da fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aois, thainig Lachlunn macNeill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic Neill, mhic Dhomhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Neill mhoir, mhic Lachuinn,* mhic Dhomhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Neill tighearna Bhara, thabhairt a chodaich, mar is fiosrach o san, gur e fein an t-ochdamh glun deug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhuinn teaghlach Mhic-Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonuill, mar bhardaibh, agus o an am sin gu

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan mor MacVuirich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gael though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronimics; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander M'Donald, where two, three or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely, individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlann Mor, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mor* signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, Albannach, had been given Lachlan mor MacVuirich *emphatically*, being the great poet of his day. The language of the two countries being the same, the Scottish Highlanders and Irish understood each other; and there was frequent intercourse between them. They, in fact, were originally the same people; and, instead of disputing about the origin of the one or the other, historians ought to regard them as one and the same, removing from the one kingdom to the other as occasion or necessity required. Of the works of this famous poet, all now extant is an extraordinary one—a war song, composed almost wholly of epithets arranged in alphabetical order, to rouse the Clan Donuil to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic:—“BROSNAICHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNUILL A ILE RIGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS IARLA ROIS LATHA MACHRAICH CHATH-NAIRIACH.”* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end

* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garloch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a Religions. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favor of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own Isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garloch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and

robb fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdal aca mar dhuais bard-ehd o linn gu linn, feadh ehuig ghluin-deug: Gu'n do, ehaill an siathamh-gluin deng ceithir peighinean Dhriomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh gluin diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadhna deng do dh' aimsir, agus gu robb an fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an coir fhad 's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloinneadh agus seanchas Chlann-Dombnuill; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhaid, gu tugadh e foghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, eum an coir air an fhearann a ghlaidheadh, agus is ann a reir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair fein, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, eachdrai agus bardachd, o Dhomhnall mac Neill mhic Dhomhnall, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robb "Saothair Oisein" sgrìobht' ar craicnean ann an gleidhteanas athar o shinnsiribh; gu robb cuid dhoeth na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgailt o cheile, anns an robb cuid do shaothair bhaid eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robb leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaipeir, a thainig o shinnsiribh, anns a robb moran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gaelach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oisein" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a h-aon de na leabhraichean so r'a fhaotainn an diugh, thaobh is 'nuair a chaill iad am fearann, gu do chaill iad am misneach agus an durachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach eiod e thainig ris na craicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gunn tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ie-Dhomhnall ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh; agus gum fac e dha no tri' dhiubh aig tailcìrean ga 'n gearradh sios gu criosan tombais: Agus tha cuimhne mhath aige

consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhnichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

* * * * *

Gu ur-labhrach, ur-lamhach neart-mhor,
Gu coisneadh na cath-larach,
Ri bruidhne 'ur biubhaidh,
A chlanna Chuinn cheud-chathaich,
'Si nis uair 'ur n'athnaichidh.

A chuileanan chonfhadach,

A bheirichean bunanta,

A leoghainnean lan-ghasta

Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach

De laochaibh chrodha, ch'anta

De chlannaibh Chuinn cheud-chathaich

A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh

Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

This poem is very valuable in two respects;—First, It is the best proof that could be given of a language, so copious and abounding in epithets, that the number poured out under each letter is almost incomprehensible. What command of language! How well deserved our bard the adnomen Albanach! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Dombnuill was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field; which was never disputed, till the battle of Calloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors.

bloody battle ensued; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dea g" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Baideanach ; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh urad thiughaid sa chomhdaich ; gu robh na craicnean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an laimh anns an robh Gaelig air a sgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Eirinn, mu'n do ghabh daòino cleachdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gaelig anns an laimh Shasunnaich ; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-sbean lamh a leughadh gu math ; gu robh euid de na craicnean aige fein an deigh bais athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh aobhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag radh nach robh h-aon do shinnsiribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dithis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g radh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha eumail suas seanachas Chlaim-Domhnuill, agus ceannardan nam fineachan Gaclach cile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a loughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an lathair Dhomhnuill Mhic-Dhomhnuill, fear Bhaile Raghail ; Eoghain Mhic-Dhomhnuill, fear Gheara-sheilich ; Eoghan Mhic-Dhomhnuill Fear Ghrimnis ; Alasdair Mhic-Ghilleain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne bhaoghla ; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tath, a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN × MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J. P.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicholson, at Torlum, near Castle-Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the ninth day of August, appeared in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Neil *Mor*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald ; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoiligary and four *pennies* of Drimisdale during fifteen generations ; that the sixteenth descendant lost the four *pennies* of Drimisdale, but that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoiligary for nineteen years of his life. That there was a right given them over these lands as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and history of the Macdonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the lands ; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his own father, Neil, had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother.

He remembers well that works of Ossian, written on parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some of the parchments were made up in the form of books, and that others were loose and separate, which contained the works of other bards besides those of Ossian.

He remembers that his father had a book which was called the *Red Book*, made of paper, which he had from his predecessors, and which, as his father informed him, contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because when they (his family) were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ronald his son; and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measures. That he remembers well that Clauronald made his father give up the red book to James Macpherson from Badenoch; that it was near as thick as a Bible, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Macdonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Garyhelich, Ewan MacDonald of Griminish, Alexander MacLean of Hoster, Mr. Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr. Allan MacQueen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN × MAC VUIRICH.
RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHIAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Gur e naihgeachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubh, 's le bron cianail,
Gu'n dhruidh i trom air mo chrìocheaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur comhradh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaildh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasunn.
Ar tighearn' og maiseach,
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach,
Mac an fhir thug dhomh fasga
'Nuair b' og mi.
Mac an fhir, &c.

*The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Shirriffmuir.

'S truagh gu'n mise bli lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlar thu,

Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gael,
Naile dhiolainn do bhais,
Dheanainn feolach,
Naile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearach, eibhinn,
Dhubhach, ghluinach, dheurach,
Nis o rug ort am beum so,
'S goirt r'a fhuilang ni 's eiginn,
Liuthad fear a tha 'n deigh air
Mac-Dhomhnuill.
Liuthad fear, &c.

Cha 'n e 'n Domhnall sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh Iain,
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram feile; righ flatia,
Ceannard meaghrach gu caitheamh
Na mor-chuis.
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,
Gum biodh branndaidh ga losgadh,
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,
Coinnlein ceire gan losgadh,
Sar Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
* Ceoil duibh.
Sar Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fideall ga rusgadh;
Buidheann thaitneach air urlar;
Pìob a 'sgala nan sionnsar,
Fuaim talla r'a chul sin,
'G iomairt chleas air chrìos cuil
Nam fear oga.
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fìuran.
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miunte,
Dh-fhas gu h-aigeantach uiscil,
Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chuir,
Cha be'n dolm,
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhais ort,
Aig eagal droch fhaisneachd,
'N duil gum faicamsa slan thu,
Mar a faic gun toir Gaelig,
Ni's mo bhuan.
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgith 's gu'n mi ullamh,
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
Gu'n duil ri sud tuille;
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
O'n la chualas gu'n chuireadh,
Do leon ort.
O'n la, &c.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-IC-AILEIN.

A MHAIRBHADH SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

Och! a Mhuire mo dhuaidh,
Thu bli d' shineadh air t-uilinn,
An taigh mor Mhoirear Drumad,
Gum ar duil ri d' theachd tuille,
Le failte 's le furan,
Dh-fhios na duthecha da'm buineadh,
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhiol.
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Domhnall nan Domhnall
A's an Raonull a b' oige,
S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnoideart,
Fear na misuiche moire,
Dh-fheuch am beireadh iad beo ort,
Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gorraich,
Feum cha robh dhaibh nan toireachd,
'S ann a fhuair iad do chomhra gu'n chli.
'S ann a fhuair iad do chomhra, &c.

Mo chreach mhor mar a thachair,
'S e chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
T-fhuil mhorghalach reachdar,
Bhi air bocadh a d' chraiceann,
Gun seol air a casgadh;
Bu tu righ nam fear feachda,
A chum t-onoir is t-fhacal,
'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nios.
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonull,
Aig am biodh na cinn-fheadhna,
Na fir ur air dheagh fhoghlum,
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghla,
Ach airm agus aodach,
Le 'n cuilbheirean caola,
Sheasadh fad air an aodann,
Rinn iad sud is cha d'fhoad iad do dhion.
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mor gair ban do 'hinnidh,
O'n a thoisich an iomairt,
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
T-fhuil chraobhach a' sileadh,
'S i dortadh air mhìre,
Gu'n seol air a pilleadh,
Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,
'S mor ar call ged a chinneadh an rìgh.
'S mor ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom putar na luaidhe,
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
'Nuair a dh-ionntrain iad uath thu,
Thug do mhuinntir gair chruaidh asd;
Ach 's e ordugh a fhuair iad,
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
 Cha robh leithid do thraighe,
 Ann am Breatunn r'n fhuighinn;
 Tnigh mor fughantach, flathail,
 'M bu mhor sugradh le h-aighear,
 Bhiodh na h-uaislean ga thaghaich,
 Rinn iad euims' air do chaitheamh,
 Ann an toiseach an lathu dol sios.
 Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's breideach,
 Eadar Uidhist is Sleibhte,
 Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
 Laidh smal air na speuraibh,
 Agus sneachd air na gengaibh,
 Ghuil eunlaith an t-shleibhe,
 O'n la chual iad gun d' eag thu.
 A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhor pris,
 A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c. ♪

Gheibht' a d' bhaile ma fheasgar,
 Smuid mhor, 's cha b' e 'n greadan;
 Fir ur agus fheasgaich,
 A' losga' fudair le beadradh,
 Cuirn is cupaichean braeca,
 Piosan oir air an dealtradh,
 'S cha b' ann falamh a gheibht' iad,
 Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brigh.
 Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S iomadh elogaid a's targaid,
 Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
 Bhiodh mar coinneamh air ealachuin,
 Dhomhla b' aithne do sheanchas,
 Ge do b' fharsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
 Ann an caehdraidh na h-Alba;
 Raonuill oig dean beairt ainmeil,
 O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuinn morghniomh.
 O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha bu lothagan eliata,
 Gheibht' ad stabuill ga'm biathadh;
 Ach cìch chruidheacha shrianach,
 Bhiodh do mhiol-choim air iallaibh,
 'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
 Ann sna coireanaibh riabhach,
 B' e mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
 M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh on rìgh.
 M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice ho! ho!
 Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhor,
 A cheud mhala nach robh binn,
 Thainig o thus na dilann.
 Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,
 Ga lionadh suas as gach pluic,
 Craiceann seana mhuilt na dheigh sin,
 Re scarbhadas agus ri dardail.
 Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phìob,
 Ach seànnsair agus zòn liop,
 Agus maide chumadh nan fonn,
 Da 'm b'-ainm an sumaire,
 Tamull daibh na dheigh sin,

Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
 Agus chinnich na trì chroinn innt,
 Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
 Ri durdan reamhar ro shearbh.
 Air faighinn an durdain soirbh,
 'Agus a ghothaich gu loma leir,
 Chraobh-sgaoil a chrannaghail mar sin,
 Ri searbhadas agus ri ruchdail.

Pìob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
 Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
 Lan romn 's i labhar luirgneach,
 Com galair mar ghuilbneich ghlais
 Pìob Dhomhnuill do cheol na Cruinne,
 Crafnaghail bhreite 's breun ro' shluagh,
 Cathadh a muin tro mala groidaich,
 Bo 'n tuil ghraimnde roibeach ruaidh:
 Ball Dhomhnuill is dos na pìoba,
 Da bheist chursta ' chlaigeinn mhaoil,
 Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a ghatluinn
 Fuaim truilcach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheol do bhi 'n ifrinn iochdrach,
 Faobnar phìoban nan dos cruaidh,
 Culaidh a dhugadh nan deamhan,
 Liugail do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.
 Air fheasgar an curraich min,
 Mar gheum mairt caoile teachd gu thus,
 Thig sgreadail a chroinn riabhaich,
 Mar bhr. . . toine 'n di. . . . duibh.
 Chuir Venus a bliu seal an ifrinn,
 Mar dhearbhaichd sgeul gu fir an Domhain.
 Gur h-e corrnach bhàn is pìob gheadhair,
 Da leannan ciuil elus nan Deamhan.

* * * * *
 Faileadh a ch . . dheth na mhala
 'S faileadh a mhala dheth 'n phìobair.

Note.—The Author of this piece is *Niall mor Mac-Mhuirich*. We have heard the following anecdote, in illustration of this poem. Neil had lately returned to his father's house from the bards' college, in Ireland, from whence, along with the stores of genealogical and other lore with which he had stored his head, he had in addition, brought over a back-burden of the small-pox, and was lying asleep, on a settle-bed, at the back of the house, near the fire, when John and Donald M'Arthur, two pipers, came in, and, sitting down on the bed-stock, began tuning their pipes preparatory to playing. The horrid and discordant sound of the pipes roused the bard, who, bursting with indignation, in the true style of his profession, began to inveigh against the pipers, in the following mock genealogy of the bag-pipe. It would appear from this, as well as from hints in other poems, that the bag-pipe was never a favourite with the bards; but was rather regarded by them as trenching on their province. The poem was evidently intended to resent the intrusion of the pipers on the bard's slumbers. Nor did it fail of the desired effect; for, the pipers it seems, had intended to make good their quarters for the night; but, on hearing the odd and ludicrous invective against their favourite instrument, enunciated from behind them, they started from their seats with astonishment looking round for an explanation. But when the swollen and pecky countenance of Neil met their view, wrought up we may suppose with no ordinary excitement, terror added wings to their feet, and they fled in the utmost consternation. Neil's father on hearing the poem to the end exclaimed "*Math thu fein a mhic, tha mi feicinn nach bu thuras caillt' a thug thu dh' Èirinn!*" i. e. "Well done my son, I see your errand to Ireland has not been lost."

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

JOHN M'DONALD, commonly *Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein*, i. e. John of black locks, son of John, the son of Allan, was a gentleman of the Clanronald family, and was born about the year 1665. He received all the advantages of education, together with the opportunities that the times in which he lived offered to a man of observation. He was immediately descended from the Maer family—a great branch of the Clanronalds—of whom many individuals were highly distinguished for prowess, wit, and poetical powers. He resided in the island of Eig, on the farm of Grulean.

Mr. M'Donald was not a poet by profession, although he was considered by good judges not inferior to any bard of his age. He lived in easy circumstances. Amid his rural pursuits, he had ample time to woo the muses, or pass his leisure as inclination or opportunity occurred. He, therefore, put himself under no restraint, but sung when inspired, and made observations on men and manners; and his remarks were generally allowed to be shrewd and just. Few anecdotes can be expected of a man who passed a quiet life in such circumstances. He always held a respectable rank in society. His poems display taste and elegance, and his compositions, occasional and gratuitous as they were, must have been numerous.

ORAN DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.

A Bhliadhna gus an Aimsir so,
Gu'm b' fhoirmeil sinn an Ormaiceit,
'N cuirt an leoghainn mbearcasaich,
Ge fear-ghalach ro mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuisseach,
Am beul o'ar blasd' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart colas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu nainn,
Dh' fhad ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bhi sealgairreachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thìre,
Thu fein 's do bhuidheann ainmeineach,
Na n eireadh farragrachd fopa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
Sluagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-chearbach an tus comb-stri i,
Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's crodhalachd,
A liuthad oigear barraideach,
A bhuaileadh tailm le stroic-lannabh,
O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu Inbhear gainmhich Mòr-thìre.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' geilleachdainn,
Do 'n treun fhear ud mar uachdaran,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eircas iad,
Deun fein gach treud dhiu' bhuaichilleachd,
Am fiubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
Nach labhar beuirtean truailleidh leo,
An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
A theid air ghleus gu fuathasach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
Fir bheur' a reubadh chuainteannan,
Nach gabhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
Roinn fhraas geur a cruaidh-shneachda,
Bhur samhail riabh cha d' eirich dhuibh,
An lathair feum no cruaidh-chuise,
Gu cnoidheach, lotach, beumanach,
Gu fuilteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mòr a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
'S aninntinn ata fuaighte riut,
Tha gradh gach duine chi thu ort,
Cha 'n eol dhomh fhin fear fuatha dhut,
Fear sgipidh, measail, firinneach,
Fear sithmalte, seamh, suaireil thu,
Fear sunndach, muirneach, briodalach,
Sar chuirteir gu'n ghluin bhuahtanta.

Fear borb ro-gharg do-chaisgt thu,
 Na'n eireadh stri no tuasaid ort,
 Do bhuirb ri t-fheing ga mialachadh,
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimneach, buan-thosgach,
 Mar bhuinne reothairt fìor bhras thu,
 Mar thuinn ri tìr a bualadh thu,
 Mar bhar' na lasrach fìor-loisgeach,
 'S tu an dreagan ri linn cruadh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-armunn prìseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag fìor-ghlan uasal thu,
 An onoir ghleidh do shìnnsearachd,
 'S e miad an gnìomh a fhuair dhaibh i,
 Gu'n d' f'bag iad daingheann sgrìobht agad,
 Fo lamh an rìgh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-ard fhear coimhead dilis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rìoghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhion-fhuil as 'n do bhuaicadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mhein-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighnean dhìleas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n stri' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bheairt 's ar sgiath dhìdein thu,
 'S ar olaidheamh dìreach buan-sheasach.

Bu blath ann am na sìochthainn thu,
 'S bu phrìunnsalach ma t-uaislean thu,
 Air mhìad 's ge 'n coisg thu chisìn ris,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu dìth air tuathanach,
 Do bhanntraichean 's do dhìleachdain.
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanamaid urnaidh dhìcheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Criosda suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N

DO MHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar milleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a mìl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ur-ros ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beo.
 'S geur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgeul cruaidh 's mo ehadh oridhe,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlìtheach,
 Dh-ordalach Dìu dhuinn mar thighearn'
 Gu la-bhrath nach dean tighinn,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fo' rithe na'm bord,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each eruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh curam no giorag,
 An an dublachaidh 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'
 Muirneach, maenasach, fìor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tìre,
 Agus fasan gach rìoghachd
 Teanga bhlasda ri innse gach sgeoil.
 Teanga bhlasda, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's na fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhrach neo-cheurbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fìr Alba,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-shlogh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fìuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgathan tlachdar na h-Arnuilt,
 'N uair a dh eireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghìle 's fiamh dearg oirr,
 Cha ruin pillidh bhu meanna 'n laoch oig.
 Cha ruin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghnìomh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na faireg,
 Ri la cae 's i tighin gailbheach,
 'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n diobradh an t-anabhar ma bord.
 'S tu gu'n diobradh, &c.

'N am siubhal a gharbhlaich.
 Bu tu taghadh an t-shealgair,
 As do laimh bu mhor m'earbsa,
 Air an fhìadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuinn ma shroi.
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirne dh' imich am cathas,
 An sgrìob so thainig o thuath oirne,
 Tha ar cabaill air fuasgladh,
 Chaidh ar n-eirthire sguabhadh,
 A's sinn mar chuileanan cuaine gu'n treoir.
 A's sinn mar chuileanan, &c.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamb,
 Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghluasad,
 Ar cairt-iuil air falbh uainne,
 Bhrìst ar stiur; mo cheud truaighe,
 Sinn mar luig ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seol.
 Sinn mar luig, &c.

Sinn mar linge gun mhathair,
 Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnathaicht
 Sinn fo bhruid aig ar namhaid,
 H-uile fear a' toirt tair dhuinn,
 'S na coin luirge gach la air ar toir.
 'S no coin luirge, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach an geamhradh,
 An rusag a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
 Cha bu bhuanachd ach call dhuinn,
 Nis mar cholainn gun cheann sinn
 O roinn Raonull a's t-shamhradh uainn falbh
 O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gnuis a b' aillidh ri sirreadh,
An t-shuil bu bhlaithé gu'n tioma,
An leoghann ard air dheagh-oilean,
'Naca d' chuir uigh an gnìomh fòlleil,
Ach an rioghalachd shoilleir gu'n leoin,
Ach an rioghalachd, &c.

'S oil leam caradh do cheile,
'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dheidh i,
'N deigh a sgaradh o ceud-gradh,
Mhìo 'Ic-Ailein o'n dhoug thu,
Fhir a leanadh an fheid mar bu choir.
Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,
'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clar reidh dhaibh,
Thug an triuir as an eigin
O bhi daghadh an creuchdan;
A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig euceoir da'r coir.
A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAIN TRIATH DIUBHAIRT.

IOMRAICH me bheannachd,
Gu Bann-tighearna Thamair,
Bean 's am beil barrachd,
De charantachd naduir;
Chunaic mise gu dlìgheil,
A suilean ri snithe,
'S i 'g a'ireamh mar mhi-adh,
Sìor Iain da fagail:
Bha dorainn a cridhe,
Cho moire ga ruighinn,
'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
O dhearbh nighean a mathar:
Gu cronachadh sgeula,
Bhiodh fada 'na dheigh sin,
Thug Mairiread na feile,
Spor gheur do'n fhear-dhana.

Nach iongnadh ri chlaistin,
Gu'm beil mise o cheann fada,
Ann an turcadsich-adail,
Agus m' acad ro-chraiteach;
Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
S mi leisg air a'dusgadh,
Air eagal le' burach,
Gun uraich i'm bas dhomh,
Gidheadh cha sgeul-ruine,
Ach sgeula 's mor curam,
Sìr Iain gu'n dusgadh,
An dlu chiste chlaraidh;
B'e so an fhras chiuraidh,
A mhill ar n-abhall's ar n-ubhian:
Roinn ar dosgainn a chrunadh,
Fhrois am fiur bharr a gharaidh.

B'e fein ar crann dosrach
A chomhdach na cholta
Gur a coilltich: solta
'N dh-fhas toiseach a fhreamha.

Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrionach,
Gun chrithheann gu'n chrin-fhiodh,
Ach geugan ro phriseil,
Do dh-fhion-fhuil na Spaine,
Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
'S aig seannachaidhean geura,
Air ar teachd o *Ghathelus*,
As an Euphaid a thainig,
Sliochd mhilidhean treuna,
Fluair ceannas na h-Eireann,
Mar bha fir na feile,
Agus Eirimon dana.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
Bha bhuaidh air bhur cordai,
A' dearbhadh 's a comhdach,
Am por as an d' fhas sibh,
Far an gabhadh sibh comhnaidh,
Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin,
Le iomadaidh corach,
Agus moran a bharr air,
Ciad nighean Mhìo-Domhuuill,
Mar mhairiste posda,
B'e n scanailèir comhraig,
'N ciad Thoisich a's armainn.

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O'n shuidhich sibh lu-chairt,
Bha dh-aileachd 'nar n-urais,
Gur h-iomarcach duthaich,
Bh'air an cuinneadh le pairt dhìbh,
Bha de dh-airde 'nar giubhsaich,
'S nach tugadh each puic dhìbh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd dìmba,
Ar lubadh le taire,
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiurs oirbh,
Gu'm bu chinne le crun sibh,
'S gu'm b'e dlìgh bhur duthchais,
Bhìdh san-ìuil dheth 'm biodh iadsan,
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tim sin,
Na mhios 's na mhèr mhìslean,
Tha e nis gu truagh lionte,
Daor tri-fille paighte.

Tha seann-fhacal eil ann,
Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'e neach air am beir e,
Bi'dh chneidh dheireannach craiteach,
Ge d' tha sinne ri a'chdain,
Na dh-fhalbh o cheann fad orinn,
Bhìdh ar duil ri bhi' beartach,
Na m biodh againn na dh-fhag sin,
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
"Cha leir math an fhuarain,
Gus an uair sin an traigh e,"
Tha e nios na ni' soilleir,
Da'r nabuidhean comuinn,
Gun do bhrìsteadh mar phronnaig.
Gara'-droma nan Gael.

Fear gasda gun chrine,
 Bha ainmeil san rioghachd,
 Cha bu tric a luchd mi-ruin,
 Rì n innsadh no 'n aireamh,
 Bu chompanach righ thu,
 Am fear meannach mor fri-ghlic,
 Cha 'n fbaicete e fo dhiobradh,
 Ach am prìsealachd stata,
 Ann an cogadh luchd strithe,
 Cha robh masl' air ri innse,
 Ghleidh e onoir a sbinnsridh,
 'S ann a mhìodach e u-ardachd,
 Cha robh e, cha b' fhàich leis,
 Bhi falbh fo bhrat fillte,
 Eadar e bhiodh na mhìn-fhear,
 Agus fuid a laithean.

Bha e mor ann a maidlachd,
 Bha e mor gu bhi rioghail,
 Bha e mor ann an grìde,
 Ann am firinn 's an cairdeas,
 Bu mhòr e ri fhàinu,
 Bu mhòr air gach achd e,
 Bu mhòr e na phearsa,
 Na ghaslachd 's na ailleachd,
 Bha e mor air son diulaich,
 Bha e mor gu bhi sugach,
 Bha e mor an ìbheagh ghiulan,
 Ann an cuirteannan arda,
 Bha e mor ann a mis-ìch,
 Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
 Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
 'S sar ghibhteannan naduir.

Na m biodh e ri fhuasgladh,
 O n bhàs a thug buaidh air,
 Gur a h-ìomadh laoch cruadail,
 A ghluaisceadh 'na fhabhar,
 An t-ainm coitcheanta mor sin,
 Rì'n gairte Clann-Domhnuill,
 O thoiseach an cordais,
 'S iad bu phòr da chiad mathair,
 Agus uaislean nan Leodach,
 Thabha fala agus feola,
 Mur lanain ur phòsla,
 Leis 'm bu deonach bhi' gradhach,
 Chunnacas mar phuthar,
 An gruaidhean air dhubhadh,
 Mar gun deannadh lun phiuthar,
 Geur chumba ma brathair.

Cia ma'n fagainn an diochuimhn',
 Dream eile da dhìsean?
 Bha na cinn bu mho pris dhiu,
 Ro dhìleas am pairt dhut,
 Fir ghasda gun chrine,
 Bha ainmeil 's an rioghachd,
 Mar bha'n cinneadh mor prìseil,
 So shìolaich o Bhancho,
 O thoiseach an dualchais,
 Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
 Ach 'm beagan beag suarach,
 So fhuair iad an dràsda,
 'S e n tabhar a lot sinn,
 Nach e gnìomh a bha lechdach,

Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
 Bha'n toiseach 's an abhar.

Na m b'aithe dhomb innse,
 Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
 Ann am fala gun isle,
 'S ann an Ìomhoireachd chairdean,
 Le seanachas ri firinn,
 O thoiseach an Ìinne,
 'S e fein 's Iarla-Shi-Phort,
 Sìochd dìrenehd da brathar,
 Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Ann an ùlu-cheangal fala,
 E cho teann air a cheangal,
 'S nach e sgaradh u' buill leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tlu sin,
 Gu'n mhiosguinn gu'n mhi-ruin,
 'S nach gluasear le ìuleachd,
 Gu dìlinn 's gu brath e.

Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
 Thabha fàlach is caidreamh,
 Dhut Caidtinn Chlann-ra'null,
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghabhadh
 Do chois-nabhaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 N am marcachd a's astair,
 'S 'nuair stadadh am marsal,
 Bha thu ad t-fhianais air sìleadh,
 A chreuchdan, cho-mìre,
 Rì 'oras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhagail,
 Agus uaislean a dhuthcha,
 Rì caoidhearan tursach,
 'S an cradh air a chiurradh,
 Ma mhuirneinn nan Gael.

Thabha dligh' agus dualchais,
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghuailibh,
 Mac-Neill o na cuaintaibh,
 'S a dhaoin' uaisle gu'n taire,
 'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
 'S ann da iunnsaidh a thigeadh,
 Le iarrtas cho bige,
 Rì Litir a laimhe,
 Chunnac cach e cho silleir,
 Teachd le cabhaichin troma,
 Do luchd nan gath loma
 Na choinnidh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a thachradh e rin,
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
 Dheanadh fhiontan iad subhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n am fhagail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha ranntanan mhatha,
 Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Shratha;
 'S cha ghabhadh e fath air:
 Ann an aimsir na ruaige,
 'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
 Ba ghasda an ceann slugh e,
 'N uair a ghluaisete leis armuinn:
 Bha e-san 's an tìr sin,
 Gu'n mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,

Ann am fochar a shinnsrídh,
Le gúomharadh dana;
Nis o chaochail iad cleachlath,
As an áite bu cheart daibh,
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
Dhaibh ann an cath Mhara.

Ach 's e raghainn a ní mí,
Bheir mí gloir so gu fínd,
'S nach gliccas no oriondacht,
Dhomh mhíad 's tha mí 'g ratte,
Gur h-e Fionnachd san tim sibh,
Ann an aireanbh no 'n lúneadh,
'N uair a bhá sibh gu'n díobradh,
'N-ar míad is 'n-ar áirde,
Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-Ile,
Ge do b' fharsuinn na eriochan,
Bha roinn do gach tír dhíu
Fo chíis duibh a' paigheadh,
Nis o thuit na stuic fhíon-fhuil,
Rís an abairt na ríghrean,
Tha na gogán bu díls' dhaibh,
Air erionadh 'na'n aobhar.

ORAN

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S í so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
An targanach dhuinn,
'S bras meannach fir Alba
Fo 'n armaibh air thus;
'N uair dh' eireas gach treun-laoch
Nan eideadh glan ur,
Le run feirg' agus guirge,
Gu séirbhís a chruin.

Theid mathaibh na Gaeltacht
Gle shanntach sa chúis,
'S gur líonmhor each seang-mhear
A dhamhsas le sunnd,
Bídh Sasannaich cáille
Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
Bídh na Frangaich nan campaibh
Gle theann air an eul.

'N uair dh' eireas Clann-Domhnuill
Na leoghainn tha garg,
Na beo-bheithir, mhór-leathuinn,
Chonnsputnaich, gharbh,
Luchd sheasamh na corach
G'an ordugh lámh-dhearg,
Mo dhoigh gu'm bu ghorach
Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.

Tha Rothaich a's Rosaich,
Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceann,
Barraich an treas seorsa,
Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;
Clann Donachaidh cha bhreug so
Gun eireadh líbh 's gach am,

Mar sin is clann Reabhair
Fír ghleusta, nach eisd gu'n bli annt.

'S ind Clann-an-Nab an seorsa
A theid boidheach nan triall.
'S glan comhdach nan comhlainn
Luchd leonadh nam fiadh;
Iad fein a's Clann-Pharlain
Dream urdanach, dian,
'S ann a b' athaist gan aircamh
Bhí 'm fabhar Shíol-Chuinn.

Na Leodaich am por glan
Cha b' fhólach 'ur síol,
Dream rioghail gun fhótas
Nan gorsáid, 's nan sgíath,
Gur neartmhor, ro-eolach
'Ur n-oig-fhíir, 's 'ur líath,
Gur e crúdal 'ur dualehas
A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Fomhnúinn o'n Chreitlich
Fír ghle ghlan gu'n smur,
Luchd nan cuilbheirean gleusda
Nam feuma nach díult;
Thig Níallaich th' air suile
A' bharenibh nan sugh,
Le 'n cabhlach luath lan-mhor
O Bhughan nan tur.

Clann-Ilean o'n Dreollainn
Theid sunndaah san ruig,
Dream a chlosadh aineart,
Gun taing choisín buuidh;
Dream rioghail do-chiosaicht,
Nach stríochda do'n t-sluagh,
'S ioradh míle deas, díreach,
B'ar inntinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnic
'N am bhriseadh cheann,
Bídh enuachdan gan spuachladh
Le cruadal 'ur lann,
Dream uasal ro máinbheach,
Bu dual bhí san Fhraing,
'S ann o Dhiaruid a shíolaich
Por líonmhor nach gann.

Tha Stiubhartaich ur ghlan
Nan fúrain gun ghíomh,
Fír shunndach nan lu-chlens
Nach tionndaidh le fiamh,
Nach gabh curam roí mhúiseag
Cha b' fhíu leo bhí erion,
Cha bu shugradh do dhu-ghall
Cúis a bhúin dhíbh.

Gur líonmhor lánh theoma
Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
Fír cholganda, bhorganda,
'S oirdheisce gíomh,

Iad mar thuillbheum air chorra-ghleus,
'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
'S i mo dhailse nam rusgailh
Nach diult sibh dol sìos.

Clann-Mhuirich nach soradh
A chonnspairn ud ial,
Dream fhuilteach gun mhòr-chuis
Ga'n coir a bhì fhil,
Gur gaisgeil fìor-sheolta,
Ar mòr thìomail chhad,
Nì sibh spòrtadh air feolach
A stroicendh fo 'n lan.

Tha Grandnich mar b' abhaist
Mu bhraidh uisge Spe,
Fìr laidir ro-dhaicheil
Theid dan anns an streup,
Nach iarr cairdeas no fabhar
Air namhad fo'n ghreìn;
'S i n-ur lumbach a dh' fhugas
Fuil bhath air an fheur.

Tha Frisealach ainmeil
Aig seanachaibh nan crìoch,
Fìr gharbha ro chalma,
'Ur fearg cha bu shì;
Tha Catmaich foirmeil
Sì 'n armachd am nìann,
'An eath gairbheach le 'r n-armaibh
A dhearbh sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choinnich o thunth dhuinn
Luchd bhannachd gach cìs;
Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lumbach
'Ur n-uaislean san strì;
Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-cheathairn
Le 'm buailtibh de nì;
Thig sluagh dunnail gu'n chunnta
A duthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chluimhnich mi m' iomrall,
'S fath iuntraichinn iad,
Fìr chunnabhalach chumaite,
Nì eimise le 'n laimh,
Nach dean iomluas mu nona-chuis
Chìom iunntais gu brath,
Gur muirneach ri 'n iomradh
Clann-Fhiunnlaigh Bhrat'-bharr.

Thig Gordanaich, 's Greumaich,
Grad gleusd as gach tìr;
An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
Gum b' fheumail dha sibh;
Griogaraich nan geur-lann
Dream speiseil nam pìos,
Air leam gum bi 'n eucoir,
'Nuair dh' eighite sibh sìos.

Siosalach nan geur-lann
Theid treun air chul arm,
An Albainn 's an Èirinn
B' e 'ur beus a bhì garg,

An am dol a bhualadh,
B' e 'n cruadal 'ur eag,
Bu ghluineach ur beumnan
'N uair dh' eireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
Le cheile san ann,
Iad airson iuntinn d'èirich
Gun fhiaradh, gun cham,
Iad cho cinnteach ri non fheur,
'S iad tìtheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin muiseag nan hu-Ghall,
'Thig eus thur an ceann.

CROSDHANACHD

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreollainn,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt'
Ri gnas Shasainn,
Nì 'm beil duin' usal, no ìosal,
No fear fearainn,
Leis nach all, gu moran buinig,
Ceird a bharrachd.
Tha ceird ur aig fear nan Druimnean,
'Th' air leinn tha cronail;
B' all leis fein a dhol an aite
Mhaisteir Sgoile,
An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum,
Le glòir Laideann,
Ghluacdh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
A cheird a bh'ige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mhiannaich se cheird do bhì aig oide foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghlum fein i. Oir 'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabann, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh mar an ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann uath sin a dubhrad—"Saoilladh am fear a bhios na thamh, gur e fein a's fear lamh air an stiuir," ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,
Mar bu choir dha,
Gus am bi iad na'n daoin' arsaidh
Fo 'n lan fheosaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
Breath bu ehlaoine,*
No ni rinn an ceann a b' iard',
A' mas 'ga dhioladh.
Gabhail do eirios an . . . arsaidd,
Air mas sean-duin',
'S fada ma'n ionnsaich an gníomh sin
Ciall do theangaidh,
Ge be labhras ris an fhear ud, †
Coir, no ca-coir,
Gubbar air a ghoirt' de stracaibh .
Le eirios feilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhíor do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuaireadh riamh ruid a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, bu maéasa na gabhail air na masar ann an aobhar sa teanga, agus an teanga thmigsinn gur h-ann na h-aobhar fein a fhuair am mas am mor-gleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall ni bu mhéasa, chu deanadh e idir ni b'fhearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—"Am fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghluin, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri viléan."

A chuidleachd da'm bu choir bhí diamhair,
'S a ghna 'm fulach,
Cha d'fhagadh da'n díon bho chunnart,
Sion de dh' earradh,
Bha iad aon uair an lahair flanaís,
An taigh greusaich.
Dubhairt nighéan Shomhairle†
Le rabhart, sa gnas siomhailt,
'S coir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,
Cuid gach Críosduidh.
B'fhearr léam ge nach eil mi maoinéach,
No luach gearrain,
Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir
Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnao bhéusaich, eheart, choir, so a radh, a run deagh ehnéasta, ehum gu'm biodh aig a fear fein a léithid, sa bhíodh aig a nabaidhean; 's nach suil ghoínte, no lombais, a bh' aic air cuid a coinhearsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebríde Mac-an-t-Saoir ann an Kuthaig, an Tiríthe, a mhórt an ceithir-fichaid ceare le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhíris long mhór nan cuig éranmag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-araichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—"Sann de'n cheaird a chungaidh."

Tha bith ur an tír na Dreollainn,
A thog am Baron,
Air gach aon fhear a labhras buna-chainnt,
Rusgadh feamain,

* See note, page 24. † The shoemaker's wife.
‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

Ma sgaioleas air feadh gach tíre,
Am bith thog Tearlach,
'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uíne,
E-fein bhí paighte.
Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,
Breitheamh sar-mhath,
Cha tog e dochuir mu d'heibhinn,
Ach glag mor gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dhá aig an t-Síorramh choir air gair a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghearradh airsan, le coinhearsnachd ban-Spáintich do thachair ris. 'S ann uaith sin a dubhradh, "An duine ní teine math deanadh e-fein a gharadh ris."

Note.—The laird of Drulmin kept an old schoolmaster in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The dominie was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule with him, "never to make a pair of shoes for any customer till the last which he had got were paid for." But there was another, if not rather a piece of the same, reason of the shoemaker's unwillingness to make the shoes—the laird was a *dreach* payer; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissima verba* of the son of St. Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his retainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular hickspittle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, "Did you say to this gentleman," pointing to the dominie, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?" "Oh no, no, Sir," said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, "most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always* at your service." The poor dominie was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loon;" but ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flattering unction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's foot-strop in the one hand, and lifting the dominie's philabeg with the other, he therewithal plied him on the bare buttocks, so hotly and heavily that he had well nigh expended the "wrath" which he had so carefully been "nursing" for the rascally souter. How many stripes the wight received deponent hath not said, but true it is, the number far exceeded that prescribed by the law of Moses. Indeed it is doubtful whether "the man of letters" might not have lost his "precious spunk," if the shoemaker's better-half had not flown to his rescue. Gentle dame! well have I designated thee thy churchly husband's "*better-half*;" for though the poor schoolmaster was both disgraced and pained through his default, his eyes were blind and his heart hard as the "nether mill-stone." And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulchre, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

THIS poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Rosshire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurrieh, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "*Cabar Feigh*" was not composed by him, as stated by some collectors of poetry. The first song given here was composed on the Earl of Seaforth, on his embarking at Dornay, of Kintail, for Stornoway. It has been imitated in English by Sir Walter Scott.

ORAN DO'N IARLA THUATHACH

TRIATH CHLANN-CHOINNICH.

Deoch slainte 'n Iarla thuathaich,
A thriall an de thar chuaintean bhuaibh,
Le sgioba laidir luasganach,
Nach pilleadh cas na fuathas iad,
Muir gaireach air gach guallainn dh'i;
Air ear do luinge luaithe,
Gabh mi cead dhìot is fhuair mi 'n t-or.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,
Bho charraid cuain 's bho chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh larach ri do shaoghail ort,
Fluir ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beo.

Gur gaoh a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,
Gu'n chrnas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',
Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiseach,
Gu sunndach, bras, neo-eisleanach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas eudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreicheadh air gach bord.

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stinreacadair,
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curamach,
'Dh' aithnicheadh fianh a chulanaich,
A chuireadh srian ri cursaireachd,
Mu 'm bristeadh trian a chuirnean oirr',
A mhuchadh e fo sroin.

T-fhear colais laidir, fradhareach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
Crann gearha na 'd laimh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhail r' asg mhic-fraoire,
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh a ghlhaiseadh tu,
Fir bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuaigneas i,
Bidh barrantas dhaoin' uaisle leat,
Bidh beannach bhochd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cha 'nagal baoghal fudaich dhuibh,
Bidh Dia na 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuainn',
Thu fein 's do choirneal Calumanach,
Fhuair cliu 'n cuirt na 'n Albannach,
Gur h-ìomadh turn a dhearbhadh leat,
Be sud an leoghunn ainmeil,
Bu mhor seanachas air gach bord.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,
'N deidh na mara Si-phortaich,
Thu dhol gu fallain, firineach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteanan,
Bithidh ro-fhual gheala teinteannan,
Aig fir 's aig mnai 's toil-inntinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-ìomadh sruthan firinneach,
Tha 'n linnichean an t-Si-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dileas dhut,
Le 'n connspainn fhearrail innsineach,
A Lochlaim thig na miltan,
Air chuan-sgith gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Sàileich leat,
'S do chinneadh neartmhor tabhachdach,
Bidh mire, 's cluich, is gaireachdaich,

Sa'n ionnadh ann an tarladh sibh,
Cha 'n iognadh thu bli ardanach,
Sa liuthad fion-fluil ahunn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phor.

Bidh Tormod og na shiubhal leat,
Siol-Leoid nan ro-seol uidheannach,
Fhir stolta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,
Bidh ol gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bidh fion is beoir le subhachas,
Air piosaibh buidhe oir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAI DH.

FHICAIR mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leoir a gheurad ann sa 'n leumsa,
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhun-Garannach ur allail,
Na'n turp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uainhreach.

Gur dubhach, deorach, tha Ciann Domh-
nuill,
Mu chreach Chnoicirt neart nan roiseol,
Gaisgich chrodha, nach tais 'n am comhraig,
Mo chreach mhor 's mo 'chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glann,
Da'm b'ainm Alasdair, ceanna nam beannachd
Glac nan geal lann cruaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' nile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cannart,
'N an dhu bhuille bhualadh.

'S an rioghachd so fein bu flathail t-fheum
'S bu sgathail beum do chladheimh geir.
Do shamhailt fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' eug thu,
Ghaisgeth euchdaich, bhughaich.

Ge b'e dhuiseadh t-ain-fochd,
Bu dluth dha carraid, 'n tus taruinn
Rusgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuaillan.

'S tu'n Donullach dian, connspunn nan
triath,
Morghalach fial, ro lodraich nan cliar,
Leis an oilte fion, agus or ga dhiol,
Ann an aitribh nan erioch sluaghail.

A shliochd righ Fionnaghail,
Nan corn gealu-ghlaic 's nan srol balla-
bhreac,
'M por nach cearbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
'N am nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach bnaidh a's slainte an fhir a dh-fhag thu,
Duineil, braithreil, cinneil, cairdeil,
Gaol bho namhaid, gradh bho chairdean,
A shliochd nan armunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bueach an t-Aosdana*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

MARBHIRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL ar bunadh gu Phara,
Co b'urrainn da sheanchas?
Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Fhearguis,
Craobh a thuinich re aimsir,
Fhriamhaich bunannan Alba,
Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,
Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beo.
Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
Cha chnodh bho'n uraidh o'n d' fhas thu,
Cha bhla chuirte na bhealltainn,
Aeh fas duillich a's meanglain,
A miar mullaich so dh' fhas sinn,
Cuir a Chriod tuilleadh an aite na dh'
fhalbh.

Cuir a Chriod, &c.

'S mor putar an raith-se,
'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh' fhas oirnn,
Gar ro eumhann leinn t-ardach,
'N ciste luthaidh na'n elaran,
'S fad is cuimhne leinne caradh nam bord.
'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

Chaidh do chiste an taigh geambraidh,
Cha do bhris thu chuo shianhna,
Misneach fear Inne-Gall thu,
'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
Nach do chlig thu ro' naimbdean,
Fhir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
Fhir bu mheasail, &c.

Fhir bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
'S tu bu bhoganta faicinn,
A dol sios an bliar machrach,
Bhiodh na miltin ma d' bhrataich,

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Chuid bu phriseile 'n caehdraidh,
Luchd do mhi-ruin na'n caist ort,
'S ann a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
'Nuair bu sgi leo cuir sgapaiddh na'm feoil.
'Nuair bu sgith, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' namhaid,
Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuat lamhuinn,
Bhu thu buadhach 's gach aite,
Cha b'e fuath mhie a mhaile,
Fear do shnuidh theachd na fhardaich,
Cha dath uaine bu bhla dhuat,
'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-ardan ad phor.
'Nuair a bhuaileadh, &c.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,
'N an nan crannan a bheumadh,
Chum nan deannal a sheideadh,
Bhiodh lann thana ehruaidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-sheirm sin,
Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirbh bho do
dhorn.
Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N aile chunaic mi aimsir,
'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
Cha bu chuing ort a' gharbhlach,
Pie de'n inbhar cha d' fhas i,
Chuireadh umhal na spairn ort,
Cha bhiodh fuithil a tarruinne,
'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,
Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n coin.
Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chomhnart an caradh,
'M bian roineach an t-sheana bhrule,
Cinn storach o'n cheardaich,
Cha bhiodh oirceach gu'n bhathadh,

Eadar smeoirn agus guine,
Le neart corcail a Flunras,
Clu bhiodh fealach an tearmad,
Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dhcoin.
Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Caisge,
'Nuair a bhual a ghath bais thu,
'S truagh a dh'fhing thu do chairdean,
Mar ghair sheillein air laraich,
'N deigh a mealunnan fhagail,
No uain carraich gu'n mhathair,
'S fada chluinnear an garaich mu'n chro.
'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mbath do dhìol freasdail,
'N taigh mor an bial feasgair,
Uisge beatha nam feadan,
Ann am piosan gu leigeil,
Sin a's clarsach gu spreigeadh ri ceol.
Sin a's clarsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ur-ros,
Fear ar taighe 's ar crun air,
Ghabh an rathad air thus uainn,
Liuthad latha ri chunntas,
Bh'aig maithibh do dhuthecha,
Mìad an aighear 's a muirne,
Bha mi tathaich do chuirte,
Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a
dh'fhalbh,
Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eol dhomh innse na bh'aca,
Gu'm ba'n do mhianann Shìr Lachuinn,
Bhiodh 'g ol fiona 'n taigh farsainn,
Le mnaidh rimheach neo-as-caoin,
Gloir bhinn agus maenais,
Ann 'san an sin 'm bu ghna leibh bli poit.
Ann 'san an sin, &c.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadh,
Bhiodh chlarsach ga creachadh,
Cha bhiodh ceol innte an tasgaidh,
Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
Gu'n leon laimhe gu'n laige,
Gus 'm bu mhianach leibh cadal gu foill.
Gus 'm bu mhianach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
Iomairt thaileasg ma'n seach orr',
Fir foirne ri tartar,
Toirm a's mathadh air chairtean,
Dolair spainteach a's tustain,
Bhì' ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lorg.
Bhì' ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,
Bha gradh a's eagal mhic Dhe ort,
Bha fath seirce ga d' cheill ort,
Bha aoigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
Cha robh ceist ort mar threun fhear,
Bhiodh na sgrìobhtair ga'n leubhadh,
Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do bhord.
Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bu lionmbar ort frasachd,
Chum thu dìreach do d' mhacabh,
Do bhreid rimheach gu'n srachdadh,
Cha do dhiobair ceann slait thu,
O'n 's e Criosd a b' fhear beairt dhut,
'Sin an Ti a leig leat an taod-sgoid.
'Sin an Ti a leig, &c.

A mhic mo ghlasas thu'n stiùir so,
Cha bu fhathas gun dachas,
Dhut bhì' grathuinn air h-urnaigh,
Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',
Cuir an t-Athair ann tus oirr',
Biodh a Mac na fhear iull oirr',
An Spiorad Naomha ga giulan gu nos.
An Naomha, &c.

ORAN

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN oig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri aireamh,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhaige,
Tha thu lan do dh' fhuincaltachd,
Cho ceart sa dhinnseadh seanchas,
Gur mac Iain Ghairbh da rìreamh thu,
An an dol sìos an garbh-chath.

*A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi tha,
Mar treigeadh bord na bas mi,
Gu'm faic mi fo cheann bliadhu' thu,
Mar glac am fabhvas ard mi,
A ghnuis sholta, 's am beul o'n sochdrach
gàire,
Do dheud gu'n stoir o'm binn thig gloir,
O'n faighinn pog a's faille.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhas flathasach le cruadal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais,
Gu'n ghleidh thu dligheil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shugradh leis,
Crubadh ann an truailleachd,
Ach rinn thu beairt bu cliutache,
Air an dachas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S e na chuir mi dh'eolas ort,
Dh'fhag an ceo ma m' shuilean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhuair mi dheth,
Gu'n leig mi ruaig an tus ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lub nan cas-chiabh ur-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhuthaich.
A Lachuinn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
 Pìcean dait' a lubadh,
 'N t-iubhar nuadh ga lagh gu chluais,
 'M beatha bhuat bu shiubhlach,
 Ceir a's rosaid dlu fo t-ordaig,
 Ite 'an coin gu h-ur-ghlan,
 Mu chul an fheidh ma'n gearr e leum,
 Bhìdh fhuil na leine bruite.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlaicinn dut,
 A dhol air sraid an fhudair:
 Cuilbhair a ghleis shniamhanaich,
 A bheul o'n cinnteach cuimse,
 Spantach ladair, fulangach,
 'N laimh a churaidh chliutaich,
 'S a 'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeanadh,
 Air ghaoirdean deas nan lu-chleas.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
 A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,
 Leis an eireadh na brataichean,
 A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,
 'N am dusgadh as an cadal daibh,
 Gu'n d' bhual thu pais ma'n chluais orr',
 'S thilg thu steach an teachdaireachd,
 'S an ceart air bhachd an gnaile.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
 'N robh sinuais a's cruas a's cairdeas,
 Eadar rutha Chuirteirnis,
 Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-lead,

Dh' eireadh fir Aird-gholhar leat,
 Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgathach,
 Dhearbhaìnn fhìn gu'n geileadh dhut,
 Fir ghleusta bho Bhru'-churnaig.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluisceadh leat s na h-cìcanan,
 Dream nach ceil an gradh ort,
 Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
 A bhratach leoghannt' laidir,
 Chite sid gu follaiseach,
 Fir fhoimhidh unn an Aros,
 Na fir ura nach diultadh,
 Sgiurs thoirt air an namhaid.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' eireadh seoid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
 Nach cuireadh bruthach spairn orr',
 Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
 Nen lannan geal 's nan targuid,
 Nan cuilbheirean caol acuinneach,
 Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
 A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,
 'N uair dh' eireadh srad bho theanachair.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Domhnuill,
 'N a'm biodh ad choir gu'm b' fheairrde,
 Dh' fhas gu seasmhach, cruadalach,
 'N uair ghluaiseadh iad ma'n arnuadh,
 Ann an gliocas firinneuch,
 Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
 Sid an dream bha innsgineach,
 Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachunn oig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ceann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon,

the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Lachlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pug called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacy favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to deflower the farmer's daughter, little Coireal sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MARBURHAISG ort a mhulaid,
Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd uam
'S nach do leig thu cadaid domh,
'S an oidliche fala, fuar,
Ma's ann a dh'iarraidh cunntais orm,
A lunn thu air mo shuain,
Bheir mise greis an drasda dhut
Air aircamh na tha bh'uat.

Latha' siubhal sleibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam fein gu dlu,
A chuideachd anns an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cu,
Gun thachair clann rium ann sa' ghleann
A' gal gu fann cuion iuil:
Air leam gur h-iad a' b'ailidh dreach
A chunnacas riamb le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'fiohnadh leam mar tharladh dhaibh
Am fasach fad air chul,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann iuil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiairich mi:—"Co sud?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm briathraibh mine ciuin.

"Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiughantas,
'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean curamach,
A choisinn oiliu 's gach ball,
'Nuair phaigh an fheite eis d'an Eug
'S a chaidh i-fein air chail,
'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig mathaibh Inne-Gall."

“Tormod fial an t-shugraidh,
Nach d-fhas na chuinneadh cruaidh,
A bha gu fearail fughantach,
‘S a chum a dhuthechas suas;
‘S ann air a bha ar tughaich,
O’n thugadh fain bh’uainn,
‘S beag m’ fharmaid ris na feumaidh
O’n a bheum na chluig gu truagh!

“Bha’n duin’ ud ro fhlatasach,
‘S e mathasach le ceill,
Bha e gu fial fughantach,
‘S a ghluan math ‘ga reir;
Ge farsuinn eadar Areamh,
Cuthair Ghlas-cho ‘s Baile-Bhoid:
Cha d’ fhuaras riamh oid-altrum ann,
Cho pailt’ ri teach Mhic-Leoid.

“Chaidh sinn do Dhun-Bheagain
A’s cha d’iurr sinn ceud ‘na thur,
Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuibheara,
Le furbailt a’s le muir:
Gu’n ghlae e sinn le nacaich
Mar dhaltachan ‘nar triuir,
A ‘s thogadh e gach neach againn
Gu macant’ air a ghlan.

“Fhuair sinn greis ‘gar n-arach,
Aig Mac-Leoid a bha san Dun,
Greis cile gle shaibheir
Aig a bhrathair bha’n Dun-Tuilm:”
Sin ‘nair labhair fughantach
Dalt uiseil Dhonnuaill ghuirm:—
“Bu tric leat a bhi sugradh rinn,
‘S cha b’ fhasan ur dhuinn cuirm.

“N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airtneulach
‘S biadh maidne dhòil air bord,
Gheibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
Bu mhianach leat ga d’ choir;
Cha d’ chuir thu duil am priobairtich,
Cha b’ fhiaich leat ach ni mor;
Bu chleachdadh air do dhitheid dhut
Glain’ fhiona nar ri ceol.

“Am fear a bh’ air a Chomraich
Bu chall soillear dhuinn a bhas
Ann an cuisibh diulanais,
Cha b’ indubhail e’ measg chaidh
Lamh sgapaidd oir, a’s airgeid e
Gu’n dearmad air buelid dhan,
A’s mhionnaicheadh na clarsairean
Nach e bu taire lamh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Caitan Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Ibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Ap-

“Thug sinn ruaig gu’n soradh
Gu Mac-C’hoimich mor nan cuach,
Be’n duin’ iochd-mhor, teo-ehridheach,
S bu leoghannt e air slugh,
Bha urram unis! a’s ceannais nig’
Air feuraibh an taobh-Tuath;
Cha chuir’ as geall a chailleadh e
Ge d’ fhlalaidh oirn e’n uaigh!

“O’n rinn an uaigh ‘ur glasadh orm,
‘S nach faic mi sibh le’m shuil;
‘S eunbhadh, cinnail, cruiteach, mi,
‘S neo-ardlunnach mo shurd,
‘S mi eumhneachadh nam braithrean sin
A b’ailidh dreach a’s gnais,
Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh riam
Aig Coimneach anns a’ Chuil.

“Ailpeannich mhath chlar-dhuibh,
‘Gam bu duthchas riabh an seath,
D’an tigeadh airn gu sgiamhach
Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
Bu lamh a dheanamh fadhach thu,
Gu’n dial bu bhatach math,
‘S a nise bho na thrill thu bh’uainn,
Cha’n iarraidh sinn a staigh.

“Bu chumir glan do chalpannan,
Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruim,
‘S math thigeadh breacan eunlach ort,
Mu’n cuairt an fkeile chruinn,
‘S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
Sgiath laghach nam ball grinn,
Cha robh eron am fradharc ort,
‘Thaobh t-aghaidh ‘s eul do ehinn.

“Nam togail mail do dhuthechannan,
‘S ga ‘n dlathachadh riut fein;
Bhi’dhmaid air ‘nar stiubhartan
‘S ‘nar triuir gu’m bi’dhmaid reidh,
Cha do thog sinn riabh bo Shambua dhut,
No Bealltainn cha b’e’r beus,
Cha nìo thug oich air tuathanach,
Bu mho do thruas ri fheum.”

Bha’n duin’ ud na charaid dhomh,
‘S cha char dhomh’ ehliu a sheinn,

pleecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity of silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer’s rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties, his master asked Cormac:—“*Creid i’n lamh bo fheile do fhuair tu ‘n Albainn?*” i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied,—“*Lamh dheas fhir na Comraich.*”—The right hand of Applecross.—“*Creid i’n ath te?*” which was the next?—“*Lamh chliù fhir na Comraich.*” or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel’s prompt and quaint reply.

Mas can each gur masgall e,
Leig tharais e na thim;
Do bhas a dh-fhag mi muladach,
'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tìr,
Cla b'ìoghna' mi ga t-iondrunn,
Ann am cunntais thoir 's an t-shuim.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin
'S a bhi ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
'S amhuill gheibh mi bhuing ann,
Bhi taghaich air luirg fhuair,
An taobh a obaidh iad tharais,
'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluaigh,
Dh'eug Iannraic priunsa Shasuinn;
'S cha duisg e gu la-luain!

Note.—This beautiful and pathetic song was composed by Mackinnon after the death of some of his relations. It would appear that while they lived, and while his own circumstances continued prosperous, he was much respected throughout the country, and was not unfrequently the guest and companion of the best gentry in the highlands. No sooner, however, had death deprived him of his friends, and misfortune had robbed him of his gear,* than he began to experience, from the world and his former patrons, the bitter indifference and coldness which poverty too often brings in her train. This he experienced in an especial manner, when, on a Christmas evening having gone to the Castle of Dunvegan, where the rest of the country gentry were, as usual on such occasions, enjoying the hospitality of the chief, poor Mackinnon was not only unnoticed and neglected, but repulsed from the hall, where, in worthier days, and under a worthier laird, he and his fathers were wont to be welcome guests. In consequence of this unhand-some treatment, the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen, beneath the towering *Culeen*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity, Love, and Liberty*, outcasts, like himself, from the hearts and halls of highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, un-fed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably supperless, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *seanachans*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*Tri-anh Konn na h-Alba*," or the third best air in Scotland;—we have not been able to ascertain what airs were considered the first and second. In reference to the time and place where it was first sung, we may mention that it was a custom of the old highlanders, when they could not sleep, to sing on their beds, and that loud enough to waken all the inmates of the house, who, if the song was good, never grudged their slumbers being thus musically broken.

* Lest this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

ORAN

DO NIGHEAN PHIR GHEAMBAIL.

Moch sa' mhadalnn mi 's lan airtneil,
Tha mi 'g aelclain m' iundrainn,
An nite cadail air mo leabaidh,
Carachadh sa tinnntadh.
Na 'm faighinn ceud, gun rachainn grad,
Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamh;
A dh' fhios an ait' am fiosrach each,
Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail.

'S ge fad air chuairt, mi 's tamull bh'uum,
An aising bhuan so dhuisg mi;
Thu bhi agam, ann am ghlaicibh,
Bhean bho 'n thachd-mhor sgradh,
A dhaineau buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
Ann an ional duthcha,
O choin a chiall! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunnsaidh.

Air t-iunnsaidh theid mi 'n uair a dhiceas,
Mi gu h-catrom sunndach;
Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, do' ga d' ruidhinn,
Bi'dh mo chridhe sugach
Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-unir air bheag cadail
Ann ad chaidridh greannar;
Mo dhuil gun oileith, le durachd mhath,
Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's or-bhuidh falt,
'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neioncin;
Tha eideadh grunn, mu dheud do chinn,
'S do beul bho 'n binn thig oran.
Rosg thana chaoin, fo d' mhala chaoil,
'S do mheall-shuil, mhìn ga seoladh;
S i'n t-sheirc tha t-eudainn ghreas gu eug mi,
Mar toir cleir dhomh coir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, oigh na feile,
Ghreas mi fein gu an-lunnh;
Thuaisir thu 'n iosad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
Tha cuir eiad an geall ort.
Ciochan geala, air uched meallaidh,
Miann gach fir 'n am sealltainn;
Do chion fallaich th' air mo mbealladh,
'S e na eallach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghum am falach,
Seang chorp, fallain, sunndach;
Slios mar eala, cneas mar chanach,
Bho cheann tamull m' iuil ort.
Bho bharr do chinn, gu sail do bhuing;
'S tu dhamsadh grunn air urlar;
Bhi ga t-aireamh 's gu'n tu lathair,
Ghreas gu lar mo shugradh.

Mo shugradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,
Oigh nan ciabh glan faineach;
T-aon bhroilleach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,
'S uasal an t-ion ban-righ.

* Bha 'm "Bad-seiro" ann an gualdncau Dhiar maid.

Tha seire, a's beusan, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Mar ri chleile fas riut,
Do ghaol gach lo so riun mo leon,
Cho mor 's nach col dhonn aireamh.

Cha 'n col domh aireamh, trian de t-ailleachd,
Gus do 'n bhas gun geill mi;
Ceillidh, cliutach, beusach, muirneach,
Ceud fear ur thu 'n deidh ort.
B' dh airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n chunntais,
sin,
Dha 'n diult thu caoimhneas;
B' dh slaint' as ur, le failte chiuil,
Aig fear ni lub san roinn ort.

S G I A N D U B H

AN SPROGAIN CHAIM.

Du' innsinn sgeul mu mhalairt duibh,
Na 'm fannadh sibh gu foill,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,
'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleois;
Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhonn,
Air cuirn aig Lachunn og;
Fhuair mi bhiodag thubasteach,
Le a caisein-uchd' bha mor.

Bu mthath a chuirn a bh'an', an sin,
'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh;
'N fhear ud dune chunnaic i,
A dhi-mol i gu leir;
Ach fhuair mi fhin bloidh bodaig ann
Nach tig an la ni feum,
A's stailaire mor feosaig oirr',
Mur fhear d'a seorsa fhein.

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,
Gu 'n robh i agabh riamh;
Loinicean a's oghnaichean,
An conuidh dhuibh bu bhiadh;
Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,
Tuilleadh a's coig ciad;
'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,
Cho gharbhe ri tore-fiadh.

Chuir an tir so 'n duileachd mi,
'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bha;
Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,
Roimh 'n dos a bh'air 'a barr;
Bha sgonn do mhaido seilich innt;
Bu gheinneanta rinn fas;
Bhiceadh seor neo chronail aisde,
Crosq da'n loinid bhain.

Chuir Mac-Iomhuinn bairlinh,
An trath so mach sa 'n tir,
Chuir e na seachd barranntais,
Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phi;
Gabhail gu caol Arcaig leo,
Mu 'n ghabh i tamh sa 'n tir,
'Sa muinntir fein thoirt oinne dh' i,
'S gur soilleir i do m' dhith.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghrath-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaol,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa b' ole leam air mo thaobh;
'S maing sliasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phaitteach mhaol;
B' iomhaideach air bhordaibh i,
Sgian dubh a sgornain chaoil.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,
A b' ole leam air mo chliath',
'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fo dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamhar goinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhach fiar
Cha ghearradh i sgiath cuileigo,
Le buille no lo riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanas,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh;
Sin nuair thuir an Saileanach,
('Nuair chairich e rium biadh;
Mathadh do chuire Mhor-thirich,
Da'm beil an roibein liath;
Duirceall dubh gun fhaobhar,
'N am taobhadh ris a bhiadh.)

" Bu math sa bhruthainn chaoirinn i,
'Sa'n coannag nam fear mor;
'S e Fionn thug dh' i an latha sin,
An t-ath-bualadh na dhorn;
Thug e na brath-mhionnain sin,
Nach dh' fhag i duine beo;
'S nach robh nench ga 'm beanadh i,
Nach gearradh i' gu' bhroig."

Thuir mi fhin cha'n fhior dhut sin,
'S ann chaill thu d' ciail le aois;
Coid a chuimhne 's faid' agad,
On stad i gu bhi maol;
Chaidh mi air mo ghlun d' i,
Mu 'n do ruig i rium a taobh;*
'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisd,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaoth.

* Pulling it out of the sheath.

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of *Lachunn Og*, a relative of his own, when, upon the company "getting fou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Iomladh bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this:—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in: and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. Hairy M'Raes. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-sheachd d' i,
 Bhí 'n citsein mhórach-Gall;*
 'S fhuair i urram coaireachd,
 Thar moran de na bh' ann;
 Bhu Mac-Aoidh ga teachdairiachd,
 Mu 'n deach e chomhrug theann,
 'S b' fhoirmeal anns a chogadh i,
 Sgian dubh an sprogain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
 'S na seoid a tha nu thuath,
 Mac-Aoidh an tus feachda leo,
 'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath;
 'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Saileach.
 'S a thairnnear ridhe suas;
 'S teare fear gu'n chuissein gaoiseid air,
 Bho smeig gu mhaodail sios.

* Lord Caithness.

CURAM NAM BANTRAIChEAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug hoireann ho-ro hura-bho,
 Bi'dh curam air na bantraichean,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro hura-bho,
 Bi'dh curam air na bantraichean.*

Bidh curam air na mnathan oga,
 'S moran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh curam tim an Earraich orra,
 Gu'n bi 'n t-aran ganu aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh curam mor a's eagal orra,
 Theagamh nach bi clann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bhios each gu cuirealdach,
 Bi'dh iads a cumh 'an t-sheann-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',
 Silidh iad mar alltann,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
 Air enalan liath nam bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Bi'dh dealg a'm bun an fheamain ac,
 'S breannnach a dhanhsus iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Ged bhidhinn fhuin gun or gu'n spreigh,
 Bu bheng mo speis do sheann te dhubh,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clarsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Britheamh Leoghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus

* The Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr. Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how

got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcom was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—" *Fèill nan Crann,*" which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—" *Ciod e tha dhìth air Ruairidh?*" "*Mhuire! tha a chrànn—chail e san luath e,*" was the reply—" *Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh;*" continued Mrs. M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost *implement!*

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamor* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the

easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs. Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed *themselves* of the facts.

Of Mr. Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr. Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage;—we have pointed to the manses of his two brothers,—we have given his own history as a poet, harper, and farmer, and until these facts are disproved, the Irish historian must rest satisfied with *his own* Rory, and the Messrs. Chambers must understand that such things as erroneous statements can be imported over the Irish channel, much easier than a Ross-shire Highlander can be made an Irishman.

occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

An *Chairsair Dall* was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled "*Creuch nan Ciadan*," is one of the most pathetic, plaintive and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deploring the transition of M'Leod's virtues, manliness and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a *Lament*. *Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*, in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a master-piece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr. Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of *I*, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n raidhe,*
Ge d' bha mi leam fhìn,
Cha d' fhuair mi duine an la sin,
A thainig am ghaoith,
Dh-fhìaraidh eia mar bha mi.
Na'm bail leam dhol sìos,
An Tota-mor so fhagail,
Nach b' aite dhomh e,

* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

'Sòilleir dhuinne-thar chach uile.
Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
A chumadh fear mar chach mi,
Mar b' abhaist dhomh bhì.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,
Mì'n dearmad aig caeh,
Thainig e na m' chodhail,
On b' eol dha mo ghnuas,
Thug e leis air sgòid mi,
Gu seomar a mhua,
Anna lion an stop dhuinn,
'S na sor oirn' a lan,
Ge d' tha e fulamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh,
'Ghlaine fo thoirt dha,
'S gu'm faighheadh e luchd eolais,
Na m bioidh a phoca lan.

Labhair a bhean choir sin,
 Gu banail colach glic,
 Fhuic' thu 'n t-uan gu'n mhathair,
 An clarsuir gu'n chruit,
 An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
 'S e bheas a bhí denit.
 'S an dorbach gu'n fhuasgladh,
 A suaineach a bhric,
 Ge d' tha thu falaoh 's ro mhath 'n airidh
 Ghlaire so thoirt dhut,
 'S gu'n olamaid a dha dhuin'
 Air slainte an fhir bhric.*

An ti so tha mi 'g iomradh,
 'S a 'g ionngaián do ghna,
 Cha cheil mi air do mhuintir,
 Gach puing mar ata,
 Ge h-cibhinn leam 'n a chluinntinu,
 An saoidh a bhíidh slán,
 Sgeul nach taitneach leansa,
 Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnas,
 Fath na ghearsaín a bhí faladh,
 'S mi tamull o' d' lamh,
 " 'S fáide 'n fhead no t-eigheach,
 'S an fheusag air fas."

Ge d' fhuilgear gach ní 's feudar,
 'S neo-cibhinn le m' run,
 Thusa blídh 'n clar-sgithe,
 'S mi 'n tír air do ehad,
 Le m' fheosaig leathuinn leomaich,
 Gu roibeinach dhú,
 'S thusa a' gínlán malaíd,
 A ghna ann san Dun,
 Fhír bhric bhallaich, meall na bharaíl,
 'M fear a thuir ó thus—
 " 'S fad o'n eiridhe cheudna,
 Na 's cein bho bheachd sul."

Ge d' tha mise an drasda
 Da m' atach fad uat,
 Sloinnidh mi mo phairt,
 Ris gach nabaídh m'an cuairt,
 Ma 's beag ma's mor a dh' fheadas mi,
 Spreidh A chuir suas,
 Biofidh síd fo íochd nan sar-fhear,
 Nach saraiach am fuaichd,
 Ri la galliunn an ard bheannabh,
 'S iad nach gearraín uair,
 'S tric an sibhlal seallbach,
 Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasla bheoghant',
 Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
 Nach seachnadh an toireachd,
 'N am togbail nan triath,
 Rachadh iad gu'n soradh,
 An codbail nan eiad,
 'S math am fulang dorainn,
 'S tha crodhaich nan gniomh,
 Fir ro ghasla nach 'eil meata,
 Nach d' fhuair masladh riamh,
 Mhathas mo chuid dhomh-sa,
 'S mi 'n dochas gur fíor.

* John Breac Macleod.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Almhaidh,
 'S oirdheiree gniomh,
 Luch sibhlal a gharbhaich,
 'S a mharbhadh nam fadh,
 Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oibhenn,
 Mar fálbhadh iad sliabh,
 Cha dean iad a bheag ornaon,
 'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,
 Mo chreach na 'n coinnidh 's i fo'n comraic,
 'B'e an comunn mo mhian,
 Buachailleán mo threud,
 'N usair nach leir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha síochd íain Mhic-Mhartainn,*
 Gu tabhaedach treun,
 Raghainn air an naimhdeas,
 An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
 Cha bhain iad ri fál-bheairt,
 Mo lamha nach speis,
 " Far an is! 'n garradh,
 Cha ghna leo a leum,"
 Na fir ghasla gu'n bhí meata,
 'S iad nach seachnainn streup,
 Le 'n toirear bnaidh 's gach spairne,
 Ann 's gach aite dha 'n teid.

Clann-a-Phit' ri' n seanachas,
 'S neo-leanabaidh na scoid,
 Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
 A dhearbhadh an gleois,
 'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
 'N'am bluadadh nan sron,
 Ge b' e chuireadh fearg orr'
 Cha b' fharmaidach dho,
 'N am tarraín nan bann tana,
 Caisgear carraid leo,
 " Buille 'n corp cha bhuaíl" iad,
 Tha uaisle nam por.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhuil mhuinte,
 Bha eilí orra riamh,
 Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
 Is ceannsgalach triall,
 Ri fúicinn an naimhdeán,
 'S neo-sgathach an triath,
 B' ansa leibh ruaig shunnadach,
 No tionntadh le fámh,
 Laochraídh gineach nan arm fuileach,
 'S maig ri 'n bhain sibh riamh,
 Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
 'S 'ur cairdeas gu'n fhíar.

Tha aig Colla comhlainn,
 Nach conn-lapach gleus,
 Luchd nam feudan dubh-ghorm,
 Nach diultadh ri feum,
 'N-am na graide dhusgadh,
 Gu 'n dubladh bhur feum,
 Bha fíos aig Mac-an-Toisich,
 Nach soradh iad ceum,

* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Lochark aig men, followers of I och-ill.

Dol na choinnidh sa'n la s'hoilleir,
'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
B' annsa dol da bhuailh,
No buailte 'n fir theud.

'S iad sliochd Cholla chis-mhoir,
Da rìreadh a th' ann,
Nach leigeadh le muiseng,
An eis thar an eann,
Misneach cha do threig sibh,
'N streup chluinn Ghall.
Cha bu dual daibh mio-sta'
No mi-thurachd ghann,
Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
Re h-am iomairt lann,
O minig luchd an aobhair,
Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairecas,
Bha fuaitte ri'r gne,
Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,
An uaisle 'n ar cleith,
Gu creachadh cha do ghluais sibh,
Cha chuala mi e,
B' annsa leibh eun elnaise,
Thoirt nam le m' thoil fein,
Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
'S na na m' aire mu'm spreidh,
'S mi gu'n eagal tuairgnidh,
'S mo bhuailte fo' r mein.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
Connspunnach, cruaidh,
Chumadh ri luchd aimhreit,
A chonnspaid ud suas,
Na 'm tharrainn gu sunntach,
An lann as an truail,
Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
San am ud bhi bhunaidh,
Biodh ceann eridheil air reang tri-car,
Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
Aig buidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
Nach teann mo chuid bhuam.

Tha 'n taic na haimhe,
An Ceann-taile so thall.
Fir ghasda neo sgathach,
Ga'm b'abhaist bhi teann,
Ri faicinn a namhaid,
Nach fallinnach greann,
Is trie a fhuair bnaidh larach,
Le abhachd an lann,
Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
Nach dh-fhas fathast fann,
Coille 's i gu'n chrionach,
Gur lionmhor a clann.

'S iad maraich na Moidhe,
Fir chro nam buadh,
'M beil aithn' agus eolas,
Nach soradh an duais,
Clann-Choinnich nan ro-seol,
Na'n crodh' mhilean sluaidh,
Na beathraichean beodha,
Ga coir a bhi cruaidh,

Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
Ceann a chabrainch suas,
Aig luchd na gorm lann namhdeach,
Nach sanntaich mo bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tota-Mor*, in Glenelg, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which those dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

O R A N

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

Tha moran, moeran mullaid
An deigh tuineachadh am chom,
Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,
Bho nach faics Iain donn;
Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
Fear do ph'arsa thigh'nn do 'n fhonn,
Gu'n sgaoileadh mo ph'aradh 's m' airtsneul,
Mar chreachd og ri aiteamh trom.

*Their mi ho-ro ghealla beag,
'S na ho-ro challan h-i,
Their mi ho-ro ghealla beag,
'S na ho-ro challan h-i;
Chollan hi ho hu-ra bho,
'S na ho-ro challan hi,
Gur fada bho na trathan sin,
Nach robh mo ghradh san tìr.*

A luchd comuinn so, na 'n eiseachd sibh,
Ri cuid de m' sgein, gu'n nìleang,
'S mi caoill an uasail bheadaraidh,
Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;
Cha robh eron ri fhaotainn ort,
Ach thu bhi faoilidh ann,
Bho 'n fhuair mi gu h-ur eibhinn thu,
'N Dun-eideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh fhada,
As do dh'igh 's mi 'n cladach cruaidh,
Thug mi ionnsaidh bharraidheach,
'S a chamhanaich Di-luain;
Cha d'fhuaras an t-og aigantach,
Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,
'S cha 'n fhadainn a mhìsg aiceadh,
'S do dheoch-slaime dol m' an cuairt.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgairteal,
 As do dheigh an eadach doirbh,
 Geil nach tug mi capull leam,
 Na agair mi na lorg;
 Gu 'n robh mo choisceadh adhaiseach,
 'S an rathad a bli dorch,
 Le breisleich mhic-nan-eliathan,*
 'S do lamh fhial ga dhioladh orm.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Fhír so tha mi g' ionradh ort,
 Ga t-iondrain tha mi bh' nam,
 Sron ardanach an fhuighantais,
 Cha b' fhú leat a bli erion;
 Na 'n cluininn féin 's gu 'n tigeadh tu,
 Fhír chríthe dhíos nan críoch,
 Gu'n clainn do dheoch-slaínte,
 Ga do phluighim i, de dh' fhion.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Beul macanta, ciuin, rabhairtach,
 'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-osl,
 A dh'fhlas gu scireil, suaivce,
 Gaol na'n ban, 's nan gruagach cg;
 'S ionadh maighdeann cheutach,
 A bhla deighéil air do phoig,
 Le 'm b' ait bli cumtadh spreidhe dhut,
 'S a deas-lamh féin le deoin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
 Rí t-amharc bha thu caoin,
 Saighdear fóinnidh, slathail,
 Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;
 Eucelach, treubhach, urramach,
 Bha 'n curaidh glan gu'n ghaoil,
 Gu fearail, meannnach, measail,
 Air nach fuigte an tiall claon.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgailteach,
 Fear cruadalaich, gu'n mhéang,
 Ceann-feadhna air thus na brataich e,
 Ga taisbeamadh san Fhrainc;
 Thig airm air reir a phearsa,
 Air an laoch bu sgairteil greann,
 'Nuair dh' eireadh airde lasrach ort,
 'S maing a' chasadh riut san am.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,
 De 'n t-seors as fear sa bhuth,
 'S e fulangach bhó bharra-dheis,
 Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;
 Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,
 Nach gabhadh lenn na lub,
 Lann air dhreach na doolaig',
 'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo ruin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dut,
 'S iú 'n deigh an retreat,

* An t-uisge-beatha.

As paidhir dhag nach diuntall,
 Agus fudar gorm da reir;
 Do ghunna 'n deigh n falmachadh,
 'S tu marbhtach air an treud,
 Ann san laimh nach greagara,
 'S tu leantainn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
 Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,
 Cha ghicerra leam an oidheche,
 Bhi ga ehuimhneachadh 's gach am;
 Dh' fhuaitichinn na 'n faicim thu,
 Tigh'n seachad ann sa ghleann,
 Cha ghabhinn féin boun faiteachais,
 Ge d' ghlacadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Corr agus tri ruidhean,
 Tha thu d' chual samhach bh' uain,
 Gu'n t-faicim bho na dh'fhag thu sin,
 'S ar eiridhe ghnath fo ghruaim;
 A nis bho 'n ehuir thu cul ruinn,
 'Sa laith smurcain air do ghruaidh,
 Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,
 Tha Tormod mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e Tormod og mo shubhachas,
 Air bhuidheachas shiol-Leoid,
 Ma 's mac an ait' an athar thu,
 Thig fathast gu bhí mor;
 Ann san Dun gu tlathail,
 'N robh do chinneadh roí beo,
 Mac-ratha dhuigceas eibhneas domh,
 Le aighear threig mi bron.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thormoid riut,
 B' i sud an fhoirn fhuil ghlan,
 Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
 B' i 'n ard-fhuil uaibhreach mhcar;
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truaillteadh,
 Thug suaivceas air gach neach,
 Mae an fhir nach b' fhuathach leam,
 An uochd thog suas mo ghean.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.*

Tha muld, tha mulad,
 Lion mulad ro mhór mi,
 'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,
 Tha tuille 's na's leoir orm;
 Thromaich sae air mo ghiulan,
 Le dumhladas dorain,
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhu orm,
 Creach-na-Ciadaín so leon mi!

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Creach-na-Ciadin so leon mi!
 Dh' fhag mi breoite gu'n fhiabhras,
 A dh'fhogair mo shlainge,
 'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na criochan;
 Agam gluadh an leiu bhronaich,
 'N deigh a h-coin 's i 'ga iarguin,
 Dh' fhalbh gach solas a b' abhaist,
 'S dh' fhuirich caillein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich caillein a m' fhiacail,
 So i bhliadhun' a thug ear dhomh,
 Dh' fhag puthar fo m' leine,
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheadar,
 Cha re domh bhí fallain,
 Fhuair mi dinneir la Caisge,
 'S cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i.

Cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i,
 Ge do bla mi mu'n cho'roinn,
 'N dingh gur buan domh ri aithris,
 Gu'n bhuaill an t-earrach so brog orm,
 Mi mu'n maighsteir gle mhath,
 'S fad a leus orm nach beo e,
 Ge do racha mi seuchad,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chomhra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chomhra,
 Chleachd mi moran deth fhaotainn,
 'N dingh dh' fhaodas mi raite,
 Gur nan gu'n mhathair san treud mi,
 'S ann is gna dhomh bhí tursach,
 Gu'n bhrath fartaichd as eugais,
 'S o'n a chaochail e abhaist,
 'S tearc a chaidh mo ghair eibhinn.

'S tearc a chaidh mo ghair eibhinn,
 Cha bheas domh bhí snbhach,
 Ghabh mi tlachd ann bi tursach,
 Chuir mi uigh ann bi dubhach,
 Mu'n ti tha mi 'g ionradh,
 Chuir an eumhne mo phutar,
 Nis o'n fhuair an naigh e-san,
 Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumha da direach,
 Dol an truinead 's an airde,
 An dingh a thainig na dhioblail,
 Dh' fhalbh mo laitheichean eibhinn,
 O'n a threig sibh Clar-sgithe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sna h-Earadh
 'N a digh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an uaigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearnaich daoine,
 'S mnai chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-stri r'a cheile,
 Ceol gun eibhneas seachd truaighe!
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibh,
 M' an chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gar h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathuich orm tioma,
 Dh' fhag fo m' ospaich faill bhruite,
 A' sior-dhruthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thriall sibh thair linne,
 Le friamhach na falachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh.

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhag mi spionnadh nan anfaann,
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaith,
 Mar ri carras luchd-seannachais.
 Agus nlaith aos dana,
 Chuir do bhas iad gu h-inecheist;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chuis fharraid.

Cha bu mhis a chuis farmaid,
 Ghabh mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an roth mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach aimsir mo cheitein,
 'S ann an deireadh 'a Charbhais,
 A dhearbhadh ar feuchain
 Chaidh mi 'n ur-ghibht, a chreach mi,
 Ann an seachduin na Ceusda.

Ann an seachduin na Ceusda,
 Diciadain mo bharistidh,
 Chaidh mi iuchair na n-endaill,
 Cha mhi aon neach is mist e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu brath oirr',
 Sgeal a sharaich mo mhiseach;
 'S ann fo dhiomhaireachd m' airnean,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhí slan leth,
 Se fear tinn a chian-ghalair,
 A m' gearan bochd craiteach,
 'S ann air a' 'n easlaing,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nabaidh,
 'S cha mho dh' fhaireach e thinneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlainge.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaing-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dhomh m' easlaing.
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Caisge,
 Mi gu brath fo throm ainsneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhag thu,
 Rud 'an aite na bh' aca,
 Ach mis agus Mairi,
 A chuir a brathair 'an tascgaidh.

Chaidh do bhrathair 'an tascgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fior sud,
 'S ann an dingh tha mi 'g aca,
 Mar tha m'ae na mhaol-ciaraín,
 Agus ise bochd bronach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighistir math uansa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaicheadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mhairi,
 Mar tha thu fo chumba,
 Nach faic thu do Bhrathair,
 Mar a b' abhaist gu subhach,
 An seam-fhacal gnathaichte,
 An diugh 's fìor e nar thubhairt:—
 "Cha robh macoghal gu miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach."

Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a brathair
 Ach gheibh bean aluinn leth-leapach,
 Thainig ar air an duthaich,
 Dia a dhubladh an carta,
 'S ga 'mmail an uachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhae e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhae e,
 'N deigh a ghlasadh le gruagaich,
 Lan saibhris is sonais,
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cuis 's na bi leanbail,
 'S na bidh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,
 Cum an coimeas ruif fein iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meannach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannta,
 Do shi-seunair o'n fhuilig,
 Cha b'ion do namhaid dol teann air,
 'S Ruairidh gasla na dheigh,
 Cha b'è roghainn bu taire,
 'S an treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,
 Cha b'e'n gainneanach fas e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,
 A choisinn geall 's cha b' e mi-chliu,
 Cha b' e 'n coilleannach gann e,
 Ach an ceannsgalach mileant'
 Ma 's tusa roinn suas,
 An ceathramh Ruairidh, na dearmad,
 Lean ri sinnsireachd t-aitean,
 'S n a toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin.

Na toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin,
 'S cuir leanabas fo d' bhrogan,
 Na biodh daoin' ann am barail,
 Ge d' tha car aig an oig ort,
 Bidh gu fughantaich smachdail,
 Rinnail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leodach,
 "Na faic frid an suil bridean,"
 Cha chuis dìon do Mhae-Leoid e.

Cha chuis dìon do Mhae-Leoid,
 A bhì dolun 's rud aige,
 Lean an duthchas bu choir dhut,
 'S biodh mor-chuis na t-uigneadh,
 Ach na leigas tu dhìot e,
 Bi'dh na ciadan ga t-agairt,
 'G radh gur crann shlatag chrion thu,
 'N ait' a ghnìomharuich bhacachdail.

Maide dh' fhas na chraobh thoraidh,
 Fo bhla onarach aluinn,

Ann an lios nan crann euchdach,
 Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach ait' air,
 Lean an duthchas bu chnthair,
 A mhie an athar a chraidh sinn,
 Na bidh ad chrionnich gu'n duilleich,
 Ann 'san ionad 'n do thamh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

MIAD a mhulaid tha 'm thaghal,
 Dh' fhaig treoghaid mo chleibh gu goirt
 Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thriall gu port.
 'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
 'S mi meas robh coir agam ort;
 A dheagh mhie athar mo ghraidh,
 B tu m' aighear, 's m' adh, 's m' ole.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
 Gu'n do thiumn-laidh gu fuchd an blathas,
 Naile chuna' mi uair,
 Dun fhathail nan cuach a thraigh.
 Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
 Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chas;
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuain,
 'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fas

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dun,
 'N am sgarachdainn duinn r' ar triath;
 'S ann a thachair e rium,
 Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.
 Labhair e-san air thus—
 "Math mo bharaill gur tu ma 's fìor,
 Chuma' mise fo' mhuirne,
 Roi 'n uiridh an Dun nan eliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tur,
 'Se mo bharaill gur tusa bha,
 Ann an teaghlach an fhion',
 'S tu g-ùthris air gnìomh mo lamh:
 "S math mo bharaill gur mi,
 'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhì mo thamh;
 G-eisleadh brosluim gaeb ceoil,
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leoid an aigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,
 Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' inil;
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as leir,
 Gu'm beil mis' a's tu fein air chul.
 A reir do chonatais air sgeul,
 O'n 's fear comuinn mi-fein a's tu;
 'M beil do mhuinnteras buan,
 Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dun?

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
 Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaime a cheoil;
 'S ionad taghaich nan eliar,
 Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phoit.

Gu'n mhìre, gu'n mhuirn,
Gu'n ìomrucha dlu nan còrn;
Gun chuirn, gu'n phàillteas ri daimh,
Gu'n mhacnas, gu'n mharan beoil.

"S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
'G eis-leachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
Far bu mhuirneach am beus,
'N am cromadh do'n gbrein san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeal na seoid,
'S iad gu h-oranach, ceolmhor, cluth;
Geò nach faicte mo ghnuis,
Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dun mo ghuth."

"N am eiridh gu moch,
Ann san teaghlaich, gu'n sproc, gu'n
ghruain;
Chluinte gleadhraich nan dos,
'S an cèile na' cois on t-suain:
'Nuair a ghabhaidh i lan,
'S i gu'n cuiradh os n-aird na fhuair;
Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dìonach, luath."

"Bhiodh a rianadair fein,
Cuir an ìre gur h-e bhiodh ann;
'S e g-ciridh na measg,
'S an eibhe gu tric na cheann.
Ge d' a b' ard leim a fuaim,
Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann;
Chuireadh tagradh am ehluais,
Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

'Nuair a chuir' i na tamb,
Le furtachd na fardaich fein;
Dhomh-sa b' fhuasda radh,
Gu'm bu churaideach gair nan teud,
Le h-ìomairt dha lumb,
A cuir a binneas do chach an ceill;
'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am ehluais,
A moglum lughar le lusgan mhèur.

"Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,
N am teasa na grein tra nòin;
Fir chneutain ri clair,
'S muai' freagairt a ghna cuir leo.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt 's gu 'm b'ard an gloir;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an gainn,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil."

"Gheibhte fheasgaich gu'n ghrain,
Na do thalla gu'n serrag, gu'n fhuath;
Muai' fhionna 'n fhuilteid reid.
Cuir buineis an ceill le fua...
Le cèileireachd beoil,
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordal, suaire;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan coir,
Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mhèoir nan ehluais.

"Thoir teach-laireachd beam,
Le deatam, gu Ruairidh og;
Agus innis dha fein,
Cuid de chunard ged 'ge Mac-Leoid.

E bhig amharc na dheigh,
Air an Iain* a dh-cug, s' nach beo;
Ge bu shaibhir a chluin,
Cha'n fhagadh e 'n Dun gu'n cheol."

Note.—This song was a favourite with Sir Alexander McKenzie, of Gairloch, who paid a person to sing it to him every Christmas night. One of Sir Alexander's tenants went to him one day to seek a lease of a certain farm. The laird desired him to sit down and sing *Oran Mòr Mhic-Leoid* till he should write the document. The tenant remarked that he certainly set great value on that song. "Yes," was his reply, "and I am sorry that every Highland laird has not the same regard for it."

* John Brene McLeod was one of the last chiefs that had in his retinue a bard, a harper, a piper, and a fool,—all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After his death, Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed with to make room for groomes, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said Rory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are purposely omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on our readers' sense of propriety.

C U M H A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

DH-FHALBH solas mo latha,
Dhorechaich m' oidhche gu'n aighear,
Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,
'S gu'n mo chainnlean a' gabhail,
Tha luchd 'm foinneachd na'n ladhche sa'n uir orr.

Bas an Eoin so ma dheireadh,
Kinn ar leonadh gu soillear,
Sa chuir ar solas an gainnead,
Dhuisg e bron an Eoin eile,
Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiulain.

Co chunnaic no chuala,
Sgeul 's truime sa 's truaidhe?
Na'm beum guineach so bhual oiran,
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruain sinn,
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhuthecha.

Se siol Leoid an siol dochair,
Siol gu'n solas, gu'n sochair,
Siol a bhroin a's na bochain,
Siol gu'n cheol a's gu'n bhroslium,
An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rug sgiurs orr.

Se'n clar-sgith an clar ro sgith,
Clar na diobhail 's na dosgaimn,
Clar gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh,
Clar nan ceur air na rosgaibh,
An clar gear, an clar goirt, an clar tairich.

* Mr. John McLeod, son of Sir Roderick McLeod.

Còmhla air chneidh 'sa chneidh chraiteach,
 Na h-àghaidh e'neidhean ga 'n arach,
 Na 'n fhaicinn an drasta,
 S'aridh guach lathu gar fàgadh,
 'S' fhaicinn a bhais a toirt spuil dhinn.

Tha mi 'graithe le ceartas,
 Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid,
 Nach "fearr e ri chlaistinn
 An t-ole craiteach na fhaicinn,"
 'S' clao n dh-fhag an sean-fhacal o thus e.

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Criummiein. There were at this time no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with this celebrated master-piper; but in the articles of capacity and genius so superior did *Jain Dall* prove himself to his fellow-students, that he outstripped them all in a very short time. This superiority, or pre-eminence naturally gained him the envy and low-souled ill-will of the others, and many anecdotes have traditionally come down to us illustrative of their rivalry and wounded pride. On one occasion as John and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, in the highest key of rivalry, Mac-Criummiein reprimandingly asked the other, "why he did not play like *Jain Dall*?" to which the chagrined aspirant replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate!"—alluding to the conglutinous touch of his fingers on the chanter-holes after having forked at some of that fish at dinner. Hence originated the taunt which the north country pipers, conscious of their own superiority, are in the habit of hurling at pipers of the more Southern districts—" *Tha mheoirean as deighe na sgait!*" Genius is never at a loss for developing itself, and where there is actually no *casus*, its fertility of invention finds abundant materials to work upon. Our youthful piper, it appears, was somewhat unfortunate in the appointment of his bed, during the early period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called " *Pronnadh nam Mìcl*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to anything of the kind.

One of the Mac-Criummieins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or wink-

ing with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Coagach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but no! the genius of composition seemed to exult at a distance, and to wink at *Coagach's* perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phadruig Coagaich*"—thus nobly renouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind heardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at *Dun-Bhorraraig*, where they threw their blind friend over a precipice of twenty-four feet in height! John alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury: the place over which he was precipitated was shown to us, and is yet recognised as *Leum an Doill*. The completion of "*Lasan Phadruig Coagaich*" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—" *Chaidh an fhoghuinn os-ceann Mhic-Cruimein*." i. e. "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of *Mac-Cruimnein*, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the *laird* of *Gairloch*. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomiums which everywhere flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*Cailleach a Mhuillear*." and "*Cailleach Liath Rusaidh*."

Finding himself ultimately in comfortable circumstances, he married, and had two children, a son and a daughter—the former of whom was a handsome man. His name was *Angus*, and he was equal to any of his progenitors in the science of music. When our author became advanced in years, he was put on the superannuated list, with a small but competent annuity; and he past the remaining part of his life in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. His visits or excursions were principally in the country of *Reay* and the *Isle of Skye*. It was during one of these peregrinations, that, hearing in the neighbourhood of *Tong*, of the demise of his patron, *Lord Reay*, he composed that beautiful pastoral "*Coire'an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalize his fame. It is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent.

After the death of *Sir Alexander M'Donald* of *Slate*, John paid a visit to his old rendezvous, now occupied by his friend's son. The aged bardic-piper soon ex-

perienced the verification of the adage—new king, new laws—instead of being honoured with a seat in the dining-room as usual, he was ushered into the servants' hall immediately *below*—an indignity he was by no means disposed to pass *sub silentio*. As the young chief was taking dinner, a liveried servant made his appearance in the hall, and addressing John, said—"My master wishes you to play one of those tunes he often heard his father praise" "Go back to your master," replied *Iain Dall* warmly, "and tell him from me, that when I used to play to his father it was to charm and delight his *ears*, and not to blow music *up* in his a——!"

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHRANND A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaicho Dia an teach 's an tur,
'S an ti thainig ur 'n-ur ceann,
Geug shonna, shoita gheibh clu,
'Ni buannachd duthcha 's nach call.

A gheug a thainig 's an deagh uair,
Dha 'n buadhach muirn agus cool
Ogha Choinnich nan riu reidh,
'S Bhàrcan Shrath-Spe nam bo.

O Tòra Shi-phort an tos
Dh'urch an oigh is taitneich beus
'S o'n taitear Shaitach a ris.
A fheannachadh an righ na fheum.

'S coitheadh Grannach uime nach tim,
Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.
O Spe a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh air firichean ard,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fann,
Thainig ann oigh is glainne cre,
Gruaidh choroir, agus rosg mall,
Mala chaoi, ceann, 's eul reidh,

Tha h-àdann geal mar a chaille,
'S a corp sàrachaidh air dheag dheall,
Maoth leumaidh le gibtean saor,
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slios mar eala nan gruth,
'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,
Cul cleuchlach air dhreach nan teud,
No mar aiteal grein air or.

Bu cheol-caduil i gu suain,
'S bu blumchail' i air do-bheus
Cainneal sholais feadh do theach,
A fritheuladh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-fean t-ur bhean og,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan corn fial
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu i 's beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh uail, agus muirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cein,
'S mo bhannachd fein diubh air thus.

'S iomadh beannachd agus feist,
Thaig an oigh is glainne slios,
'S beannachd dha'n ti a thug leis,
Rogha nam ban an gne, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHÒMHNAILL
SLEIBHTE.

[AIR dha thigheinn dhachtaigh a Lunnainn do chaisleán Armadaid sa'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus a Bhaile Tighearn' og mhaiseach a bhí marbh a stalgh, air chinn da thigheinn. Tharladh dha na phlòbaire dhal a bhí stalgh air an am, agus sheinn e'n dar a lennas na dhait, a nochdadh dha gu'n eadhall lomadh treun a's dath an ceud ghradh, d'a b'èigín fadheoigh solas a ghlaeadh.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-am,
O chrich nan Gall gu do thair,
Dutcheas tha ri slías a chuain
'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n righ.

Do bheatha gu do thair fein,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhòmhnuill nan seud saor,
'S ait le maithibh Imse-Gall,
Do ghluasad a mall thar chaol.

'S ait le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,
Gu'n bhuannaich thu mar bu choir
Troinimis uil' agus Sleibhte,
Uidhist nan eun a's nan ron.

'S ait le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,
Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,
'S tu slíochd nan rìrean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh fainear air eol.

Ach 'sann dhomb-sa b'aithne 'm beus,
Na ghabh rium fein diu' o thus,
Cromm-inubhair le brataichean sroil,
Loingear air chors a's ros-uil.

Long a's leoghann a's lann-dhearg,
Gu'n cuir suas an ainm an righ,
Suaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,
'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tarlaidh dhuibh' bhí air leirg,
Fo mheirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's ban
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh *retreat* air each.

Gu h-armach, armailteach, og,
Neo-chearbach an toir nan ruag,
'S gach aite 'n cromadh an eann,
Bu leo na bhíodh ann, 'sa luach.

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mor
'S b'col dhomb Dòmhnall a mhae,
B'col dhomb Dòmhnall eile ris,
Chumadh fo chis na sloigh ceart.

B'col dhomb Dòmhnall nan trí Don'ull
'S ge b'og e, bu mhór a chliu,
Bhí'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Èirinn,
A 'g eiridh leis anns gach cuis.

B'col dhomb Sir Seumas na ruin,
T-athair-sa mhic-chliuntaich fein,
'S tus a nis an sinthamb gluu
Dhordach Rìgh nan dul na'n deigh.

Na'n tuitendh m' aois cho fad a mach,
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
B'è sin dhomb-s' an seachdamh gluu,
'Thainig air an Dun ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n ionghadh dhomb-sa bhí crion,
A's mo chhabhag n bhí liath
'S gach aon diu' le eiridhe mor
Toirt dhomb airgeid a's oir riamh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' arach cluth,
Thuigeadh iad nam guth nam meur,
'S tha iad-sa sabhailt an diugh,
Ams a bhruth an b' eil iad fein.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n ar,
'S mí cuir a bhlaire mar bhá riamh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n deigh,
Mar Oisinn an deigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meall thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliu,
Dheagh Mhic-Dhòmhnuill nan ruin reidh,
'S ged dh'fhuic uat t-ur bhean og
Na biodh ort-sa bron na deigh.

'Sa lughadh oigh thaitneach gum di,
Tha eadar Clar-sgith a's Mon-ros
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamh a chuain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhios.

Agus iad uil' ort an deigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-fein 's an euid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam meur grunn, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill rìgh Bhreatainn, a's ba bheud,
A leabailh fein leug a ghaol
'S o ma tharladh sud na char,
B'èigín dha bhí seal gu'n mhnaoi.

Mac-rìgh Sorcha* sgiath nan arm
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaill e gheala-bhean mar ghein,
'S dh'fhuirich e-fein na duigh beo!

* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,* was one day sailing in his little barque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting themselves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they darted like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whither fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whosoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most hand-

* The island of Sorcha is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay, but it seems to have been noted for the beauty of its inhabitants.—*Dr. Smith.*

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainneir gheal nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach non diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'fhìnic o Fhionn a bhean fein.

On thà'n saoghal-so na cheo,
'S gur doigh dha bhì dol mu'n cuairt;
Bìdh'maid subhach annain fein
'S beannachd leis gach nì chaidh uainn.

some. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—telling him that her name was "*Faive-Soluis*," i. e. beam of light, and that her father was king of that part of Ireland. Unmoved by her entreaties, he conveyed her to his boat, and bore her off to his own country, where she lived with him for some time, as the partner of his bed. To her, however, Sora was a place of torment,—for the thoughts of kindred and of home embittered every hour of her existence. Goaded to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape, and, having sallied forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's *curach* afloat, and no one within view, which she unmoored, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements, nimbly leaped on board. Spreading all sail, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, she was soon driven upon the coast of Scotland, at a spot where Fingal and his attendants were refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the chase. Her eyes beamed with joy as she recognised the hero. After mutual salutations, she informed the king of Morven of what had happened; and, imploring his protection, as her husband was in pursuit, she assured him of her determination to die rather than return. Fingal promised her his aid; but, hardly had her troubled mind composed itself to rest, when the prince of Sora landed in the bay, and demanded his wife from him. The hero, true to his plighted promise, refused. The prince of Sora drew his sword, and menaced defiance. Upon which, Gaur, the son of Morin, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaur, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Ossian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the *right hand*," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his *left*; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Faive-Soluis* to the heart. Confounded at the sight, Myro became unmoved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaur. *Faive-Soluis* was buried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maid of Craea, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled, "*Cuth Mhaighre n'hoir n'hiè rìgh Sorcha*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

La do Fhìonn le heagan stuagh
Aig Eas-ruadh ann cubha null,
Chummas a' seòladh a' leir
Curach ceo agus bean ann.

'S h'è sin curach bu mhàth gheus
A' r' d'ha na steud air aghaidh eum,
Clos cha d' rinnadh leis na tamh
Gus an d' r' d' Eas-ruadh.

'S dh'èirich as nuise mna,
H' ionann deòradh dh'è s'òb'n gheuin,
'S a h-uidh mar eòbhar ann tonn,
Le tìnach-ònaich trom a cleibh.

Le sheus, sinn all' air an rion,
Na fàidhean caibh a' s'òb'n f'uin;
A bhean a' chuibh th' leag,
Bha sin gu feir rothap seimh.

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

M'è n' d'ingh a' fagail na tìre,
'Sìubhal na frìth air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhing gun airgeid mo phoca,
Ceann mo stoir bhì fo' m' leacan.

'S mi aig braige 'n alltain riabhaich,
A' g' iarraidh gu beallach na featha,
Far am bhì damh dearg na croice,
Mu Fheil-an-roid a dol san damhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir-an-easain,
Far a tric a sgapadh fudhr,
Far am bh'ìth miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
Cuir-mac-na-h-cilde gu dhubhan.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bhà Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,
Cha n'èil uair a nì mi t-ionradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu trom-a-chradh.

" 'S e sin mise Coir'-an-easain,
Tha mi m' sheasaidh mar a' b'abhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t'-fhear calaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do luinghe."

" 'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fhionn,"
('S e l'ubhadh rubh ann nuise mna)
'S 'S i' d' gheuin do'n arach a ghrian,
'S i' do s'gath ceann-ùighe an baigh."

'S a gheug na nuise fo dh'ubhadh broto,
'S e l'ub'air gu f'èil an f'heith,
Ma 's ura gorm-lannan do dhìon,
Bhìth air e'ì nach fionn a' d'au reir.

'Toraich a' n'òrn' air m'air,
Laoch is mor g'air air mo lorg,
Mae rìgh Sorcha s'gath nan arm,
Triath d'au alann ann M'ghìre horh."

'S gheuin do chomraich a bhean,
Is ann f'hear a th'air do th'ì;
'S a dh' àinidhean a' M'ghìre bhuir,
Bhìth tu an brath Fhionn aig s'ìth.

Tha talla nan eòrag aig l'ainn,
Aite t'ubh clanna nan fonn,
Far am f'èil an t-annrach baigh,
A thig thar bhàra nan tonn.

'S i' chummas a' t'gh'bh' m'ar steud
Laoch a bh' m'heud thar gach fear,
A' c'it'heuin na f'èirge gu dh'inn
An taobh claud' a' gh'abh a bhean.

H'ard a' chroim, bu gheal a shùil,
Ite m'air n' t'èill na c'obhar sruth;
'S thig a' mh'ar'achd nan steud st'adhaich
Gu c'èill Fhionn nan boadh an d'ugh."

Bh'è chaidhe trom t'oir'èl nach gam
e' n' teann air a' sh'ios gu reidh,
'S g'ath dh'inn'ach dhubh air a leis,
'S e' g'omairt ch'èas air a' c'è.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urch'air gheur,
As g'è an trom do th'ig e s'leagh;
'S t' n' ur'èir bu tr'aine boann,
D'n s'g'ath do r'inn s' d'na bh'òidh.

Dh'èirich Oscar 's dh'èirich Goll
E'hele'èadh f'osga lom 's gach eath,
'S dh'èirich f'ad n'le na s'leagh
A' dh' àn'aire co'ubh'g nan n' f'ha.

Sin th'ig Oscar le l'au-'Ch'èig
A' ch'raos'ach d'hearg le l'ubh' e'ill,
De mh'ar'achd leis beann an f'hir
'S mor an c'ion do r'inn'èill t'ì.

Th'òid'bh'èad'èid' l'èim aig an Eas,
F'hu-'S'òid' bh' g'èillan f'èir,
'S ch'air sin air bh'ar'achd a' m'èor,
F'ain' o'ir m'ar' o'uir g'ù r'igh.

An aill leat mis' a rusgadh ceoil dut,
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheo air bhealach,
Gu'n speis aig duine tha beo dhìom,
O'n chaidh an Coirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thursa, 's mo thruaighe!
Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ire,
Mhuinntir a chumadh rium uaisle,
Bhì'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhi-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' inntinn,
'S cuid mhor a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

" Measar loam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chunna mi mar ris a choirneal,
'N uair a bha e beo na bheatha
Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheomar.

" Bu lion'ar do mhaithean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' reidhlean le h-enaidh,
Sheinnead Ruairidh dall dhomh failte,
Bhìodh Mac-Aoidh 's a chairdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoidh nan armunn,
Leis am b' abhaist bhì ga d' thughall,
Gu'n seinn mi enaidh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhuam 's mi gu'n fhradhar.

'S lionmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhì dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut failte,
Seinnear an tra so dhut cumha.

" 'S e sin ceol is binne thruaighe,
Chualas o linn Mhìc-Aoidh Dhomhnuill,
'S fada mhaireas e an chluasan,
Am fuaim a bh'aig tabhunn do mheoirean.

" Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-larach,
Ann 's gach aite 'n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhionac'
Sa ghrian a' teannadh ri feasgar."

'S griannach t-ursinn fein a choire,
'S gun fheidh a' tearnadh gu d' bhaile,
'S iomadh neach da m' b' fhaich do mholadh,
Do chliath chorrach, bhìadhar, bhainneach.

Do chìob, do bhorran, do mhìlteach,
Do shìlios a Choire gur liemach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dìonach,
'S fàsgach do chuile 's gur fàrach.

Tha t-eideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Cìreìn do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far 'm bhì na feidh gu torrach,
'G eiridh farumach ma t-fhìreach.

Sleamhuinn shìos-fhad do shìochd arach,
Gu'n an gart no'n cal mu t-ìosal,
Maungach, maghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, crìceach, fradharc frithe.

Neoineineach, gucagach, mealach,
Lomnach, lusnach, imeach,
'S boreach do ghorm lùnachair bhealach,
Gu'n fhuachd ri doininn ach cidheach.

Seamragach, seallbhagach, duilleach,
Min-leacach gorm-shleibhteach, gleannaich
Bìadhar, riabhach, riagach, luidheach,
Le 'n dòlta cuideachd gun cheannach.

'S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhrùighe,
Bìolair t-uisge ma t-innsibh,
Mìolar, maghach, enochdach cathair,
Gu breac blath-mhor an uchd min-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmach, aluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dosach, craig-ghìach,
Gatharach, faghaidheach, braidheach,
G-ionuin na h-èilde gu namhaid.

Baireineach, dubharach, brnachach,
Fradharach, croichd-cheanach, uallach,
Feoirneach uisge nam fuanan,
Grad ghaisgeant' air ghasgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuilleach, faileanta, biorach,
Spang-shronach, cangladhrach, corrach,
'S an amoch is moibh-luath sìreadh,
Air mhìre a' dìreadh sa Choire.

'Sa mhadainn ag eiridh le'r mìol-choin,
Gu muirneach, maiseach, gasda, gnìomhach
Lubach, leacach glacach, sgiamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, cnagach, fiamhach.

'N am da'n ghreìn dol air a' uilinn,
Gu fuilteach, renbach, gleusda, gunnach,
Snapach, armach, calgach, ullamh,
Rìachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

'N am dhuinn bhì' tearnadh gu d' reidhlean
Tinnteach, cainteach, cainneach, ceireach,
Fionach, cornach, ceolar, teudach,
Ordail, colach, 'g ol le reite

Sguiridh mi nis' dhìot a Choire,
O'n tha mi toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
Sguiridh mise shìubhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh' Alba

Ach 's e mo dhurachd dhut a Choire,
O'n 's mor mo dhuil ri dol tharad,
O'n tha sinn tuisteach sa mhonadh,
Bhì'dh' mid a' teannadh gu baile.

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

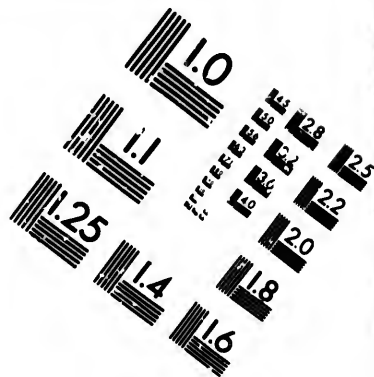
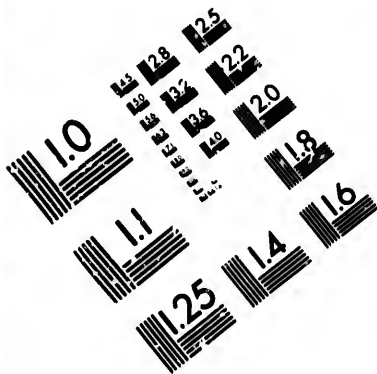
ALEXANDER M'DONALD, commonly called *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father resided at Dalilea, in Moidart, and was Episcopalian clergyman at Ardnamurchan. He always travelled on foot, there being no roads in that rugged country, in his time, and returned the same day. He was a man of great bodily strength, which his weekly labours and travels required. His strength was, however, sometimes necessarily exerted on other occasions. In his time the people of Moidart and Suainart often met at interments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacificator; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr. M'Donald removed with them to *Eilean-Fionain*, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

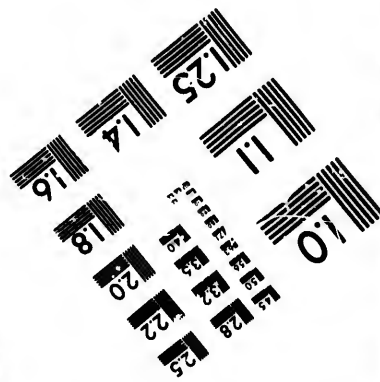
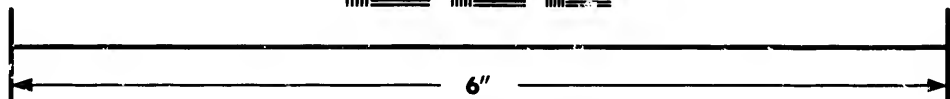
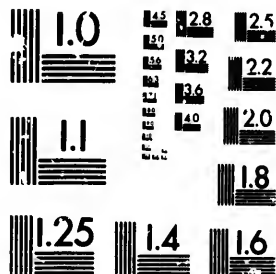
Four of Mr. M'Donald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclina-





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tion—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan, and an elder; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shianta, the highest mountain in that part of the country, and adjacent to the noble ruins of Castle Mingarry, a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory, whose rural scenery aided the frequent inspirations of the bard; for, while he wielded the ferula, he neglected not the muses. There many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of his time to them than could be well spared from the labours of the farmer, and the duties of the instructor; yet the poet would have his own way, as well as please his own mind. As might have been expected, complaints were preferred against him; and the Presbytery appointed a committee to examine the school. His best friends must have allowed that there was just ground of complaint; yet, the examiners were not inclined to be rigorous. To give a specimen of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy† who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song;" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was

* "He was married to Jane M'Donald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of Morag."—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1839.*

† Duncan M'Kenzie, Killohan, who lived to the great age of ninety-four; and, in 1828, communicated to us this information. He also told us that in the ensuing summer he was taken from school to attend cattle; and that some time thereafter Mr. M'Donald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. "Poor man," added he, "he lost his all." He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

first in council; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible?" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined; could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs. McDonald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion: he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial school master and elder; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mull bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says:—

"Cha be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phapa."

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and

* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving:—*Colla ban* McDonald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows:—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they will make you wade the better, and make haste come over with me and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was

concealed themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradale, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man.'" Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr. Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death. He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning; which Angus dared him on his peril to do; and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, "You called me '*little fellow*' on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called '*little fellow*' on this side? Take advice: Never call any man *little* till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

* He composed a number of songs after this: and one of them, entitled "*Iomraich Alasdair a Eigneig do dh' Inver-aoidh*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that embittered his life when in *Eigneig*. While there, he represents all things, animate and inanimate, rocks and thorns, thistles and wasps, ghosts and hobgoblins, combining to torment and persecute him. He speaks of Mr. Harrison as follows:—

..... "Am fear
Dheanadh as-caoin-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n ehtinneadh a chluais tri chasaid."†

On the other hand he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of *ghosts*, *hobgoblins*, and *venomous reptiles*. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known; but he appears to have lived some time in Marmor, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

† For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr. Reid, in his book, "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his "*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*," published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Elinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his "*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*." "He has in his '*Birlinn*,'" says Mr. Reid, "presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language." He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. "*Alt-an t-Siuc-air*" is an ignoble stream passing between the farm he occupied and the next to it, which he immortalizes in flowing strains. As a descriptive poem, it is perhaps unequalled by any in the language. Every object which the scene affords is brought to bear upon, and harmonize with, and give effect to the picture with a skill and an adaptation which bespeak the master-mind of the artist. Nowhere does poetry seem more nearly allied to painting than in this admirable production of our bard. His "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," or "*Ode to Summer*," in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Glencribisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Suainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His "*Ode to Winter*" is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardnamurchan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But after leaving Ardnamurchan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm—and he was not wanting in

either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The "Lion's Eulogy" breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of "*Waulking o' the Fauld*," beginning "*A chomuin rioghail runaich*." The song entitled "*Am Breacan Uallach*" is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M'Eachen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr. M'Donald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, "The Dairy Maid," and "The Sugar Brook." But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHAELACH.

Gur h-i 's crìoch araid
 Do gach cainnt fo'n ghrein,
 Gu ar smuaintean fhasmhor
 A phairteachadh r'a cheil';
 Ar n' inntinnean a rusgadh,
 Agus run ar ori,
 Le 'r gnìomh, 's le 'r giulan,
 Surd chuir air ar dìth.
 'S gu laoidh ar beoil
 A dh'ìobradh Dhia nan dul,
 'S e h-ard chrìoch mhor,
 Go bi toirt dosan cliu.
 'S e'n duine fein,
 'S aon chreuntair reusant ann,
 Gu'n tug toil De dh'a,
 Ghibt le bheul bhi cainnt:
 Gu'n chum e so,
 O'n-uile bhruid gu leir;
 O ghibt mhor phrìseil-s'
 Dhealbh na iomhaidh fein!
 Na'm beirte balbh e,
 'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
 B'i n iarguin shearbh e,
 B' fhearr bhi marbh no ann.

'S ge h-iomadh canan,
 O linn Bhabel fhuair
 A' sìochd sin Adhamh,
 'S i Ghaelig a thug buaidh.
 Do'n labhradh dhaicheil,

An t-urram ard gun tuairms',
 Gun mheang, gun fhàilinn,
 Is urrainn each a luaidh.
 Bha Ghaelig, ullamh,
 Na gloir fìor ghruineach cruaidh,
 Air feadh a chruinne
 Ma'n thuilich an Tuil-ruadh.
 Mhair i fos,
 'S cha teid a gloir air chall
 Dh'ain-deoin go,
 A's mi-run mhor nan Gall.
 'S i labhair Alba,
 'S Galla-bhodaiche fein;
 An fàith, ar priunnsai,
 'S ar diucannan gun eis.
 An taigh-comhair! a'n righ,
 'Nuair shuidheadh air beinn a' chuir,
 'S i Ghaelig libhta,
 'Dh' fhuasgladh snaim gach cuis.
 'S i labhair Calum
 Allail! a chinn-mhoir,
 Gach mith, a's maith,
 Bha 'n Alba beng a's mor.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gaicil,
 Neo-chleirich, a's cleir
 Gach fear a's bean,
 A ghluaisèadh teang' am beul.
 'S i labhair Adhamh,
 Ann a Parrais fein,

'S bu shiubh'ach Gaelig
O bheul a'luina Eubh'.
Och tha bhuil ann!
'S uireasach gann fo dhith,
Gloir gach teanga
A labhras eannt seach i.
Tha Laideann coimhliont',
Toirteach, teann ni's leoir;
Ach sgalag thrailleil e
Do'n Ghaelig choir.
Sa'n Athen mhoir,
Bha Ghreuguis eor na tim,
Ach b'ion d' i h-ordag
Chuir fo h-or chrios grinn.
'S ge min, slim, boidheach,
Cuirteil, ro bhog liobht',
An Fhraingeis loghmhor,
An *pailis* mor gach righ;
Ma thagras each orr',
Pairt d'an ainbh'fheich' fein,
'S ro bheag a dh' fhagas
Iad de dh-agh na cre.

'S i 'n aon chanan
An beul nam bard 's nan o' g,
'S fearr gu caineadh,
O linn Bhabel fein.
'S i's fearr gu moladh
'S a's torrunnaiche gleus,
Gu rann no laoidh,
A tharruinn gaath tro' bheul.
'S 's fearr gu combhairl',
'S gu gnodhach chuir gu feum,
Na aon teang' Eorpach.
Dh' ain-deoin bosd nan Greug.
'S 's fearr gu rosg,
'S air chosabh a chuir dhuan;
'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
Ma chionneamh *bar*,
'S i 's tabhachdaich bheir buaidh,
Gu toirt a bhais
Do 'n eucoir dhaicheil, chruaidh.
Cainnt laidir, ruithteach,
Is neo-liotach fuaim;
'S i seadhail, sliochdmhor,
Brig-ghloireach, mall, luath.
Cha'n fheum i iasad,
'S cha mho dh' iarras bhuath';
O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatach,
Lan do chiadamh buaidh!
Tha i-fein dnoann,
Saibhir, maoineach, slan;
A taighean taisge.
Dh'fhaclan gasda lan.
A chanain, sgapach,
Thapaidd, bhlasda, ghrinn!
Thig le tartar,
Nearthmhor, a beul cinn.
An labhairt shiolmhor,
Lionmhor, 's milteach buaidh.
Sultmhor, brighor,
Fhir-ghlan, chaoidl nach truail!
B' i' n teanga mhilis,
Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dan;

Gu spreigeil, tioram,
Ioraltach, 's i lun
A chanain cheoltmhor
Shoghmhor, 's glormhor blas,
A labhair mor-shliochd
Scota 's Ghaeil ghlais.
'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
An t-ughdar mor ri luagh!
'S i's freumhach oir,
'S ciad *Ghramair* gloir gach sluaigh!

MOLADH MORAIG.

AIR FONN—"Piobatreachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mi 's a' choill
'N uair bha Morag ann,
Thilgamaid na croinn
Co bu bhoich' againn?
Inghean a chuil duinn,
Air am beil a loinn,
Bhi'maid air ar broinn
Feadh na rosanan;
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhin,
Mireag air ar blian,
A buain shobhrach min-bhui'
Nan cosgan:
Theannamaid ri stri
'S thaghlamaid san fhrith
'S chailleamaid sinn fhiu
Feadh nan sroineagan.

Suil mar gorm-dheare driuchd
Ann an ceo-mhadainn;
Deirg' is gil' na d' ghnuis
Mar bhla oirseidin.
Shuas cho min ri plur:
Shios garbh mo chulaidh-chiuil;
Grian nam planad curs,
A measg oigheannan;
Reulla ghlan gun smuir
Measg nan rionnag-iuil;
Sgathan mais' air flura
Na boichid thu;
Ailleagan glan ur,
A dhallas ruigs gu'n cul;
Ma's ann de chriaghaich thu
'S aobhar mor-ionghnaidh.

O'n thainig gne de thur
O m' aois oige dhomh,
Nir facas creutair dhiu,
Ba cho glormhoire;
Bhu Malli dearbha caoin,
'S a gruaidh air dhreach nan caor;
Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
'S i ro oranach;
Bha Pegi fad an aois,
Mar be sin b'i mo ghaol;
Bha Marsaili fir aodrum,
Lan neonachais;

Bha lill taitin rium,
Mar be a ruisg bhi fionn;
Ach cha ba sha buirn ionnlaid,
Do'n Mhoraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
Uil' iad ach Morag;
Ribhinn dheas chulach
Gun uireashluidh foghlum;
Cha'n fhaighear a sunnailt,
Air mhaise no bhunailt,
No'm beusan neo-chumant',
Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
Gu geamnuidh, deus furanach.
Duineil gun mhor-chuis;
Air thaghadh na cumachd,
O mullach gu brogan;
A neul thu neo-churaidh,
'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach;
Go briodalach, cuirceideach,
Urramach, seolta.

O guili-gag! guili-gag!
Guili-gag Morag!
Aice ta chulaidh
Cu cuireadh uan oigear;
B' e'n t-aighear 'su sulas,
Bhi sinto ri t-ulaidh,
Seach daonnan bhi fuireach
Ri munaran posaidh.
D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
Le buaireadh na feola; .
Le alslingean-connain
Na colla d' am leonadh;
'Nuair chidh mi ma m' ohoinneamh,
A ciochan le coinneil,
Theid m'aigheadh air bhoile,
'S na theino dearg solais.

O fair-a-gan! fair-a-gan,
Fair-a-gan! Morag!
Aice ta chroitag
Is toite san Eorpa;
A ciochan geal criostoil,
Na faice' tu stoit' iad,
Gu'n tairrneedh gu heag-nair',
Ceann-eaglais na Roimhe.
Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,
Mar lili nan lointean;
'Nuair dheana tu'n dinneadh,
Gu'n cinnendh tu deonach;
An deirgend, an grinnead;
Am minead, 's an teinnead;
Gu'm b'asainn chur spionnaidh,
Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
Anns an og-mhadainn;
'S *Phæbus*' dath na'n tonn,
Air shamh orensain;
Fa'r ceill cha bhiodh conn,
Ar sga' dhoir' a's thom,
Sinn air daradh trom

Le'r oidid gor-aileis;
Direach mar gu'm biodh
Maoiseach's hoc a frith,
Crom-ruaig a cheile dion
Timhecall oganan;
Chailleamaid ar oli
A' gaireachdaich linn-fhin,
Le bras mhacnas dian sin
Na h-ogalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram! dastram!
Dastram, Morag!
Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
Leac-ruiteach rosach;
A gruaidhean air lasadh,
Mar lasair-chlach dhaithe,
'S a deud mar an sneachda,
Cruinn-shnait' an dlu ordugh.
Ri *Bhenus* cho tlachdmhor,
An taitneachdainu fheol'or;
Ri *Dido* cho maiseach,
Cho' snasmhor 's cho corr r'i;
'S e thionngan dhomb caitheamh,
'S a laodaich mo rathan,
A bhallag ghrinn lagbach,
Chuir na gathan-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo ghlasaibh,
Cruaidh phaisgte le posadh,
Dh'ioibrainn oridhe mo phearsa,
Air an altair so Morag,
Gu'n liubhrainn gun airseul,
Ag stolaibh a cas e;
'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhìom,
Cha b' fhada sin beo mi.
O 'n t-urram! an t-urram!
An t-urram! do Mhoraig!
Cha mhor nach do chuir i;
M'fhuil uil' as a h-ordugh;
Gu'n d'rug orradh ceum-tuislidh,
Fo iomachd mo chuislean,
Le teas agus murtachd,
O mhoch-thra Di-domhnaich.

'S tu reulla nan oailin,
Lan lannir gun cheo ort;
Fior chomhnart gun charraid,
Gun arral, gun bheolam;
Cho min ri oldh-eala,
'S cho geal ris a ghailionn;
Do sheang shlios seamh fallain,
Thug barrachd air moran.
'S tu ban-righ nan ainmir,
Che sgallais an comhradh;
Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
Gun bhaileart, gun mhor-chuis;
Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
Gu h-innsgineach athlamh;
Caoin, meachair, farsad,
Gun fharum, gun ropal.

Urlar.

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgaoilt'
As na cordamhsa,

Thug mi tuille gaol
 A's bu choir dhonn dhut;
 Gu 'n tig fa dhúine tuom,
 Gu droch ghniomh bhios claon,
 Cuireadh a euraith-shnuim
 Air o'n ghoraich sin:
 Ach thug i so mo chiall,
 Uile bhuan gu trian;
 Cha'n fhaca mi riamh
 Siunnait Móraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuan mo chri,
 'S shlad i bhuan mo chli,
 'S cuiridh i 'san chill,
 Fo na fodaibh mi.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
 De'n chunnaic mi d' sheors thu,
 Le d' bhroilleach geal-thuraid,
 Nam mullaichean boidheach;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh'fhuras,
 Na ni mionaid uat fúireach,
 Ge d' tha buarach na dunach
 D'am chumail o d' phosadh.
 Do bheul mar an t-sirist,
 'S e millis ri phogadh,
 Cho dearg ri *bhermillian*,
 Mar bhilegan rosar;
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhilleadh,
 Le d' *Chupit* d'am bhioradh,
 'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
 A rinn eiorram in m' chota.

Tha mi lan mulaid,
 O'n chunnaig mi Morag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhulian,
 Air lunnan d'a scoladh:
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cha'n eil anns a chruinne;
 Mo chri air a ghluin leat,
 O'n chunna' mi t-or-chul
 Na shlamagan bachallach.
 Casarlaich, cornach;
 Gu faineagach, cleachdagach,
 Dreach-lubach, glormhor;
 Na reullagan cearclach;
 Mar usgraichean dreachmhor,
 Le fadar san fhasan
 Grian-lasda, ciabh or-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach;
 Mar chaineal do phogan;
 Ri *Pheonix* cho aineamh;
 'S glan lannir do chota:
 Gu muirinneach banail,
 Gun ardan gun stannart;
 'S i corr ann an ceanal,
 Gun ainneamh gun fhotus.
 Na faicte mo leannar
 'S a mhath-shluagh di-donaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na h-earradh's na comhradh;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhtean tha barrachd;
 A'n, Ti dh' fhabh thu gun aineamh,
 A rinn do thalamh rud boidheach.

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan do smaointeannan feolar,
 Mamon bi'dh 'g ar claonadh
 Le ghloisnichean;
 A cholulan bheir oir'n gaol
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin.
 Air striopachas, air craos,
 Agus strothalachul:
 Ach cha do chreid mi riamh
 Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Ri Móraig-sa;
 A subhailcean 's e ciall,
 Mar gu'm biodh ban-diu.
 Leugh an cri am chliamh
 Le cuid orrachan.

Siubhal.

Ar comhairle na ceillib orm.
 Ciod eile their no ni mi?
 Ma'n ribhinn bu tearc ceileireadh,
 A sheinneadh air an fhéide;
 Cha'n fhaighear a lethid eile so,
 Air tìr-mor no 'n eileann;
 Cho lomlan, 's cho eircheadail.
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,
 'S ni cinnteach gur ni deircasach
 Mar ceileir so air Sìne,
 Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
 'S mo cherenion ga'n dhiobhail;
 Cha'n eil do bhurn a Seile sid,
 No shneachd an Cruachan cildceach
 Na bheir aon fhionnachd eiridneach
 Do'n teine th'ann am innsgin.

'Nuar chuala mi ceol leadanach
 An fheadain a bh'aig Morag,
 Rinn m'aigeadh damhsa' beadarach,
 'S e freagra dha le solas;
 Seamh urlar, sochràch, leadarra
 A puirt, 's a meoir a brenbadaich;
 B'e sid an or-fhead eagarra,
 Do bheus nan creaga' mora,
 Ochoin! am feadan bail-eughach,
 Cruaidh sgál-eughach, glan ceolmhor,
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
 Ri min-dhionachd, bog ro-chaoin;
 A marsal comhnard staidheil sin,
 'S e lughmhor grassmhor caiseamachd;
 Fìor chrunluath, brig, spalpara,
 Fa clia-lu na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pois, is stuir, a's sprachealachd,
 Am ghnuis 'n uair bheachdaich guamag,
 A seinn an fheadain ioraltaich,
 B'ard iolach ann am chluasan;
 A suain-cheol, sithe mir-anach;
 Mear stoirmeil, pongail, mionaidceach;
 Na b' fhoirmeile nach sireamaid,
 Air mhirid ri h-uchd tuasaid.
 O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
 Gu pronnadh a phuirt usmhrich!
 'S na h-uil bu lughmhor cromainean
 Air thollaidh a chroinn bhudhaich!

Gun slao-d-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
Brig, tioram, sochdir, coluidnach;
Geal-ludag nan gearra-cholluinnean,
Na craplu, loinnicil, guanach!

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar n-ìot
Le glan fhion an sin,
'S bhualamaid gu dian
Air gloir shìomhanta:
Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
Gus an tigeadh ann,
A bhi cluich air dam,
Air na tiodhan sin;
Dh'olamaid ar dram,
Dh'fhogradh uainn gun taing,
Gach nì chuireadh maill
Air bhi miog-chuisnach;
Malghdean nan ciabh fann,
Shuamhanach nan clann;
Mala chaoil, dhonn, cham,
Channacl, fhinealta.

An crunluath.

Mo cheann tha lan de sheilleanaibh
O dheilich mi ri d'bhriodal;
Mo s'ron tha stoipt' a dh-elebor
Na deil, le teine dimbis;
Mo shullean tha oho doirensach,
Nach faic mi gne gun telesgop,
'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,
'S ann theirinn-gur h-e frid i.
Dh'fhalbh mo cheudfaidh corporra
Gu docharach le brудар,
'N uair shaoil mi fortan thor chairt domh,
'S mi'm thorroichim air mo chluasaig:
Air dusgail as a chaithream sin
Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhailcas d'i,
An ionad na maoin berraidheach
A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, cìod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
Ach carachadh rinn cluanag:
'S co so, o thus, bha Mhorag ann,
Ach Sine an or-fhuilte chuachaich;
'Nuair thur i gu'n do lagach mi,
'S gu feumainn rag chuir steleaidh ann,
Gu'n d'rinn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,
Rinn cruaidh fìor rag de m luaidhe.
Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,
'S cho innleachdach ma'n cuairt d'i,
Nach faodainn fhìin thaobh sì-mhaltachd,
Gun dlighe erion thoirt uam dh'i;
Gu'n thiunnaidh mi gu h-ordail r'i;
'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Morag i;
Gun d' aiseig mi mo phogan du,
'S cha robh d'a coir dad uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Keltic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Morag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became

jealous of her rival. The bard had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "*M-mholadh*." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the most hyperbolic praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His "*M-mholadh Morag*" is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works of 1839*.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FÒNN—"Through the wood, laddie."

AN deis dhomh dusgadh 's a'mhadainn,
'S an deail air a choill,
Ann a malainn ro shoilleir,
Ann a lagan beag doilleir,
Gu'n cuais am feadan
Gu leadurra seinn;
'S mac-talla nan creagan
D'a fhreagairt bron bhinn.*

Bì'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,
Urail dosrach nan carn,
R' maoth-bhlas driuchd ceitean,
Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh greine,
Bruchdadh barraich tro gheagan,
'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhaigh:
Am mìos breac-laoghach, buailteach;
Bhainneach, bhughach, gu dair!

Bì'dh gach doire dlu uaignidh
'S trusgan uain' ump a' fas;
Bì'dh an snothach a dìrendh
As gach friamhach a's isle,
Tro 'na cuislinnean sniomhain,
Gu miadachadh bla:
Cuach, a's smeòrach 's an fheasgar,
Seinn a leadainn 'n am barr.

* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in "*Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*." That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once: and that M'Donald may have seen the "*Miscellany*," and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that he *must have seen it*, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once "It is not." But we subjoin the lines from the "*Miscellany*," that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

"As early I wak'd,
On the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute
Soft melody play,
Whilst the echo resounded
The dolorous lay."

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, Vol. I.

A mios breac-uigheach, braonach,
 Creamhach, maoth-rosach, aith!
 Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
 Air gach nite d'a dhuaicheachid;
 A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
 O gheur-ghruaim nam beann ard;
 'S nig mend eagail roí *Phobus*,
 Theid's na speuraibh 'na smal.

A mios lusanach, mealach,
 Fearach, fáilcannach, blath;
 'S o gu gacagach, duilleach,
 Luachrach, ditheannach, turach,
 Beachach, seilleannach, deareach,
 Ciurach, dealltach, trom, tha;
 'S i mar chuirneann daimhín,
 Bhratach bhoisgil air lar!

'S moch bhíos *Phobus* ag oradh
 Ceap nam mor-erach 's nam beann;
 'S bi'dh 'sau uair sin le solas,
 Gach eun biun-fháclach boidheach.
 Ceumadh meur-builleán ceolar,
 Feadh phres, ogan, a's ghleann;
 A chorrúil chuirteach gun sgreádan,
 Alg por is beadarraich greann!

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
 Co-fhreagradh non am,
 Ni iad co'-sheirm, sheinh, fhallain,
 Gu bileach, biun-ghobach, allail,
 A seinn gu lu-chleasach daigheann
 A measg ur-mheaghain nan crann;
 'S iad fein a beucail gu foirmeil,
 Le toirm nan organ gun mheang.

Bi'dh gach orentair do luigid
 Dol le suigeart do'n choill;
 Bi'dh an dreallán ga balcánt',
 Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
 Sir chuir fáilt air a mhadaínn,
 Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhinn;
 Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh
 Air a gheig os a chinín.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
 A seinn na'n cuislinnín grinn,
 Am barr nam bilicéan blathor,
 'S an dos na lom-dharag arda,
 Bhíodh 's na galacáan fasaich
 As cubhraídh fáile na'n fion;
 Le phuirí thriolanta shiubhlach
 Phronnair lughor le díon.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
 'S a's ro eanlanta roinn;
 Chuireadh m'inninnín gu beadradh,
 Clia-lu t-fheadain na'n eadradh,
 'N am do'n chrodh bhí g'an leigeadh,
 An innis bheitir's a' choill;
 'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,
 An griann aon-chasach croinn.

'S bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhíor-uig',
 Gu brigg, slíán-leunnach, luath;

Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
 Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
 Le shoilleán airgeid d'a earradh,
 'S min-bhreút lánirneach tuar;
 'S e-fein gu crom-ghobach ullamh,
 Ceapadh chuileag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhaileach, ghriannach,
 Lonach, lianach, mo ghraídh,
 Bhainneach, fhíon-mheagach, nachdrach,
 Omhantach, loinleach, chuachlach,
 Ghrnthach, shlamannach, mhiosrach,
 Mhíodrach, mhíosgannach lan,
 Unnach, mheannanach, mhaoinéach,
 Bhocach, mhúoiseach, lan aill

O! 's fíor eibhinn r'a chlulúinn,
 Fann-ghenn loigh anns a chro
 Gu h-ural, min-bhallach, aluinn;
 Druin-fhíonn, gearr-fhíonnach, fáil,
 Ceann-fhíonn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
 Tarra-gheal, guaineisneach, og,
 Gu moagach, bog-ladrach, fasor,
 'S e leum ri baráich nam bo!

A shobhrach gheala-bhui' nam brúachag,
 Gur fanna-gheal, snaghar, do ghnuis!
 Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
 Maoth-mhín, baganta lualneach;
 Gur tu ros is fearr cruadal
 A ní gluasad a h-uir;
 Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
 'S cach ri fáilach an sul.

'S curaidh fáileadh do mhúineil,
 A chrios-Cho-chuláinn nan carn!
 Na d' chruinn bhábaideán riabhach,
 Loineach, fhad-luirgneach, sgiámhach,
 Na d' thuin ghiobgach, dreach-mhín,
 Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlaich, aird;
 Timcheall thulmanan diamhalr
 Ma'm bi'm biadh-ianain a fas.

'S gu'm bi froineiseán boisgil
 A thilgeas foineal ní's leoir,
 Ar gach lu-ghart do neoinéin,
 'S do bharráibh steamragan lomhar;
 Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
 De dh-fheada-coille nan cos,
 Timcheall bhogannan loinneal,
 A's tric an eilid d'an coir.

'Nis treigidh coiléach a ghuag,
 'S caiteán brúcach nan crobh,
 'S theid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnoc',
 Le chirc ghearr-ghobaíoch riabháich,
 'S bi'dh'ga suiridh gu cuirteil
 Am pillein eul-gorma fraoich:
 'S ise freagra le tuchán:—
 "Pi hu-hu tha thu faoin."

A choilich chraobháich nan gearr-sgiath,
 'S na fallúine d'í',
 Tha dubh a's gear air am míosgadh,
 Go r'o oirdheir na t-tíoch;

Muineal lannireach, sgipi,
Uaine, slis-mhìn, 's tris crom!
Gòb na'n pongannan mìlis
Nach faic' a sìleadh nan ronn!

Sid an turaraich ghlan, lònneal,
A's arid coilleag air tom,
'S iad ri bu-ra-rus seamh, ceutach
Ann a feasgar bog ceitean;
Am bannal geal-sgirteach, uèhd-ruadh;
Mala ruiteach, chaol, chròin;
'S iad gu h-ùchd-ardach, earra-gheal,
Ghrìan-dhearsgnaidh, dhruim-dhonn.

Note.—The poet here uses a redundancy of adjectives, epithets and alliterations, with more pedantry than becomes pastoral poetry: but, with all its faults, the poem contains many beautiful passages. The address to the primrose is peculiarly elegant and happy—the description of the love of the grouse is also very good—and the address to the black eek is lively and graphic, though it ends with an unlucky and far-fetched conceit.

ORAN A GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FÒNN—"Tweedside."

THARRUINN grìan rìgh nam planad 's nan reull,
Gu sign *Chancer* di-ciadain gu beachd,
A riaghlas cothrom ma'n eriochnaich e thriall,
Da mhìos-dèug na bliadhna ma seach;
Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di-sathuirn' na dheigh,
A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-dèug, an la's faid;
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chursa gu seimh,
Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S o dh'ìmich e 'nis uainn m'an cuairt,
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
B'ìdh gach la dol an giorrad gu feum,
'S gach oidhe do reir dol am fad:
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus fear,
Na fas-bheodha orion-cugaidh iad as;
Teichidh snodhach gu friamhach nan crann,
Suaighidh glaoghan an sugh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh geugan glan cubhraidh nan crann,
Bha's an t-samhradh trom-strac-to le meas,
Gu'n torr-leum an toradh gu lar,
Gu'n sgrìosair am barr fàr gach lios.
Gnùidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,
Sruthain chrìostail nan glèann le trom sprochd,
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
Deoch-shunnta nam maaiseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bron air an talmh gu leir,
Gu'n aognaich na sleibhteas na enic;
Grad dabhaidh caoin-uacdar nam blar,
Fal-ruisgte, 's iad faillinneach bochd
Na h-eoin bhuchallach bhreac-itèach, ghrinn,
Sheinneadh basgata, binn, am barr dhos,

Gu'n teid a ghlas-ghuib ar am beut,
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sgùiridh buirdisich sgìthach nan speur,
D'an ceileiribh grìanach ear greis,
Chu seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-ard,
No feasgaran chrabhach 's a' phreas;
Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach eos,
Gabhail fàsaidh am frogamh nan creag;
'S iad ag ionndrainn nan guthanan blath,
Bhiodh ri dealaradh o sgaile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srìan-bhuidh nan res
Bharr mhìn-chìoch nan or-dhìtean beag,
'S inghean guengach lìli nan ton,
Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug;
Chu deoghair le beachan nam bruch,
Cròthaidh fuarachd ear cuairt ind na sgeap;
'S cha mho chruinnicheas scillein a nhal,
'S thar gheal-ur-ros chroinn garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
O t-larguinn gu fìs-ghrùnnd nan loch;
'S gu fan air an aigein du-dhonn,
Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd.
Na brìc tharra-ghealach, earra-ghobhlach
shliom,
Leumadh meargant', ri usgràichean chop,
Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tannh,
Meirbh, samhach, o thamh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chas a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tom,
'S doite lom chion gach fìreach, 's gach glac;
Gu'n d' obhraich na sìtheanan feoir,
Bu lusannach, feirneanach brat;
Thiornaich monaican, 's ruadhach gach fonn;
Bheuchd an fhaige 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart;
'S gu'n sgreitich an dulachd gach long,
'S thaid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Neulaich paircean a's mioidair gu bas,
Thuit gach fasach, 's gach aite fo hhruid;
Chìarach monadh nan ìosal 's nan ard;
Theirig dathanan grasmhor gach luig;
Dh-fhalbh am failleadh, am *musg*, a's am fonn;
Dh-fhalbh am maise bharr lombar gach buig;
Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearan truagh,
Uiseag, smeorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoch bhadanaich, ghaganaich, uir,
D'am b'ola's d'am b'fhudar a nhal,
B'i bhìath ghrian do bhalet's gach uair,
Gu giullachd do ghruaige le sgil;
'S a mhadain uchair 'nuair bhoisgeadh a ghnus,
Air bhuidhinnin driuchdach nan dril,
B'fhior chubhraidh 's gu'm b'eibhinn an smuid
So dh'èireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuinn nam brusach;
Dh'fhalbh an cnuasach le'n trop-lubadh slat,

Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh bodha air a gheig anns a bhàd.
Dh-fhalbh am bainne bh'o'n eallach air chul,
Ma'm bi leannaba bi ciucharan bochd;
'S gu'm pill 's grian gu *sign Thaurus* nam
bheith,
'S treun a bhuathaicheas, fuachd, agus gort.

Theid a ghrian air a thurus man cuairt,
Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghruamach gun stad,
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mh-allanach, luath,
Bheir air mullach nan cuairteagan sad;
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torunn na dheigh,
Thig gaillonn, thig eireadh nach lag,
'S cianidh uisge na ghlainneachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-leugaibh, min, fuar-loneach rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shuenechdach, cholgarr, stolrm-shionach bith;
Dhiselech, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch,
chruai,
Bhiorach, bhugharra, 's tuath-ghaothach cith;
Dheibhenech, lia-rotach, ghlib-sileamhain
gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge nan ruith;
Fhliuchach, fhuntuinneach, ghluineach gun tlas
Cuiridh t-anail gach caileachd air chrith.

A mios cratanach, easdach, lom,
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn a's dhonn,
Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach,
thiugh,
Bhrogach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhan,
Imeach, aranach, chaiseach, gun ghruth;
Le miann bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's cal;
'S ma bhios blath nach dean tair air gne stuth.

A mios brotagach, toiteanach soigh
Ghionach, stroitheal, fhior gheocach gu muic;
Litenech, laghanach, chabaisteach chorr,
Phoiteach, roma-ach, roiceil, gu sult;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar eom,
Air an fhaile gheur-tholltach gun tlas,
'S feudar dram ol mar linnigeadh cleibh,
A ghrad fhadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air cuid mor de'n Roin-
neap,
O lagach sgeamh orlha do theas,
Do sholas bu sholas ro mhor,
Ar fragharc a's ar lochrann geal deas;
Ach 'nuair thig e gu *Gemini* a ris,
'S a lainnir 's gach righeachd gu'n cuir,
'S huidd soilsein nan coirean's nam meall,
'S riochdail fiamh nan or-mheall air a mhuir.

'S theid gach salmadair ball-mhaiseach ur,
Ann an orannaig chraobh-dhlu-dhuillich chais,
Le 'n seol fein a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt cliu,
Chiunn a *phlanaid-s'* a chursadh air ais;
Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns gach geig,
An *dasgabh* eibhinn air-reidh-shlios nan slat,
A toirt lag lobairt le'n cèileir d'an Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bh' creutair fo elupan nan speur,
'N siu nach tiundaidh ri 'n spourad's ri'n
dreach,
'S gu'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhan a bhlaits,
Anam-fas dalbh a's caileachdain ceart
Ni iad ais-eiridh choitcheann on naigh,
Far na mhiotalech am fuachd iad a stench,
'S their iad:—*guileag-doro-hidola-havn*,
*Dh-fhalbh an geamhra 's tha'n samhraidh air
teuchd.*

ORAN NAM FINEACHIAN GAELACH.

A chomunn rioghail ruiniech,
Sar umhlachd thugadh uaibh,
Biodh 'ur ruig gun smuirnean,
'S gach eil gur treas gun lub ann;
Deoch-slaime Sheumais Stiubhairt,
Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt!
Ach ma ta gionh air bith 'n 'ur stamaig,
A chailleis naomh' na truall.

Lion deoch-slaime Thearlach
A mheirlich! straic a chuach;
Bi' sid an ioc-silant' alumu,
Dhath-bheothaicheadh mo chailleachd
Ge d'a bhiodh am bas orm,
Gun neart, gun adh, gun tuar.
A Rìgh nan dul a chuir do chubhlach,
Oirn thar suil' le luathas.

O! tog do bhaideil arda,
Chnol, dhionach, shar-gheal nuadh,
Ri d'crannaidh-bi-dhearg, laidir,
Gu taisdeal nan tonn gaireach;
Tha *Eolus* ag raitinn
Gu 'seid e rap-ghaoth chruaidh,
O'n aird an ear; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,
Gu mìnachadh a chuain.

'S hochd ata do chairdean
Aig ro mhead t-fhardail uainn;
Maralach mhaoth gun mhathair;
No beachainn breac a gharaidh,
Ag sionnach 'n deis a fasachd',
Air failinn feadh nam brnach.
Aisig eabhagach le d' eabhach,
'S leighis plaidh do shluagh.

Tha na dee ann an deagh run dút;
Greas-ort le surd neo-mharbh,
Thar dhronnaig nan tonn du-ghorm,
Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
Ghleann-chlaghach, cheann-gheal, shu'-dhlu
Na mothar chul-ghlas, ghairbh;
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stua dh-thor-
thach,
'S crom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tir cho-reidh dhut,
Mar deann thu fein a searg;
Doirtidh iad na'n ceadan,
Nan luomabh tiughn, treunna,
A Breatunn a's a Eirinn,
Ma d'*standard* breid-ghèul dearg;
A ghasraidh sgaitheach, ghuineach, rioghail;
Chreuchdach, fhior-luath, gharg!

Thig do chinneadh feim ort,
Na treun-rhìr laomsgair gharbh,
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh;
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh;
Na'n nuthraichean grad-leumneach,
A lotas gear le 'n calg,
Le'n gathan faobharach, riun-bheurra
Nì mor euchd le'n arm.

'N am bhraiteachan lan-eideadh,
Le deulas gear gun chealg,
Thig Domhnallach, nan deigh sin;
Cho dileas dut ri d'leine;
Mar choin air fasdadh eile;
Air chath-chrìch gear gu sealg;
'S maireg namhaid do'n nochd iad fraoch,
Long, leann, craobh, 's laimh-dhearg.

Gu neartaich iad do champa
Na Caim-benlaich gu deurbh,
An Dine Earraghalach mar cheann orr',
Gu morghalach mear prionsail;
Go b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
B'e sid ar tionsgnadh searbh,
Le lannan lotach, du-ghorm, toirteil,
Sgoltadh chorp gu'n bulg.

Gu tarbartach, glan, caiscamachd,
Fior thartarach na'n *ranc*,
Thig Cinainidh le chuid Pearsanach,
Gu cuannda gleusda grad-bheirteach;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach
'S cruaidh feud ri sgailceadh cheann;
Bi'dh f'oil d'a d'ortadh, 's smuais d'aspalcadh,
Le sgealpaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mheirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an air,
Clann-Illcoim* nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis;
Le'm bravaichean 's snuadh feigr orra,
'S an leirg mar thairbh gun sgath;
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,
'S builleach, allamh lamh!

Gun thig na flurain Leodach ort,
Mar sheochdain 's coin fo spaig;
Na'n tuireamh lann-ghorm, thinnisneach;
Air chorra-ghleus streup gun tiomachas;
An reiseamaid fìor ionnaita,
'S fath gioraig dol na Gail;
An bi iomadh boc 'an fuilteach, foirmeil,
Theid le stoirm gu bas.

* Clann 'Illcoim.

Thig curaidhean Chlann-cham-shroin ort
Theid meanmnach sios na d' spairn;
An fhoireann ghuineach, chaitheamach,
'S neo-f hiambhach an am tarraime;
An lann ghlas mar lasair deulanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh;
'S mar luthas na dreige, 's cruthas na creige,
Chluinnte sgread nan cnamh.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar coinneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Taile:
Fìr laidir, dhana choimhncala,
Do'n fhìor-chruaidh air a foinneachadh,
Nach gabh flamh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlar,
'S iad gu narach, fuilteach, foinnidh,
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chas.

Gur foirmeil, priseil, ordail,
Thig Toisichean nan *ranc*,
Am marsail statoil, comhncal;
Gu piobach, bratach, srol-bhui;
Tha rioghalachd a's morehuis,
Gu'n soradh ranns' a dream;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, erodha,
'S iad gun gho, gun mheang!

Thig Granndaich gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhèd-bheirteach do d' champ
Air phrioblosgadh gu cruadal,
Gu snaidheadh, cheann, is chluas diu;
Cho nimheil ris na tigeribh
Le feachdraidh dian-mhear, dan',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgreadail,
'S a bhreabadaich gu' lar.

Thig a ris na Frisealaich,
Gu sgipl le neart garbh;
Na seochdaibh fìor-ghlan, togarrach,
Le fuathas bhlar nach bogachear;
An comhlan fearradha, cosgurach,
'S maireg neach do nochd iad fearg;
A spuir ghlas aig dlus an deirich
Bi'dh nan eilean dearg.

Nan gearraidh ghaisgeil, lasgurra,
Thig Lachunnaich gun chaid;
Na saighdean dearga puiscanda;
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuinnsearach;
Gu gunnach dagach, ionnsaichte,
Gun chunntais ac' air ar;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn pheileir,
Teachd o theine chaich.

Gabhaid pairt do t-iorghaills',
Clann-Iomhuinn's oirdheirc cal;
Mar thuinn ri tir a sior-bhualadh;
No bile lasrach dian-loisgeach;
Nan treudan luatha, fìor-chontach,
Thoirte griosach air an namh;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shrathach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnamh.

'S mor a bhliò's ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n ciosaichean's a bhlar,
Fithich an: a rocadairch
Ag itealaidh, 's a cnocaireachd;
Ciocras air na cosguraich,
Ag ol's ag ith an sath.
Och's tursach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,
Ochanaich nan ar!

B'fh fùil is gaor d'a shuidreadh ann,
Le lu-chleasan 'ur lamh;
Meangar cinn, a's duirn dhiu;
Gearrar uilt le smuaisridh;
Ciosaichear am binidh,
D'an du-losgadh, 's d'an cnemh;
Cru'nair le poimp Teariach Stiubhart;
'S Frederic Prionns fo shail.

Note.— His address to the Highland clans is a stately and stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians under his feet. The satirist (*Aireach Mhuille*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

O R A N .

AIR FOMN—"Cille-chragaidh."

Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrioch,
Surd air armaibh comhraig;
Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach;
Chaidh ar seargadh le cam earraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shonais,
O's sgeul dearbhtha thig thar fairge,
Neart ro gharbh d' ar foirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
Terach deal ar dechais,
Le mhilte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns' ullamh, mear, 's e do-chaisgt;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oighro chruin th'air fogar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatuineach lan umhlachd
Air an glun' d'a mhorachd.

Ni na Gacil bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le srolamh;
Iad nan ciadan uim' ag iathadh,
'S coltas dian cuir gleois orr';
Gu'n fhiamh 's iad fiata, claidheach, sgia-
thach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stroiceach,
Mar chonfadh leoghannaibh fiadhaich,
'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Deanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
'S bithibh guineach, deonach;
So an eumaisg, am bi na builean,
An deantar full a dhortadh;
Och a dhuin' is lionuhoir curaidh
Is fìor sturraill co-stri,
A leigir fear eile mar chuilleann,
Dh' fhaotainn full air Sebras!

'S iomadh neach a theid air ghaisge,
Tha fìor lag na dhochus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh cheart-s' tha oirne,
Ge do bhiodh e na fhìor ghealtair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhìroig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A losgadh asbhuan eorna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,
Gaeil ghasda, chrodha;
Gach aon bhàrach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruaidh laide rosg-dearg;
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh;
Rioghail, beachd-bhorb, proiseal;
Gu no-iapach ri linn gaisge,
Spainnteach ghlas nan dornaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nam breid bhratach,
Sranraich bras ri mor-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgelch nan ceum staitteil,
Is stuirteil, sgairteil, *moisson*;
'S lann ghorm sgaiteach, do shar-shlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shron' aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhlir bhrataich,
Gu cuir tais air fogradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laoch spraiceil, doid-ghéal;
Piob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt sloigh leis;
Chuireadh torman a phuirt bhaisgeil,
Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar poraibh.

Bithibh sundach, lughor, beumach,
Sgriosach, geur, gu fealach,
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdach, cogach, reudach,
Anns 'na speur d' ar seoladh;
Soirbhichidh gach ni gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bhì deogach;
Marsailibh gun dail, gu'n cislein,
Lughor, eudrom, ecol-mhor.

Marsaibh, gun fheall, gun aimsneul,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach;
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,
'S math gu easg na toireachd;
'Nuair a r. isgeas sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh feoir libh;
Gaor a's eanachuinn na spadul,
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlacan,
Freagra Lasgur sheannair;

'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
 (ar ro fad a chluinntear,
 Feudraich bluilllean, sgoltadh mhullach,
 Sios gu bun an rumpuill ;
 Ruaig orr' uile mar mhoim tuile ;
 Chaoidh cha 'n urr' iad tinnntadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh'oladh lionta,
 Slainte an righ-s' tha oirne,
 Spealgadh ghluineachan aig griosaiach,
 'S e cur beinn air Seoras ;
 Ach 's onarach anis an gnioimh,
 Na cuig-ceud mìle bola ;
 'S feurr non siola a dh'fhuil 's an fhrith
 No galoin fhion air bhorduibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi ceart d'a,
 Eirdh grad le 'r sloghaibh ;
 Gu'n 'ur mnathan, elann, no beirteas,
 Chuir stad-fenchd 'n 'ur dochus ;
 Ach gluasad inntinne .h. luath, cinnteach,
 Rìogbuil, liont' de mhòr-chuis ;
 Mar an raincach a dol sios duibh,
 Sgriosadh dian luchd cleochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghruamach, nimheil,
 Lan do mhàire cruadail ;
 'S misg dhearg chatha, gu barr rath orr',
 'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gruaidhean ;
 Iad gun athadh sios le 'n claidhean
 Rì sior sgathadh chnuachdan ;
 Lotar dearganaich le 'r gathan,
 'S le'r fìor chrathadh cruadhach.

'S beagan sluagh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
 An iomairt chruaidh a chomhraig ;
 Deanamaid gluasad gu 'n dad uamhainn,
 'S na biodh fuathas oirne ;
 Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,
 Mac Shim nan ruag, 's Dùc-Gordon ;
 Le mhàire-shluagh is nuarrant gruaim ;
 'S ruaim aimbi fhuar nam poramh.

ORAN RIOGHAL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FOXN—'Let us be jovial, fill our glasses.'

BODHMAID subhach, 's olar deoch linn,
 Osnaiach 'n ar fochar cha tamh,
 Na smaointicheamaid ar bochdainn,
 Fhad 's a bios an copan lan.

LUINNEAG.

Ho-ro air falldar-araidh
Ho air m'alldar-raraidh ro,
Ho-ro air m'alldar-raraidh
Falldar, raldar, raraidh ho.

Olamaid glainneachan lan',
 Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn !
 Cuireamaid da shlaint' an earaid,
 Tosda Thearlach traic a chuach.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ma tu stamac anns a chuideachd,
 Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,
 Siapuidh e 'mach as ar carabh,
 Mar an carran as an t-shiol.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cuireadh ar eupachan tharsta ;
 Aisig cas an corn m'an cuairt ;
 Faicear eibhinneachd air lasadh,
 Le fìor sguirt 'n a' beachd, 's 'n ar gruaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh ar cridhachan a damhsa,
 Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,
 Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
 Dol do 'n champ a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n dibh' bhridhear neartar bhlasda,
 'S mìlse no mìl bhenech gu poit,
 Lion an soitheach sin amach dl uinn,
 De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stop.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
 Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luagh;
 Rinn sin e na leannan do mhiltean,
 'S na mìlsean priseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaolaidh e ghruaim far a mhùigein ;
 Nì e fughantach fear cruidh ;
 Nì e cruadalach fear gealtach,
 Gus an teid e feachd ro 'n ruaig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e cainnteach am fear tostach ;
 Nì e brosgalach fear dur ;
 Nì e suireach am fear narach ;
 'S fagaidd e dan' am fear diuid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e pogach am fear ailleant
 Nach fuilgeadh callin 'na choir ;
 Sparraidh e damhs' anns na easan,
 Nach d' riun riamh aon char d' an òcoin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaidh e neo shanntach acrach ;
 Toinnidh se cas am fear sliom ;
 Bheir e caltean air fear steamhainn ;
 'S nì e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a stieleadh,
 An sporan nan chrìpleach riamh,
 Bheir e furtachd dha a prìosan,
 Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan iall.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e aigheal am fear doichleach ;
 Nì e socharach fear teann ;
 Nì e duin' uasal do'n bhalaich ;
 Nì e fathrumach fear fann.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ni e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisidh e run a chri ;
Saoilidh an lag gur b-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chud 'san stri.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
Tiumdaidh e airsneul gu fonn ;
Mionach nan sporan gu spiol e
Le ghob biorach cluimas lom.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhadh airsneul
Air echairtealan uainn do'n Roimh ;
Seinneam orain cheolmor, ghaeda,
Shumdach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;
'S cibhinn a hogail la carraich,
Cogair searraig ris a chuaich l
Ho-ro, &c.

'S milse no ceilearadh smeoraich,
Le luinneag eolmhor air geig,
Creatraich shrileagach do sgornain ;
Cratan 's boiche fo 'na ghrein l
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne na luinneag coin-buchainn,
Bhiodh ri tuchan am barr thonn,
Guileag do mhuingeil a's giuig ort ;
Cuisle-chinil a dhuiseadh fonn.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Ghlascho,
T-fluaim le bastul dol 's a chorn ;
Sid an fhailt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
Mac-na-brach a teachd le poig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Lion-domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
Cha 'n ion a seachmadh gu dram ;
'S math Ghaelig oirr' an creathann ;
An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no ceol coilich choille,
Bhiodh ri colleig air an tonn.
Durdail a bhotal ri glainne ;
Cronan loinntean thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, &c.

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comunn ;
Falbhadh gainne ; 's pailt 'ur n-or ;
Na bhodh speucclair oirbh gu ganntar,
Fheadh 's a bhio's an dram 'n 'ur sroin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh 'ur ceana-againh uile 'n ceart uair,
Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ros,
'Nuair a theid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tois.
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur diounsnaireach, spinnsearach, t-fluileadh
'S teas-ghrudhach do shnag tro' m' chliabh
Fadadh blais air feadh mo mhionaich ;
Gur ro mhoragach do thriall !
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur guengach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,
Bruicheal, neo-mhisgeach do thuar,
'N a d' shlabhraidhean criostail u dortadh,
Ri binn-chronnaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaoileamaid o altrair *Bhachuis* :
A chleirich taig a chailis uat ;
Dh-fluabh ar funeud ; 's ciod 'ta dhi oirn ?
Thagannid baig' erion do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
Le t-ice-shlaint aghunhor lan bhoadh,
'S thoir dhuinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh
A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !
Ho-ro, &c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR FOKN--"The Lass of Pattle's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siucair,
A' madainn chubhraidh Cheit,
'S paideirean geal dlu chnap,
De 'n driuchd ghorm air an fheur,
Bia *Richard's robin*, bru-dhearg
Ri seinn, 's fear dhiu na bheus ;
'S goic moit air cuthaig chul-ghuirm,
'S *gug-gug* aic' air a gheig.

Bha smeorach cur na smuid dh'i
Air bacan cuil le' fein ;
An dreadbann-donn gu surdail,
'S a rifeid chiuil na bheul ;
Am breacan-beith' a's lub air,
'S e 'gleusadh lugh a theud ;
An coileach-dubh ri durdan ;
'S a cheare ri tuchan reidh.

Ma brie a gearradh shurdag,
Ri prebraich dhlu le cheil',
Tacob-leumnaich near le lu chleas,
'S a bhurn, le muir ri grein ;
Ri ceapadh chuileng siubhlach,
Le 'm briseadh lughor fein ;
Drum-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreach giuran ;
'S an lannir-chuil mar leig.

Mil-dheocla sheillein strianach,
Le cronan 's fiata srann,
'N an ditibh baglach, riabhach,
Ma d' bhlathaibh grianach chrann ;
Sraibh-dhriucean dhonna, thiachedaidh,
Fo shinean ciochan t-fheoir,
Gun theachd-an-tir no bhiaidh ac',
Ach fuileadh ciatach ros.

Gur milis, brisg-gheal, burn-ghlan,
Meall-chuirneanach, 's binn fuaim,
Bras-shruthain Uillt-an-t-siucair,
Ri torman stubhlach luath ;
Gach biolair, 's luibh le 'n ur-ros'
A cintinn dlu ma bhruaich ;
'S e toirt dhailbh bhuidan sughor,
Ga 'n sui bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Burn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathach, ruaim, no ceo,
Bheir anam-fas, a's gluasaid,
D'a chluanagan ma bhord.
Gaoir bheachainn bhui' 's ruadha,
Ri diogladh chluaran oir,
'S ceir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stor.

Gur solas an ceol-cluaise,
Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chro ;
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreaca, ghuanaich
Ri freagra' nuallan bho ;
A bhanareach le buaraich,
'S am buachaille fa coir,
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuailinn,
Air cuaiach a thogas croic.

Bi'dh lochrainn mheal' a lubadh
Nan srabh, 's bru air gach geig,
Do mheasan milis cubhraidh,
Nan ubhlan 's nam peur ;
Na duilleagan a liugadh,
A's fallas cuil diu fein ;
'S clann bheag a' gabhail' fuchaidh,
D' an imlich dlu le 'm beul.

B' e cronan t-easan srulaich,
An durdail mhuirneach Mhaigh ;
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgum-gheal,
Tiugh, fluranach, dlu, tla ;
Le d' *mhantul* do dhealt ur-mhin,
Mar dhura cuil ma d' bhla ;
S air calg gach feoirnein duir-fheoir,
Gorm neamhnad dhriuchd a fas.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
De bhraon ni soills' air lar ;
A *chapel*'s gasda foineal,
Gun cho-*fine* ann a *Whitehall* ;
Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coilteach,
Ann chinn a loinn le h-al,
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
Na 'n coil-leiribh na d' sgath.

Bi'dh guileag eala tuchan,
'S eoin bhuchuin ann barr thonn,
Ag inbhear Uillt-an-t-siucair,
Snamh lu-chleasach le fonn ;
Ri seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,
Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
Mar mhala piob a's lub air ;
Ceol tiabhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O ! 's grinn an obhair ghrabhail,
Rinn nadur air do bhruaich,

Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhasor,
'S am buicein bhan orr' shuas ;
Gach saimeir, neolnean, 's masag,
Min-bhreacadh air lar do chluain ;
Mar reulltan reot an dearsadh,
Na spangan aluinn nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am barr mar sgarlaid,
Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
'S craobhan bachlach, arbhuidh,
A faoisgnadh ard ma d' cheann ;
Bi'dh dearcan, 's suithean sughor,
Trom lubadh an luis fein,
Caoin, seachdai, blasadh, cubhraidh,
A call an druis ri grein.

'S co lan mo lios ri Pharrais,
De gach enuas a 's fearr an coill ;
Na reidhlich arbhar fasaiddh,
Bheir piseach ard 's sgoiun ;
Por reachdmhor, mincar, fador,
Nach cinn gu fas na laom ;
'S co reamhar, luchdmhor caileachd,
'S gu gain a giran o dhruim !

Do thachdar mar' a's t'ire,
Bu theachd-an-tir leis fein ;
Na 'n treudan feidh 'n a d' fhrithean ;
'S na d' chladach 's miltean eisg ;
Na d' thraigh tha maorach lionmhor ;
'S air t-uisge 's fìor-bhras leus,
Aig oganachaibh rimheach,
Le morgha' fìor-chruaidh geur.

Gur h-uroil, sliochdor, cuanda,
Greidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorm,
Le 'n iotadh tarrauin suas riut,
Le cluinntinn nuall do thoirm ;
Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, cluais-dearg, og
Ri h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
'S ri ruideis luath ma d' lon.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
Do gharbhilach-chraobh 's do lom ;
Gur h-aluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,
Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
Na d' mhointich sgaoth-chearc donn.

B' e sid an sealladh eibhinn,
Do bhruachan gle-dhearg ros,
S iad daite le gath greine,
Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhui' oir ;
B' iad sid an geiltre gle ghrinn,
Cinn deidcean mcasg feoir,
De bharrabhbh luilhean ceutach ;
'S foirm bhinn aig teud gach eoin.

O lili rìgh nam fluran !
Thug barr mais air ur-ros gheug,
Na bhabagan cruinn, pluir mhin,
'S a chrùn geal, ur mar glùreìn ;

Do'n nisque ud Allt-an-t-siucair,
'S e cubhraidh d'a o bheud
Na rionnagan ma lulaibh,
Mar reullan-iuil na speur.

Do shealbhadh ghlan 's do luanach
A borcaidh suas na d' choir;
Do dhithein lurach, luaineach,
Mar thuairneagan de'n or;
Do phreis lan nenda cuachach,
Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-coin;
Barr bhraonan 's an t-sail-chuachuig,
Na'n dos an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas leirsinn,
De luingeas breid-gheal, luath,
Na 'n sguadronaibh scoil-bhreid-chrom,
A bordadh geur ri d' chluais;
Nan giubhsaichibh beo ghleusda,
'S an caibh gu leir ri shuas;
'S Caol-Muile fhuar d'a reubadh,
Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairinn muair mi,
O'n fhuaran 's blasta gloir,
An caochan 's mo buadhan,
Ata fo thuath 's an Eorp;
Lion ach am bola suas deth,
'S do bharrnadaidh fhuair ni's coir;
Am puinse milis, guanach,
A thairneas sluagh gu ceol!

Muim' altrom gach por uasail
Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',
Dh'fhag matha a buar, 's a feur;
Fonn deas-oireach, fionn uail-breach,
Na speular thuid do'n ghreinn;
Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
Cho luath ri each na leum!

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,
Dh'fhag nadur tarbhach iad;
Air a meinn gu'n toir iad ar'bar,
'S tiugh, starbhanach ni fas;
Bi'dh dearrsanaich shearr-fhiaclach,
D' a lannadh sios am boinn,
Le luinneagan linn nionag,
An ceol a 's mi-'le, roinn!

An Coir' is fearr 's an duthaich,
An Coir' is sughor fonn;
'S e Coirean Uilt-an-t-siucair,
An Coirean rumach lom;
'S ge lora, gur molach, urail,
Bog miadar dlu a thom,
'M beil mil is bairn' a bruchdadh,
'S uisg' ruith air siucar pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,
Meannach, uaigneach aigh;
An Coire gleannach, uaine,
Bhliochdach, luath gu dair;

An Coire coillteach, luachrach,
An goir a chuach 's a Mhart;
An Coir' a fuigh duin-nasal,
Biaist-dubh, a's ruadh 'na charn!

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm;
Toreach, faoilidh blath;
An Coire Ionach, naosgach,
Ceareach, craobhlach, graidh;
Gu buinneach, bailceach, braonach,
Breacach, laoghach, blar;
An sultor mart, a's caora,
'S a 's torach laomsgair barr!

An Coire am bi na caoirich
Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n al;
Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
A 'n craicneibh maoth-gheal tla;
B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard;
An Coire luideach, gaolach,
'S e lan do mhaoinibh grais!

An Coire lachach, dracach
'M bi guilbneich 's traigh-gheoidh og,
An Coire coilceachach, lan-damhach,
'S moch, 's is an-moch spors;
'S tim dhomh sgur d' an aireamh,
An Coire 's fador por
Gu h-innseach, doireach, blarach,
'S imecach, caiseach bo!

Note.—This piece is an animated and faithful description of a beautiful scene in the country, on a summer morning. The bard walks abroad and sees the dew glittering on every leaf and flower—the birds warbling their songs—the animals grazing, and the bees collecting their stores—the fishes are leaping out of the water, and all nature rejoicing in the return of spring, or the luxuriance of summer! The very rivulet seems to partake of the common joy, and murmurs a more agreeable sound—the cows low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Mull. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus ho Mhorag, no ho-ro,
'S no ho-re-ghealladh.*

A MHORAG chiatach a chuil dualaich,
Gur h-e do luagh a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S cuimhnich thoir leat bannal ghruagach,
A luaigneas an clo ruadh gu dainghean.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bhual,
Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

De cha leiginn thu gu eualach;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuarag,
Aig am beil an cuaille barr-flionn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S gaganach, baclagach, cuachach,
Ciabluag na gruagáiche glaine.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chul peuchdach síos na dhualaibh
Difáiladh e uaislean le lainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Síos na fheoirneian ma d' ghuaillean,
Leadán cuachagach na h-ainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chul peurlach, or-bhui, luachach.
Tímeall do chluasan na ehlannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A, Mhorag! gu beil do chuailleán
Ormsa na bhuaireadh gr'n sgainnear.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ge nach iarr mí thu rí d' phusadh,
Gu'm b' e mo ruin a bhí mar riut.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma thig thu a ríthist am lúbaibh,
'S e 'n t-eug a ruin ní ar sgaradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Leanaidh mí cho-dlu rí d' shaillean,
'S a ní bairneach rí sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shinbail mí cian leat air m' eolas,
Agus spailp de 'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharruid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhíog le d' ghaol mí;
'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S a Mhorag 'g am beil a ghruaidh ehiatach:
'S glau a fíradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do shuil shuilbhear, shochedrach, mhodhar,
Mhíreagach, chomhnart, 's í meallach.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Deud cailec shnasda na ribhinn,
Snaite mar dhísn' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Maighdeán bhoidheach, na 'm bos caoine,
'S iad cho maoth rí cloidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Ciochan leaganach nan gúicag,
'S fáiladh a mhúsag d' a h-anail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S íomadh oigear a ghabh tlachd dhíot,
Eadar Mor-thír agus Manuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S íomadh gaisgeach do ghael,
Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruinn:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le claidheambh,
Air bheag sga gu bíal nan cannon:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan ordaibh,
Thóirt do chorach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S íomadh armunn lasdail, treubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, am bairial.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Na faiceadh iad gne do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarruinn suas rí d' charraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat eridh,
Do Chaipín fein Mac-Ic-Ailein:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n theann e roí' ro chlach riut,
'S ní e fásd e, ach thig thairis:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhu-ghorm a bharraich;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Morrór;*
Reiscamaid chorr ud Shíol-Ailein!
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'N am Alasdair, † a's Mhontros',
Gu 'm bu bhochdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

* Mor-Thír. † Alasdair Mac Cholla.

Gu'n d' fhairich la Inbher-Lochaidh,
Co bu stroicich ann le lannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Snoidh,* 's an Allt-Eire-
ann,
Dh-fhag iad Reubalaich gu'n anam.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad coinneach Ghlinne-garadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mar sin is an t-Armu... Sleibhteach,
Ge d' a thu e-fein na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dh'eiridh leat a nall o'n Rudha,
Antrum lu'-chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gael gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh'eireadh leat no dh'fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shuath, deich mìle dliu air cle dhuibh,
An cogadh ri Seurlus nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh cló air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Bha each diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A ri! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamh iad,
'Nuair a thairrteadh iad na lunnan!
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

H-uile clo a luagh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daito ruadh, air thuar na fula.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Greas thairis lo d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na grungalchean-sa mar riin.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Note.—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Morag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (i. e. soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Morag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

* Kilsyth

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LÚINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag horoll o,
HOLAIBH O IRIAG HORO I,
HOLAIBH O IRIAG HOROLL O,
Smeorach le Clann-Raonuill mi.*

Gun h-e mis' an smeorach chreagach,
An deis leum bharr chuaithe mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm iannaibh beag,
Sheinneam ceol air bharr gach bidein.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Smeorach mise do Chlann-Dhomhnuill,
Dream a dhithiehadh, 's a leonadh,
'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na smeorach
Gu bhli seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daibh.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sa chreig ghuirn a ihogadh miso
An sgreacadh Chaisteil duibh nan cliar
'Tir tha duonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-threann,
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gullan,
Moch, a's feusgar togar m'iolach,
Seinn gu bilench, milis, mealach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Tha mi de'n ghur rioghail, luachach,
'S math eun fhoutainn a nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truailleadh,
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhic Ruairidh.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh, glan gun smur, gun smodan,
Gun smal gun luath ruadh, no ghrodan,
'S iad gun ghìomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
'S tream am buill' an tiugh nan trodan.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
A meribh meara na cruadhach,
'S daoimein iad gun spar gun truailleadh,
Nach gabh stur, gne, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh mor gup bhosd gun sparan,
Suairce, slobhalta, gun rapal,
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n cairdean,
Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Raonullaich nan or chrios taghach,
Nan luireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A theid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
Nu fir ghasda shunndach, chogach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sud na h-aon daoine th'air m'aire,
 Naeh dianadh air spilleadh cromadh,
 Dhianadh anna an araich gearradh
 Clun ga'n sgaradh, eutp ga'm pronnadh.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach mur tig mo righ-sa dhachaigh
 Trilallaidh mi do dh-unnhaig shlocateh,
 'S bithidh m' n sin ri caoidh, 's ri basrateh,
 Gus an falgh mi has le osnaich:
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach ma thig mo phrionnsa thairis
 Cuirrear mis' an eilabhan lurach,
 'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu bulleach
 'S ann 'san r-ola ni mi fuireach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Madalnn cheitean am barr gach badain
 Sgaollendh eulil o ghilac mo ghulbein,
 'S aluinn mo chruiteach, 's mo ghlagan,
 Stalleadh mo dha buinn air stalbean.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Gur e mise cruit nan enocan,
 Sann mo leadain air gach bacan,
 'S mo chearc fein gan' bheus air stocan,
 'S glan ar glocan air gach stacan.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogadh,
 'S mo chom tur uile lan beadruidh,
 Tein-cibhinn an uched air fadadh,
 'S mi air fad an damhs' air leagail.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
 'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
 Sann orm fein a bhiodh am frogan,
 Ceol ga thogail, 's bron ga leagail.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na colle,
 Le'n organaibh ordail mar rinn,
 'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coillech,
 'S binn fead-ghuil air gheugaibh baraich.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'S mis an t-eunan beag le m'headan,
 Am madainn dhriuchd am barr gach badain,
 Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gu' spreudan,
 'S ionnmuinn m'headag feadh gach lagain.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid deoch-slainte na h-armailt,
 Dh-cirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
 Na fir ghasda dheanadh scarr-bhuain
 Air feoil 's enaimhean nan dearg chot.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Olamaid fhuichadh ar slugain,
 'S cuireamaid mu'n enairt lan nogain,
 'Slainte Sheumais suas le suigeart,
 Tosta Thearlaich sios le sogan.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint' an teaghlach rloghail lubheich
 Olamaid gu suundach, geannail,
 'S nigheamaid ar sgornalu ghlonalech
 Le dram milla, suilleach, ghlaneach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid sios feadh ar ulonateh
 Tosta nan curaidhean clannach,
 Nan colg gasda, sgalteach, biorach,
 'S ro mhór agil air comhrag lannach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

O tha mi teannadh gu eir-thir,
 Ullateam m'acair gu cala,
 Tosta Mhulleirt ceann nan Seifeach,
 'S an t-slaist eil' m' trlath nan Garrach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lionaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
 Slainte Raonull oig o's deus i,
 Sguiribh dh'amhare thugaibh as i,
 Slabaibh leibh i as a teas i.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Strac suas a ghlaime chendua,
 Cuirmhicheamaid slaint an t-Steiblitich
 Ridir og gasda na cireadh,
 Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaist Iarl Antrum a' tosta prisell,
 'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlannuibh Millidh,
 Thu mo shile bathadh m'intaiddh
 Chlonn gu'm beil mo bheul lan misleinn.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
 Slainte Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
 Iaoch treun a dh'eireadh sgairtall,
 Chuir retreat air bheistean Shasuinn.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
 Learganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,
 Laochraidh sgalbhach cheann, a's leasraidh,
 Na suinn sheasmhach, shundach, mhaiseach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
 'S cruidh ruisgte nan duinn gu slaiscadh ?
 Anns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
 Le lu-chleasan bhualadh shaisean.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Greasam gu fuid gun stopadh,
 Ach cha mhinann leam a lili bacach,
 Puirt chiuil na smeoraich dosaich,
 Tostam fìor sheobhae na Ceapaich.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
 O chothann nan bradan carrach
 Bheireadh air bocanaibh pilleadh,
 Cha bu ghiorneach ind air bealach.
Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamnid mu'n cuairt gu tollach,
Slainte Mhic Dhuighail o'n Bharrach,
Cridhe rìoghall, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhroilleach shìos am fulach.

Holath o triag, &c.

Chulmhieham Iain Clar a Lathuirn,
Aig nach robh an stoidhle cumlaun,
Ghoibh e muirn, a's cuil flathach,
A's cuithreach drats mar na cubhaidh.

Holath o triag, &c.

Clod am fath dhanbh bhì gu'r tagradh?
'S nach urr' iad dhìor rinn chluigean,
Sgùiribh de'r boillech 's de'r splanain,
'N rud tha againn, 's Dia thug dhuinne.

Holath o triag, &c.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*O hi-ri-ri thu e tighinn,
O hi-ri-ri, 'n rìgh thu uainn,
Gheibheamaid'ar n'airm 's ar n'eideadh
'S breacan-an-fhèilidh an cuaich!*

'S RIBHINN leam fhìdh tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhìlighich tha uainn,
Sìos mor rìoghall d'an tig armachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shallo,
Tha 'm fear ard a's nìlle snuadh,
Marcalcho sunndach nan steud-cach,
Rachadh gu h-eutrom san ruaig.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Sambullt an fhaollich a choitas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-oruaidh,
Lann thana 'na 'laidh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air cluainn.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Torman do phioba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bras san t-sluagh,
Dheireadh ar n-ardan 's ar n-aigne,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig!

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Tairneannach a dhombh 's a channain,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagrach dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh 's mhac-tall ar cluas!

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

Gur maing d'an eideadh san la sin,
Cota granda 'n mhadar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhuibh a's coc-ard innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chal ro'n chruaidh.

O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE.

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,
Thug o-ho-ro 'n aill leibh,
Thug ho-o, laill ho-o,
Seinn o-ho-ro 'n aill leibh.*

MOON 'sa mhadainn 's mi dusgadh,
'S mor mo shunnid 's mo cheol-gaire;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thig'n do dhuthalach Chlann-Ra'ill.

Thug ho-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thig'n do dhuthalach Chlann-Ra'ill;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Sìan gu'm pill thusa Thearlach.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Sìan gu'm pill thusa Thearlach;
'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Ann a ghruidh is mor nair.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhoir-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Ann a ghruidh is mor nair;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.

Thug ho-o, &c.

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur;
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithid,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n aise.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithid,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n aise;
'S na 'n caracht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n caracht' a crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean;
'S bhiodh Loch-Iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-Iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gael;
A's Clann-Domhnuill a chruaidh,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.

Thug ho-o, &c.

A's Clann-Domhnuill a chruaidh,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd chotalchean madair.

Thug ho-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-stri,
Ri luchd eòtachlean madair ;
Sud a chuldeachd bhiodh foirmell,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-ard orr'.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Sud a chuldeachd bhiodh foirmell,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-ard orr' ;
'S bhiodh am feileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgarlaid.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am feileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgarlaid ;
Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spalanteach.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhurachd,
Bhiodh an diuc air dhroch caradh.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhurachd,
Bhiodh an diuc air dhroch caradh ;
Gu 'm biodh buidsear na feola,
Agus corrach m'a bhraghad !
Thug ho-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh buidsear na feola,
Agus corrach m'a bhraghad ;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slàn gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slàn gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.
Thug ho-o, &c.

FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUINNEAG.

*H-eitirin airinn uirinn oih-h-o-ro,
H-eitirin airinn h-o-ro.*

FAILT' ort fein a mhor-thir bhoidheach,
Anns an og-mhios bhealltainn.
H-eitirin, &c.

Grian-thir or-bhuidh, 's uaine cota,
'S frolmidh ros ri h-alitsibh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Le biadh 's le dibh a' cuir thairis,
Cha teid Earrach teann orr.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S lannach, lurach, slios a tulnadh,
'S duilleach 'nullach ehrann lant.
H-eitirin, &c.

A choill gu h-uile fo lan-duilleach,
'S i na culaidh-bainnse.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S bainneach, bailleach, braonach glacach,
Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.
H-eitirin, &c.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
Na do bhaile Geamhraidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
Seile ghlas nan samhnan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra-gheal,
'S airgeadach-cuir lann orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
Gun dad conais dranndain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seiroeach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,
Saor o bhraid, 's o anntlachd.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S aluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
'S eibhinn dath a gleanntan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tamh mu fireach,
Eilid bhiorach, 's mang aic.
H-eitirin, &c.

Boc air daradh timcheall daraig,
'N deigh a leannain cheann-deirg.
H-eitirin, &c.

Searrach bhùtin anns an ruicil,
'S e sior chruiteil dhamsaidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadradh,
Anns na creagan teann air.
H-eitirin, &c.

Coilich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
Anns an doire ehranntail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Cnothach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,
Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
A fuinn inhaoinneach, leamhnach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S eubhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
Ris a bhruthainn ann-teas.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,
An tìr fhaoilidh sheannusail.

H-eitirin, &c.

Orian ag eiridh 'goradh sleibhe,
'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.

H-eitirin, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
'S mìl ga bunail le drannadan.

H-eitirin, &c.

Breac le sulas leum a bhuinne,
Ruidh nan cuileng greannar.

H-eitirin, &c.

Barr gach tolmair fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
Air gach borrachan alltain.

H-eitirin, &c.

Lusan eubhraidh maeh a' bruchdadh,
'S cuid diabh eul-ghorm bainn-dearg.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S ceolar, eibhinn, barr gach geige,
'S an eòin fein a damhs' orr'.

H-eitirin, &c.

Croth air dair am barr an fhasaich,
'N fheoir nach d'fhas gu orainntidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraich,
'S te le onach gan teann-ruith.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaille 's t-samhradh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S omhnach, uachdrach, blathach, onuachdach,
Lou nam buachaill annta.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S imeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,
An imirich shubhach, shlambach.

H-eitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far oomhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.

H-eitirin, &c.

I ORRAM CUAIN.

Gur neo-aidheil turas faoilich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tabhachdach.

*Tha m' fhearann saibhir ho-a ho,
Ho-ri hi-ro na b' aile leat mi :
Tha m' fhearann saibhir ho-a ho.*

An fhairge molach, bronnach, torrach,
Globhach, corrach, rapaluch.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S ornaidh ri stiùireadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail charsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a chulain cha b' e 'n sugradh,
'S e ri buiroin bachdanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An culanach fein cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus a an ardain air.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlu n deighe cheile,
Agus geumnaich dair 'orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhairge phalteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oirr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S maing a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-shneachd strachd orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gun aon chala sabhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Dubh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghealach,
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gnoth a' seicdeadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“ Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, basanach.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“ Cum ceann caol a fiodha dìreach,
Ri muir diolain, dasunnach.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-samh 's bu ghabhaidh sin.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croin a's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghnìomh dhaoine caileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan rìghne,
Is bu ghrinn an alach iad.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' oohdnar, theoma, throma,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan staplainneach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Heig air chnagaibh, hug air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-abhranaibh !
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a mosgadh suas a chelle,
'S masgadh treun air sail aca.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sginean Lochdrach ramh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bhoc air bhuirinnean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' trasgadh suas na dile,
Le neart fìor-gharg ghairdeanan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's maronachd-shine,
'S stoirn nan sion, da 'n sarachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lasraichean srath theine-shiunnachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chailleachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an leintean,
" Hug a's theid 'da ramh' aca."'
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Ann an cleith ramh braghada.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da reir sin,
A ri ! bu treun a thairneadh e.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spalagan.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chleith aca'
Busladh speicean tabhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'N glachdaibh Iarnaigh ard-thonnach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbinean da'n sarachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mine, 's duir da'n sineadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnainean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnadh shuas ma toiseach,
Chuip-ghéal, choip-ghéal, ghair-bheuchdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sguradh saoidh ri buirein,
Le sìor dhurachd sar iomaraidh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraidh chuirneineach ri duirdail,
Shìos bha stiur a fìgnil ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn rasanach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fir lughmhor an deigh an rusgaidh,
A' cur smuld dheth an aluichean.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaoild cha mhilticheadh a mìseach,
Na fir sgìbidh thabhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eogall, *Neptun* ceigeach,
Rì sìor sgrèadail—" bathar sibh !"
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fhad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuain a stracadh orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Ghuidh an sgioba gear na dullin,
'S fhuair an urnaigh grafadh dhaibh.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smaochdaich *Aeolus* na speuran,
'S a bhulig sheidibh ard-ghaathach.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gun d' rinn *Neptun* fairge lomadh,
Mar bhìodh glaine sgathain ann.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgaoil na neoil bha tonn-ghorm ciar-dhubh,
'S shòllaich grian mar b' abhaist dh'i.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlaic iad cala sabhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh,
'S rinn iad eadal samhach orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, &c.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUNNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;
Cailin deas donn a cruidh,
Cuachag an fhasaich.*

A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chis mi ;
'S math thig lamhainnean sìoda,
Air do mhìn-bhasan bans.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,
An am bhi bleothan na spreidhe ;
N'ah smeorach na' cheitein,
Am barr geig an am fua-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,
A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;
Thaladh eumaidh gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mharain.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach :
A sheinn an cailin donn miogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' airneann.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ge b' fhonnar an fhiodhall,
'S a teudan an rithidh ;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol nighin na h-airidh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an gruaidhean na finne',
Beul min mar an t-shirist,
O'm millis thig gaire.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite, cruinn, mar na dìsean ;
Gur h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan smideach,
'S ro mhìog-shulleach fàite.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann am madainn chiùin cheitein,
Na gathannan greine,
Thig bho teud-ghul cas, fainneach.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
A' bleothann cruidh ghuaillinn ;
A' toirt torroman air cuachsaig,
S' bothar fhuaim aig a claraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,
Ga ohrathadh mu cluasan ;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachrach,
An taigh buaile, an gloann fasaich.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal g... boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-omar,
A' dhath fein air gach seorsa,
Chite dortadh tre braghad.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Da mhaoth-bhois bu ghriinne,
Fo 'n da ghairdein bu ghile ;
'N uair a shint iad gu h-innealt',
Gu sincaan cruidh fhasgadh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadrath,
Teachd do'n bhuaile mu ead-thra,
Seamh sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghreasaid an ail aic'.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glaic gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
A' steallach balinn' an cuasich bleothainn ;
A' seinn luinnegan seadhach,
An gobhal na biaraig.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's currusan na buaile ;
B'ao-coitach do ghluasad
Ri guang na sraide.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

O R A N .

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAN AM PRIONNS' AGUS NA
GAEIL.

AIR FÓN — " Good night an' joy be wi' you a'."

AM PRIONNSA.

MILÈ marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
'S carach baoghaisach a dhail ;
Cuibhl' an fhortain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chach ;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgaileadh,
Air feadh gleann, a's fhraoch-beann ard ;
Ach teanailidh sinn fos ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu biar.

Misneach mhath a mhuinntir ghaolach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnaan cas ;
Cuiribh dochus daingheann, faoilteach,
Ann' an aon Tìni dhuin sta :
'S buanaichibh gu rìgheil, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, bla ;
'S bh'bh dìleas do chach a cheile,
'S duinear suas ar creuchdan baia.

Ach 's feadar dhomhs' a nis bhi falbh uaibh,
A Ghaelibh calma mo ghraidh ;
Bu mhor m' earbas' as ar fonadh,
Ge do bh' f' honadh dhuinn 's an ar,
'S iomadh ana-cothrom a choinnich
Sinn, 's an-choinnidh bha gun agh ;
Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chad dhibh,
Uine bheag : ach thig mi trath.

Leasaichidh mi fos ar callas,
Churaidhean gun fheall, gun sgath ;
A dhilè dhliodhach, rìgheil, threuna,
A dheanadh euchd ri uchd nam biar ;
'S cinna's coluinn chair o cheile,
Sinn', 's sibh-fein a sgaradh fas ;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,
'S cuiream fein r' ar creuchdan plasd.

NA GAEL.

A Mhoiro sinn th' air ar ceusadh!
Air dhl-caille, sin gun chiall;
Teurlach Stuibhart Mac rìgh Seumas,
A bhì na eigin anns gach cas;
Gur h-e sin a rinn ar leireadh,
Gur h-e 's fèudar dha gu'm fag;
Sinn na dheigh gun airm, gun cideadh,
Falbh 'n ainm Dhe; ach thig a ghràidh.

Ar mìle beannachd na d' dheigh,
'S Dia do d' ghleigheadh anns gach ait';
Muir a's tir a bhì cho reidh dhut;
M' urraigh gheur leat fein os aird;
'S go do gear m'ò-fhortun deurach
Sinn o cheile, 's ceum ro'n bhas;
Ach sraidh leat a mhìe rìgh Seumas,
Shugh mo cheille thig guu chaid.

Chaill sinn ar stuir, 's ar buill-bheàrte;
Thugadh uinn ar n-acair-bais;
Chaill sin ar compaisid 's ar cairtean,
Ar reull-iuil 's ar beachd gach la;
Tha ar cuir gun chinn, gun chiasan,
Sinn marr charcaisich gun stath;
Ach gabh thus' a ghràidh do t-astar,
Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu leir le Clann-Domhlanuill,
Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chas,
Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr-thìr,
Lean sibh deonach, rium gach tra;
'S iomadh beinn, a's muir, a's mointeach,
A shiubhail sin air chorsa bais;
Ach theasraig Dia sinn air fuar-foirneart,
Nan cean srou-ghaath 'bha ri 'r sail.

Sibh a rinn fo-laimh na Trianaid,
Mìs' a dhion o mhi-ruin chaidh;
Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhòr, lionmhòr,
Chuir an lion feadh ghleann a's ard.
A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dilseachd,
'S coir nach di-chuimhnich gu brath;
A bharr, gur sibh is luaithe shin rium,
Toic air tir 's an talamh-ard.

NA GAEL.

Ochan ! ochan ! cruaidh an dearmad,
Bhì 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhas;
B'ì 'n fhoir eibhinneachd, 's am beirteas,
Bhì d' a-t-fhaicinn gach son la;
Bì'dh ar ruisg lan tim a frasadh;
Ar cri lag-chuiseach gun chail,
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
Beannachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O ! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur suilean,
'Chomulinn rursich 'fhuair 'ur cradh,

Bì'dh sibh fas, maolneach, muirneach,
'N 'ur gard dubhalt' ma *Whitehall*,
'Nuair a bhios an reuball lubach,
Ri bog eurban fèadh nan earn,
Gu 'm bi sibh' an onthream cuirte,
Lasdail, lu-chleasach, lan nìdh.

AM BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

He 'n clo-dubh,
He 'n clo-dubh,
He 'n clo-dubh,
B'fhearr am breacan.

B' FHEARR leam breacan ullach,
Ma m' ghunillean, 's a chuir fo m' nochuis,
Na ged ghe'bhinn cota,
De 'n chlo is fearr thig a Sasuinn.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo laochan feir an t-òdeadh,
A dh-fhounadh an crìes d' a ghlasadh,
Cuaicheannach an eilidh,
Deis eiridh gu dol air astar.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Eilidh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-sarradh gaisgeich;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann; 's bu ghasd' air faich thu
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Fìor chulaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloicell ri uèdh na caismeachd;
'S ciatach 's an *adhbans* thu,
Fo shrantraich nam piob 's nam bratach.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cha mhios anns an dol sìos thu,
'Nuair sgrìobar a duille claiseach;
Fìor earradh na ruaige,
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan!
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fheidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n ghrèin air creachunn;
'S dh-fhalbhainn leat gu lodhar,
Di-domhnaich a dol do'n chlachan.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
'S mar earbaig gu 'm briosgainn grad leat,
Na b' ullamh air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.
He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'N ain collich a bhi dardan,
Air stuan am madainn dealta.
Bu ghasla t-fheum 's a chuis sin,
Seach mutan de thrustar casnig.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phosadh,
'S bharr feirmein cha fhrosainn dealta;
B' i sid n' t-sunnach bhoidheach,
An og-bhean bha moran thachd dh'i.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlaith 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrión-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mi ri frasachd.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Air t-auchdar gur n sgiannach
A laidheadh a sginth air a breacadh;
'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach,
Air fhuaradh os-ceann do phleatan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgail;
'S a dh-aideoin nìsg' a's urchaid,
No tuil-bheum gu 'm biodh air fhasgath,

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath anns an oidhel' thu;
Mo loinn thu riar aodach-leapa;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat fìn thu,
Is prìseil thig n Glascho.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

S' baganta grinn boidheach,
Air banais a's air mod an brescan;
Suas an eileadh-sgunibe,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fàsdaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath an ia 's an oidhel' thu,
Bha loinn ort am bein 's an oladach,
Bu mhath am fèachd 's an sìth thu;
Cha rìgh am fear a chuir as dut.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolach, so
Faobhar nan Gael tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e geur orr',
Nì 's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn:

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-fhag e iad lan mi-ruin,
Cho nicrasach ri coin acrach;
Cha chuirg deoch an iotadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fìor fhuil Shasuinn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spion sibh an Cri asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sìes a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu brath gus an teid ar tacadh!

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaithe cho cruidh ri ghasan,
'L nainn cha' n fhuadur fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buaineam am fear ud asainn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnath-siubhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid;
An ionad a bli'n duimh ris,
Gun dubhail d'a fear a lasan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
'Thiugh, luaithe, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luntin,
'S na 's buaine na feidh a ghlasraidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nadar,
A bha sin ro an: an acta;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S 'n ur rìghalachd cha teid lagadh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuisl' ar sinnsridh,
'S an innsinn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhileab,
Bhi rìghail.—O! sin ar paidir!

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallachd air gach scorsa,
Nach deonnicheadh fos dol leat-sa,
Co dhiu bhiodh aca comhadach,
No conhruste, lom gu 'n chrìceann.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-og fearragha,
Thar fuirge chaidh uainn air astar;
Durneud blath do dhuthecha,
'S an urnaigh gu lean do phearsa.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le scorsa tapaig,
An donus blar ri bheo-sa,
Nì feoladair tuilleadh tapaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR Fonn—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlach mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,
Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,
N am eubhachd 'bhi marsal,
'S cha b'ann leis a phlaigh ud,
A' tharmaich o 'n mhuaic.
Bheireadh creideamh a's reusan
Oirn eiridh mar b' abhais,
Leis an ailleagan cheutach,

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH.

'Shliochd eifeachdach Bhancho;
Mo ghradh a ghruaidh a luinn,
A dhearsadh orm stuir.
Thu 'g iomachd gu surdail,
Air tus a bhatall,
Cha fhrosainn an driuchda,
'S mi dlu air do shaillean;
Mi sadar an talamh
'S an t-adhar a seoladh,
Air iteig le aighear,
Mìsg-chath, agus sholais;
'S caismeachd phìob' mora,
Bras-shroiceadh am puirt.

O 'n eib'luinneachd ghlormhor,
An t-solais a b' airde!
G' ar lionadh do spionnadh,
Air sl'neinibh Thearlach,
Gu 'u calcadh tu ardan
An cailleadh ar cuirp;
Do lathaireachd mhòr chuireach,
Dh-fhogradh gach fàillinn,
Gu'n tiuntadh tu feodar
Gach feola gu stailinn,
'Nuair sheal'maid gu sunndach,
Air fàhra do ruig.
Gu gnais torrach de chruadal,
De dh' uaisle, 's de naire,
Nach tairfheadh fuathas,
Ro' luaidhe do namhaid;
'S mar deannadh fir Shasuinn
Do mhealladh, 's do threigsinn,
Bhiodh an crun air a spalpadh,
Le d' thapadh air Seurlas,
A dh-sindeoin na beist'.
Leis an d' erich na huile.

Gu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam torman
Na 'n orghanan a luinn,
'S tein'-eibhinn a lasadh
Gu bras gheal air sraidibh!
'S na croisibh ri h ard-g' oir,
Mhoir Thearlaich ar Prionus!
Gach uinneag le foineal
A' bheagadh le dearsadh,
Le solas an coilleann,
'S deas mhaighdeann d'an smaladh;
'S gach ni mar a b' araldh,
'G cuir failt' air le puimp!
Na canoin ri buirich,
'S iad a' sturadh an fhàillidh,
A' cuir crith air gach duthaich!
Le muiseg nan Gael;
Agus sinne gu lu'-chleasach,
Muirneach lan ardain,
Am marsail gu miuinte,
Ard-shundach m' a shaillean—
'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
Tri chairteil a phuinnt!

MO BHOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FOKN—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro mo bhobug an dram,
Ho ri mo bhobug an dram,
Ho ro mo bhobug an dram,
'S e chuireadh an sodan na m' cheann**

FHEARANH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhord,
Le 'r glaineachean oridheil n-'ar dorn,
Na leanamaid ruidhinn air ol,
Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bol.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,
'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;
Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
Am marsal le ciogait tro' m' chliabh.
Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri sodainn nan ruag,
Gun olamaid sgaille dhlòt gu luath,
Ma sguidsemaid slacain a truail'.
Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhagadh sinn tapaidh san toir,
'N am tarruinn nan glas-lann ri sroin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slogh,
'S a truail, bheirt a mach claidhe mor.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ur,
Cha phog mi gu dilinn thu 'n cuil;
Ach phogainn, a's d'heodhlainn thu ruin,
Nuair thig thu 's Jacobus na d' ghuais:
Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Ainm Sheumais a chuir air do cheann;
'S e thogadh an sogan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhagadh gu blasda mo dhram.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid teine beag shios,
Na lasraichean oiuin a ni grios,
A gharas ar claiseann 's ar cri',
'Sa dh-fhogras ar n'airteal, 's ar sgios.
Ho ro mo, &c.

* The above chorus is not by Macdonald — it belongs to an old Ulster song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

Cha teld m' n taigh-od' tha sud thall,
Cha'n fhic an sineabhar a th' ann,
Ge d' olainn am buideal le erann,
Gu'n giulan mo cholainn mo cheann.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Thuir cailleadh cho libeas' sa bh' ann.
'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dram:—
'O! tairribh 'u casan a chliann,
'S bheir mise mo char air an damh'.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaineag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn ;
Ged rinnadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,
Gur mor tha do cheanal na d' chom.
Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phog,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shroin
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tuis agus mire na h-Eorp.
Ho ro mo, &c.

O aisig a ghlaire do phog!
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidh gu ceol;
An ioc-shlainte bheannaichte choir,
A leasaicheas onamhan a's feoil !
Ho ro mo, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO PHRATA CALUMAN, A MHAIBHDH LE ABHAG.

'S tursach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chach gha d' chaidh,
Ma bhas an fhir bu leanabail' tuar,
'S do mheanbh ga chaidh.
'S oil leam bas a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnas,
A thuiteam le madadh d'a 'm beus,
Doran nan carn.
'S tu 's truagh linn de bhas nan ian ;
Mo chradh nach beo.
Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bu mheirbh do threoir ;
B' fheumail' do Noah na cach,
'N am bharcadh nan stuidh,
Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' a,
'Nuair thraigh an cuan ;
A dh' idreachtainn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,
Litir gach fear ;
Dughall is Colum gu'n chuir
Deach Noah thar lear ;
Ach chaidh Dughall air seacharan cuain,
'S cha do phill e riamh ;
Ach phill Colum le iteagach luath,
'S a fhreagra na bhial.
Air thus, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn
An seasadh e ann,
Gus do thiormaich dile nan tonn,
Thar mullach nam beann ;
'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glie,
Gu 'n thiormaich a bhail,
'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair na'n
Agus fuasgladh na 'n airc, [teire,
Le neart a' spuille do nead,
Ge do thigte dha d' shlad ;
Bhiodh do chaisleal fo bhearradh nan creag,
Ann an dainghnichibh rag ;
Bha do mhodh siolach air leath bho chach,
'Cha togradh tu suas,

Ach a du'raghail an t-uid' ghradh,
'S a cuir cagar 'n a cluais.
Cha do chuir thu duil ann airgead no spreann,
No feisd am biodh sugh,
Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sil le d' bheul ;
'S ag ol a bhuirn ;
Aodach, no anart, sioda, no srol,
Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm buth ;
Bhiodh t-eideadh de mhin-iteacha gorm,
Air nach druidheadh an driuohd ;
Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud.
A ghuidh nan dul ;
Gigheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am pein
O chaidh tu 'null,
Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart
Bhi comhdach do chre,
Fo lio anns an uir,
Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu leir,
Ach do thuitean le cu.

Note.—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

MOLADH

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Ge beag ort's an Caim-beulach dubh,
Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh ;
Biodh e dubh no geal no gris-fhionn,
Gradh mo chris' an Caim-beulach dubh.
Ge h-ainnisgeach air an t-seors' thu,
Na 'm b' sithne dhomsa do phors ;
Chuirinn moran fios do 'n de-thair,
'N an dubh dhlointibh fhossach, tigh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chruth,
A fhuair oilheim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
Do 'n dream oirdheire 's foirmeile fuil ;
'S duilich 'olg a chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.
'S tric le madraidh bhi ri dealunn,
An oidhche reot' ris a' ghealach ;
'B ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaidh,
Air cliu geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cia mar fhuair thu dh' sodann no ghnuis,
Caineadh uasail gun mhodh, gun thus ?
Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinnich a lus ;
Ma t-air bhacach taodam thu bhruc.
Sgiursaidh mi gu gu 'm bi thu marbh thu ;
Cha bhi ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut ;
A rag-mheirlich, bhadaich' a gharbllaich,
'S ioma gharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d'
chuic.

Do'n t-sìol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh ;
 Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n oirce dubh,
 Ach por prìseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cur,
 Feadh gaoh rìoghachd air tìr, 's air muir.
 Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
 Cìod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad ;
 Cursaidh ullamh, 's cuireideach fuil ?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
 Cruaidh 'g a feachainn air beulamh trup ;
 S' math 's is gleust' iad gu bualadh phuic,
 'N am retreata dh' eibheach le stuir.
 Cha " bhreac breun-loin " idir Cailean,
 Ach do dh' fhion-fhuil ard Mhìc-Cailein ;
 Teughlach uiseil Iarla-Bhealaich ;
 'S buadhach caithream ri uèhd an truid!

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
 Ma t-aoir chiotach, mhiosguinnich churt ;
 Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuir,
 B'ìdh a bhìodag rìdeadh do chuirp.
 Ciaigean gun eanachainn, gun mheadrach,
 Sa faodadh na h-ìolairan neadach ;
 Cia mar fhuair thu ghuais do sgiodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt ?

Eisg bhoehd, chearbalech, seargaidh mi tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a muigh ;
 Asad dh' earbinn " cealgairachd cruidh. "
 Cha fhìor-ragair ge d' bhìodh fearg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin an t-searbhag ;
 Ach og faighiùneach gun earra-gh'oir ;
 Lan do dh' fearra-ghnìomh, dhearb e le
 ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh' a guth ;
 Crag a chobhair gu magradh gruth ;
 Leobas odhar a ghlaimeadh suth,
 Deis dh' a leaghadh, 's e ruidh na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sabaid
 Ach fìor leughann stolda, staidèil,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran prabach ;
 Ach fìor ghaiseach, 's am blar 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuib,
 Losgadh peircill, corradh, a's cuip
 Air son ascaoin chealgach do bhuis ;
 B' f'hearr gu 'm bithinn-sa fagasg dhut.
 Ge do bhìodh tu caineadh ghael,
 Anns gach sìorramachd a dh' airinn,
 Seachainn muinntir Earra-ghael,
 'S gun a Cheolraidh fabharach dhut.

'S maing a dh' eireadh ri sìol an tuìro,
 Gasraidh ghleusa na nach earadh cluich ;
 Cha bu bheus dhaibh bhì ris a mhurt,
 Ach cath treun, a's cothrom r' an uèhd'.
 Ge beag ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeanntach ullach,
 Eadar Asainn, 's Cluaigh nan luath-long,
 A 's trom luagh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seoca, 's ro bheochail cur,
 An ceann ro-bhinn nam bachalag dubh ;
 Cha b' i " frog-shuili, rogair' a ohruidh ; "
 Fìor fhiamh seoid air cor ann an sult.
 'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad " peirceall caol riut ; "
 Cha b' ionann as sligens-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p**-lae'igh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spenraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh eisgeadh,
 Tuitidh tusa mar a bheisteach,
 'N a t-ionad fein am buachar mairt.
 Thu sa bhreinen, magaran cao ;
 E-san ghle-ghlan lomlan do thlachd ;
 Thus a dhoistinn 's muig ort air at,
 Mar bu bheus do dhoran no chat.

Aodann craineig fharr-aodann tuire ;
 Com a chnaimh-fhi'ch, 's nadur na muic ;
 Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's failleadh a bhruic ;
 Spagan clarach ; sailean nan cusp'.
 De dh' oirlichean aoiridh bardail,
 Toiseam o d' bhuthais, gu d' shail thu ;
 'S feannam do leathar a thraill dhìot,
 Chìoun gu'n chain' thu'n Caim-beulach
 dubh

Cha 'n fhear sgipi thus' ach fìor ghlug ;
 'S beairt gun teagamh b'ìdh tu fo bhruid ;
 T-iasag failidh, t-fhalt, a's do ruig ;
 Tuitidh t-fhiaclan 's falbhaidh do thuigs'.
 'S coltach nach b' aithne dhut mise,
 'Nuair a bhà mi so gun fhios dut ;
 Na' 'm b' col, cha ghlacadh tu mhìsneach,
 Roine riobadh as an fhear dhubh.

Note.—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter and stole some cows from M'Lean of Lochbuy, for this M'Lean's *aireach*, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. —When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist — without any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit ; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen :—

" An Caim-beulach dubh a Cinn-talle,
 Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mhic-rìich ;
 Am Braid-Alban fhuair e arach,
 Sìol na ceige 's meirleach a chruidh.
 'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
 'S oitidh, fadhach, amharc an' chruith ;
 'S luchdan ìlth-ghius, dubh cha'n fhìach e ;
 'S fear gu'n mìladh an Caim-beulach dubh !

" Culream tuath e, culream deas e,
 Culream sìar e, culream sear e,
 Culream fìos'gu baird gach fearainn,
 Gus an call e 'n cratacan na shruth. "
 'S obhar, ciar, &c.

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

A'È FONN—"Cubar Feidh."

FAILT' an leoghainn chreuchdaich,
Is cugsanhuil spracalaidh,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheaghruch am brataichean,
'Nuair chruinnicheadh gach dream dhiu,
Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
Bhiodh pronnadh agus calldach,
Air naimhdean a thachradh ribh;
Iad gu h-oidhre air bharr corr-ghleus,
Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,
'S ard an stolm air mhìre-chombhaidh,
'S laim nan dorn ri spealtaircchd,
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
A' gearradh, cheann is chorpunnan;
'S cha sluaigh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
Le'n lann bheireadh fosadh orr.

Duig a leoghainn euchdaich,
'S dean eirigh gu farumach,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-gheal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air;
Tog suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
'S na speuraibh gu caithreaseach,
'S theid mi-fhin cho geire,
'Sa dh'fheadas mi d' arabaig;
Togam suas do mholadh priseil,
'S do cheann righeil farasda,
Cha'n 'eil ceann no corp sanu righeachd,
An cruaidh-ghnìomh thug barrachd crt,
An ceann cruadalach a' sgiabhach
Maicach, fìor-dheas, arranta,
'S tris thug sgairt ri h-uchd an fhuathais,
Ri h-am luchd t-fhuatha taruinn ruit.

Co b'urrainn tair no di-bleachd,
Gu dilinn a bharalacha?
No shamhlachd riut mi-chliu,
A rìgh nan ceann barrasach;
A chreutair ghasda, rimheich,
'S garg fìor-dheas do tharrunnse,
Air brat glan de'n t-sìoda,
Ri min-chrann caol gallanach;
E ri plapraich ri crann-brataich,
A' stailce chas gu h-eangarra;
Is comhlàn ghasda lan do ghaige,
Teannait bras gu leanait ris,
Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnuis dhaite,
Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas;
Bhì'dh sgrìos a's lannadh sìos,
Air luchd mi-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta gleois,
Air an t-seorsa o'n ghineadh tu,
An dream rathail mahor-chuiseach;
Chomhragach, iomairteach;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, or-sgiathach,
Goirseideach, nimhell iad;
Bu domhain farsuinn creuchdach,
Cneidh euohdach am fìrionnach;
Iad gu surdail losg' fudair,
Toirt as smaid bho lasraichean;

Na fir ura, gheala, lughar,
A ghearra smuais a's aineichean;
Lannan du-ghorm, geura, oul-tiugh,
'N glaic nam furan aigeantach,
A' sgotla chorp a sìos gu'n rumpail,
Surt le sumd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, daicheil, cinneadail,
Sliochd nan Collaidh lamh-dhearg,
'S ind lan do dh' ard spiorad annt.
Cho dian ri lassair ohra-dheirg,
'S gaoth Mhairt a' cuir spionnaidh in
Gun mheang, gun mheirg, gun fhaillin,
'Nar oileachd ge d' shìreir sibh;
Na fir chogach theid 's na trodaibh,
Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach;
Nach iarr brosa' ri h-am òsgraidh,
A phronna chorp a's mhìonaichean,
A' sgatha ceann, a's lemh, a's chas, diubh,
Ann san tolt le mire-chath,
Na fir bheurra, threim, fhearrdha,
Gheur, armach, fhineadail!

An cinneadh maisiach, treubhach,
Nan reidh-chuillbheir acuinneach,
Nach diultadh dol air gheus,
Ri h-am feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
Madaidh ri uird ghleusta,
Gu beuma nan sradagan,
A' conas dearg ri cheile,
A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
Lannan du-ghorm doì gan dulan,
A gearra s nìs is aineichean,
Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumnach,
'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Domhnuill tha mi 'g raite,
'N sar chinneadh urramach,
'S tric a fhuair 's na blaraibh,
Air namhaid buaidh iomanach;
Iad fearra, tapuidh, dana,
Cho lan de nimh-ghuineadeach,
Ri nathraichean an t-sleibhe,
Le'n geur-lannaibh fulaughach.
Iad gu sìtheach, gleusta, cos-luath,
Runach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
Cruas na craige, luathas na draige,
Chluinnte fead am buillinnean;
Na fir dhana, lughar, narach,
Fhoinnidh, laidir, urrauda,
Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sleibhe,
No falaisg gheur nam munainean!

A charrraig dhaingheann dhileant,
Nach diobair gu'n scarachd,
Gluis suas gu sporsail righeil,
Ro d' mhìlìnibh gaisgeanda;
'S iad mire geal na cruadhach,
Gun truaile, gun ghaicheadh annt'.

'S bocain a chuir ruaig iad,
Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuilleach.
'S ioma fheasgach cul-bhuil doid-gheal,
Is garbh dorn is slinneinean,
A dh' eireas leat an tus na co'-stri,
A ni comhrag min-bhuailteach,
Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-lusth, crodha,
Saitheach, stroiceach, le'nairteach,
A' dol a sios an am na teughbail,
'S leoghunn beuc air mhire aca.

A leoghuinn bheuceach, ghruamaich,
'Bheil cruadal air tuineacha,
Is tric a dhearbh an cruaidh chuis,
'S na buan ruaigibh cumasgach.
'Nuair a spailpte suas thu,
Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach;
Chite conadh ruaimleach,
'An gruidhean na h-uile fir.
'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do fhleasgach,
'Nuair bhiodh deise taruinn orr,
Cha toir eagal namhaid eag annt,
'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh.
S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teich iad,
'S fiadh nach peasg, de'n darach iad:
S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur namhaid,
'S na blaraibh buaidh-chaitheamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa foirneart,
Gu d' leon o chrich aineolaich,
Coigrioh le run do'-bheirt,
Gu d' choir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot:
'S iomad lan oheann-leach,
'S lainn liobhta 'm boairt dhaingheann ann,
A thairneadh suas ri d' shioda,
Dheth t-fhior-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.
Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnan;
Nach biodh somult dhol air cholluin,
'N am bhi sonnadh chlaigeannan.
Crun-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
Air piob loinneich thartaraich,
A chuireadh anam ann sna mairbh,
A dhol gu fearr-ghileus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Domhnuill dh' eireadh,
Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaibh,
B'i sid a choille cheutach,
A b' eugamhuil 's bu cheannardaich.
'Nuair thairneadh iad ri cheile
Gach treubh dhiu gu fearachail,
'S mairg a spiola feusag
Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
Bhiodh cinn is duirn g' sgathadh dhiubh-san,
Ann an duiseal lannaireachd,
Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri sruladh,
Feadh nan lub 's nan camhanan.
Bhiodh lannan lotach du-ghorm,
Cuir smuidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
Is caoidhrean cruaidh a's ranaich,
'S an araich gu gearanach.

C' ait am beil san righeachd,
Am fear-ghniomh thug barrachd oirbh?

Nam brosnachte chum stri sibh,
A mhilidhnean barraideach;
Na turin sgairteil priseil,
De'n fhior-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh:
D'am b' abhaist a bhi dileas,
'S nach diobradh na ghealadh iad,
Gaodhair chatha theid mar shaighid,
Sios le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
Nach toir atha gun dad athais,
Gus an sgath iad bealach romp;
Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruidh ga crathadh,
'S orra pathadh falanach;
Chluintear fead ar claidhean,
Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mile an Alba,
De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,
Sliochd Ghaeil ghl' a Scotu
Thig deonach m' ar cularaibh.
Gun tig iad le run cruadail,
'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
Ri teanchair ghairg an leoghainn,
'S ri spogaibh dearg fuileachdach.
Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuidh,
Trom fheachd seasmhach cunnbhalach,
De laochraidh dheise, shunnach, threiseil,
Theid neo-leig 's an ionairt sgleo.
Cha'n fhacas riamh na suinn 'nan geiltibh
Dol 'an teas nan cumasgach;
Teichidh iad o'r stroiceadh,
'S o'r srolaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILL RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A BINNEADH DO
SGIOBA BIRLINN THIGHEANNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,
A cheud la do chaidh air sail',
E-fein, 's a threim fhir ga caitheamh,
Treun a chaidh thar mathas chaich;
Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
An iunrais anail nan speur,
Gu'n sguabta garbhach na mara,
G'ar-tarruinn gu cala reidh.
Athair a chruthaich an fhaighe!
'S gach gaoth a sheideas a gach aird,
Beannaich ar caol-bharc 's ar gaisgich,
'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh slan.
A Mhic beannaich fein ar n-achdair
Ar suil, ar beirtein, 's ar stiuir,
'S gach droinip tha crochta r'ar crannaibh,
'S thoir gu cala sin le t-iuil.
Beannaich ar rachdan 's ar slat,
Ar croinn 's ar taothaibh gu leir
Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,
'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh beud.
Au Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiuir,
Seoladh e 'n t-iuil a bhios ceart;
'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghreinn,
Tilgeamaid sinn fein fo bheachd.

Beannuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiohe Dia ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainnteach, gear ghlas,
 'S ar luirichean troma mailleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gorsaid,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-iomlan,
 Th' air ar n-iorchar 's ar orios-guaile;
 Ar boghannan foinealach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lugha ri uchd tuasaid;
 'S na snighdean beithe nach spealgadh,
 Ann am balgan a bhruic ghruamaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga;
 'S ur n-cile gasd ann an cuicichean,
 'S gach trealach cath agus comhraig,
 Tha'm bare Mhic-Dhomhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taisé,
 Gu'n dol air ghaigse le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir buird d'i,
 No bhios carad shuth dh'i fuaighte;
 'M fad 's a shnamhas i fo 'r casan.
 Na dh'fhaineas enag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
 Na meataicheadh gart a chuain sibh;
 Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mothaich an fhaigse sibh dibli,
 Gun islich a h-ardan 'sa beachd,
 'S gar cothacha sgairteil gu'n stricodh i.
 Do cheile comhraig air tìr,
 M' ar faic i thu cinntinn tais,
 'S dach' i bhoghachadh 's an strì,
 No chinntinn idir nì's brais;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhor,
 Coisinnidh le eolg 's le surd,
 'S gun umhlach i dhut fa-dheoigh,
 Mar a dh' ordaich Rìgh nan dul.

Brosnachadh iomraidh gu ionad seolaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubh-dhealbhach,
 An aite seolaidh,
 Sathaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom combnard;
 Ramhan min-lunnacha dealbhach,
 Socair, eutrom,
 A ni 'n t-iomradh toirteil, calma,
 Bos-luath, caoir-gheal;
 Chuireas an fhaigse 'na sradaibh,
 Suas 's 'na'n speuraibh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras eibhlean;
 Le buillean gailbheacha, tarbhach,
 Nan cleth troma,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadh,
 Le sgìonan nan ramh geal, tan,)
 Bual a cholluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,
 Gharbhlach, thomach.
 O! sinibh 's tairribh, agus lubaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh!
 Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiubhsaich,
 Le lus ghlaic-gheal.

Na fuirbinean troma, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoirdeanaibh dcideach, feitheach,
 Gaoineach, cunachdach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le cheile,
 Fo aon ghluasad,
 A gathan liath-reamhar, reitlie,
 Fo bharr stuadhan;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tus cleithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr;
 Iorram dhuigseas an speurad,
 Ann sna guaillean;
 'Sp' rras a Bhirlinn le seitrich,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann;
 Sgoltadh na bochd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le saimh chruaidh-chruim,
 Dh-iomaineas beanntaincan beisdeil,
 Ro da ghualainn.
 Hugan! air euan, nullan gaireach,
 Heig air chnagaibh!
 Farum le bras-ghaoir na bairlìnn,
 Ris na maidibh;
 Raimh gam pìnnadh, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos gach fuirbi;
 Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,
 'S cop gheal iomradh,
 'Chreannaicheas gach bord dheth darach,
 Bigh a's iarann;
 'S lannan gam tilgeil le staplainn,
 Chnap ri slaisaid;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugharra, daicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bharo le giubhsaich,
 'N nodann aibheis,
 Nach piller le frìogh nan tonn du-ghorm,
 Le lughs ghairdein;
 Sud an sgioba neartmhor, shurdail,
 Air chul alaich,
 Phronnas na cuairteagan cul-ghlas,
 Le roinn ramhachd,
 Gun sgìos gun airneal gun lubadh
 Ri h-uchd gabhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deug,
 suidhe air na raimh, a chum a h-iomradh,
 fo'n ghaoith gu ionad seolaidh, do ghlaodh
 CALUM GARRH, MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN,
 Iorram oirre, 's e air zamh-braghad, agus
 's i so i:—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur coltach dhuibh bhi 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra daicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sail-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas cnamhan a's feithean,
 Dh-fhagas soilleir a ceumannan alaich.
 Dh-fhagas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun eislein,
 Bi garbh bhrosnacha cheile,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a braghad.
 Iorram gleust, &c.

Cogull ramh air na bacaibh,
 Leois, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
 'S raimh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean ard-
 'S raimh, &c. [thonn.]

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leob chraicinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrupa gu lar dhibhr.
 Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinibh, tairnnaibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhais,
 'S diannaibh uighe tro shruthaibh an t-saile.
 'S deannaibh, &c.

Cliaih ramh air gach taobh dh'i,
 Masgadh fairge le soothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bairlinn.
 Dol, na still, &c.

Iomraibh co'-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh boc-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Obair shunndach gun eislein gun fhardal.
 Obair shunndach, &c.

Buaibh co-thromach trein i,
 Sealltainn trio air a cheile,
 Duisgibh spiorad 'n-ar feithean gu laidir!
 Duisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
 Ris na fadh-ghleannaibh bronnach
 'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach barlainn.
 'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge ghlas thomnach,
 Ag at 'na garb mhothar lonnach,
 S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa gharaich.
 'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.

A ghlas-fhairge sior chopadh,
 A steach mu da ghualainn thoisich,
 Sruth ag osnaich, a' sloistreadh a h-carr-linn.
 Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Sinibh, tairrnibh, a's lubaibh,
 Na gathain mhin-lunnach chul-dearg,
 Le iumaircibh smuis 'ur garbh ghairdean.
 Le iumaircibh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' ud,
 Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,
 'S togaibh siuil ri bho Uidhist nan ora-ghiadh.
 'S togaibh siuil, &c.

Dh-ìomair iad 'an sin gu ionaid scolaidh.

An sin thar iad na seoil sbithe,
 Gu fìor ghasda,

'Shaor iad na sia-raimh-dheug,
 A' steach tro' bacoibh,
 Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a shiasaid,
 Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
 Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-usaislean,
 Sar-sgiobairean cuain a bhì aca,
 Nach gabhadh eagal ro fhuathas,
 No gne thuairgneadh a shachradh.

*Dh-ordaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na, h-
 uile duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghràm' aratdh
 fein 's na cho-tòry sin ghlaodhadh ri fear
 na stiurach suidh air stiuir anna na briath-
 raibh so:—*

Suitheadh air stiuir trom laoch leathunn,
 Neartar, fuasgailt',
 Nach tilg bun no barr na sumaid,
 Fairge bhuaithe;
 Claireanach taiceil, lan spiuinnaidh,
 Plocach, masach,
 Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
 Furachail, lan naistinn;
 Bunnaidh outromach,
 Garbh, socair, seolta, lugh'er;
 Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
 Rih-uchd tuilinn;
 'Nuair a chluinn e 'n fhairge ghiobach,
 Teachd le buirein,
 Chumas a ceann caol gu sgibidh,
 Ris na sughaibh;
 Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
 Gun dad luasagain,
 Sgod a's oluas ga rian le amharc,
 Suil air fuaradh;
 Nach caill aon oirleach na h-ordaig,
 Deth cheart chursa;
 'Dh-aingoin barr sumadain mara,
 Teard le surdaig;
 Theid air fuaradh leatha cho daingheann,
 Mas a h-eigin,
 Nach bi lann, no reang 'na darach,
 Nach toir eibh asd;
 Nach taisich a's nach teid 'na bhreislich,
 Dh-aingoin fuathais,
 Ge do dh-atadh a mhuir cheanna-ghlas
 Suas gu chluasaibh;
 Nach b'urrainn am fuiribi chreannachadh,
 No ghluasad,
 O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
 'S ailm 'na asguil,
 Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
 'S gleann-ghaoir asaoain,
 Nach crithnich le fuaradh cluaise,
 An taod-aoire,
 Leigeas leath ruith a's gabhail,
 'S lan a h-aodaich;
 Cheanglas a gabhail cho daingheann,
 'M barr gach tuinne,
 Falbh dìreach 'na still gu cala,
 'N aird gach buinne.

Dh-ordaicheadh a mach fear-beairte.

Suidheadh toirtearlach garbh dhoideach,
 'An glaic beairte,

A bhios staidell lan do churam,
 Gruimear, glac-mhor;
 Leigeas cudthrom air ceann slaithe,
 Rì h-am cruaidhich,
 Dh-fhaothaicheas air crann 's air acuinn,
 Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh;
 Thuigeas a ghaoth mar a thig i,
 Do reir seolaidh,
 Fhreagras min le fearas beairte,
 Beum an sgoid-fhir :—
 'Sior chuidenachadh leis an acuinn,
 Mar fuitnich buill bheairte
 Reamhar ghaoste.

Chuireadh air leth fear-agoide.

Suitheadh feas sgoid' air an tota
 Gaoirdean laidir,
 Nan righinin gaoisneach, feithenach,
 Reamhar, cnambuch;
 Cragan tiughn, leathunn, clianach,
 Meur gharb chrocaich :
 Mach's a steall an sgoid a leigeas,
 Le neart sgrobaidh;
 'An am cruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
 Gaoth ma sheileas,
 'S 'nuair a ni an oiteag lagadh,
 Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-ordaicheadh air leth fear-clwaise.

Suitheadh fear cràpara, taiceil,
 Gasda, cuanda,
 Laimhsichean a chluas neo-lapach,
 Air a fuaradh;
 Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
 A chum gach urracaig,
 A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.
 No barr urchaid;
 'S ma oh e 'n iunnrais a 'g eiridh,
 Teachd le h-osnaich,
 Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
 Sìos gu stoc i.

Dh-ordaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iuil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhuinn eolas seasmhach,
 Cala a choisneas;
 Sealladh e 'n ceithir airdean,
 Cian an adhair,
 'S innseadh e do dh-fhear na stiurach,
 'S math a gabhail.
 Glacadh e comharadh tire,
 Le sar-shul-bheachd,
 'O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach side,
 'S reull-iuil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tairrne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tairrne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Snaomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
 Foinnidh, solta;

Duine eoramach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamh gruamach;
 A bheir naip a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
 Gluanda, lusineach;
 Laithes le spoghannan troma,
 Treun' air tarruinn;
 Air cudthrom a dhoid a' eomadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich;
 Nach ceangall le spargaid mu'n urracaig,
 An taod-frithir;
 Ach gabhail uime gu daingheann seolta,
 Le lub-rithe;
 Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-aisadh,
 I chuir stad air,
 Los i ruith 'na still le oronan,
 Bharr na onaise.

Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan, 's an fhairge air cinntinn tuilleadh a's molach, agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :—

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Lamh ri m' chluais-sa,
 'S cumadh e a shuil gu biorach,
 'An cridh an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,
 Fiamhach seicr,
 'S clia mhath leam e bhi air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riochdall;
 Biodh e furachair 'nuair chi e,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubbh bhios an soirbheas
 Na deireadh no na toiseach;
 'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhoghladh,
 Ma ni e gne chunnairt fhaicinn,
 Nach bi tostach,
 'S ma chi e eoltas muir bhaite,
 'Teachd le nuallan,
 A sgairteas cruaidh :—“ ceann caol a fiodha,
 Chumail luath ris.”
 Biodh e ard labhrach, ceillidh,
 'G-eubhach “ bairlinn;”
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiurach,
 Ma chi gabha.”
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san;
 Cuiridh giamhag, briot; a's gusgul,
 Neach 'na bhreislich.

Dh-ordaicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san fhairg' a' barcadh air am muin rompa 's non deigh.

Freasdladh air leabaidh na taoime,
 Laoch bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fannaich gu brath 's nach tioraich,
 Le gair chuaintean;
 Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fuschd, sail' no clach-mheallain
 Leomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu huineal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh;
 Le crumpa mor cruinn tiugh fiodha,
 'Na chiar dhoidibh,

Slor thlgeadh a mach na fairge
 A steach a dhoirtens;
 Nach dirich a dhruim lughor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gus nach fag e 'n grunnid,
 Nan lar a h-earluinn;
 'S ge do chinneadh a taird cho tolltach
 Ris an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach cnag dh'i,
 Ri clar buldeil.

*Dh-ordaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball
 chul-aodaich, 's coltas orra gun tuya na
 suil uapa le ro ghairbhead na side.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir chnaimh-reamhar,
 Gairbneach, ghuoistneach,
 Gum freasduladh iad tearuinn freun ceart i,
 Buill chul-aodaich;
 Le snuais a's le miad lughis,
 An ruighean treunna,
 'N am eruaghaich bheir orr a steach,
 No leigean beum leis,
 Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
 'Na teis meadhon,
 Dh-ordaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
 A's Iain mac Iain,
 Dithis starbhanach theoma. ladorn,
 De dh-fhearaibh Chana.

*Thaghadh seisir gu fearas w'lair, an eara-
 las gum fuilnicheadh a h-aon de na thuir
 mi, no gu'n spionadh onfadh na fairge
 mach thar bord e, 's gu'n suidheadh fear
 dhui so 'na aite.*

Eireadh seisir ealamh, ghleusta,
 Lamhach, bheotha,
 Shiubhlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
 Feadh gach bord dh'i,
 Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sleibhe
 'S coir d'a copadh;
 Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh reidhe,
 De'n chaol choreaich,
 Cho grad ri feoragan ceitein,
 Ri crann ro-choill;
 A bhios ullamh, miamh, treubhach,
 Falbhach, ealach,
 Gu toirt dh'i, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
 'S clausail ordail,
 Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun eislean,
 Long Mhic-Dh'omhuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhvineadh do
 'n t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh riagh-
 ailt, agus theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh
 gun taise, gun fhiamh, gun sgathachas
 eum a cheirt ionaid an d'ordaichadh
 dha dol; agus thog iad na suil ma eiridh
 na greine la-fheil-Brìde, a' togail a mach
 o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an Uidhist-a-
 chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-or-bhuidh',
 A's a mogul,

Chinn an speur gu dubhuidh doite,
 Lan de dh-ogluich;
 Dh-fhus l tonn-ghorm, tluagh, tarr-lachdunn,
 Odhar, iargalt;
 Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breucan,
 Air an Iarmailt.
 Fuda-cruidh san aird an iar orr,
 Stoirn 'na coltas,
 'S neoil shiubhlach aig gaoth gan riasludh,
 Fuaradh fois orr.
 Thog iad na suil bhreaca,
 Bhaidealacha, dhionach;
 'S shin iad na culpannan raga,
 Teanna, righne,
 Ri fiodhanan urda, fada,
 Nan colg high dhearg;
 Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
 Gu neo-chearbach,
 Tro shuillean nan corraig iarruinn,
 'S nan crulnn aillbheag.
 Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuin,
 Ealamh, doighell;
 'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
 'Bhuill bu choir dhu;
 'N sin dh' fhosgail uinneagan an adhair.
 Ballach, lath-ghorm,
 Gu seideadh na gaoithe greannaich,
 'S bannail iargalt;
 Tharruinn an euan a bhut du-ghlas,
 Air gu h-ulle,
 A mhantul garbh caiteach, ciar-dhubh,
 Sgreitidh buinne,
 Dh-at e 'na bheannaibh, 's na gl'eannaibh,
 Molach robach.
 Gun do bhocht an fhairge cheigeach,
 Suas na cnocaibh;
 Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
 Farsuinn, cracach,
 'An gluicibh a cheile ri taosgadh,
 'S caonnag bhias-mhor.
 Gum b'fhear-ghnionmh bli 'g amhare 'an
 aodann
 Nam maom teinntidh,
 Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
 Air gach beinn diubh.
 Na beulanaich arda liath-cheann,
 Ri searbh bhencuil;
 Na culaneich 's an clagh dudaidh,
 Ri fuaim gheunnaich.
 'Nuair dh-eiridh gu h-allail,
 Am barr nan tonn sin,
 B' eigin an t-ausadh a bhearradh,
 Gu grad phongail:
 'Nuair thuiteamaid le aon slugadh,
 Sios 's na gleanntaibh,
 Bheirte gach seol a bhiodh aice
 'Am barr nan crann d'i:
 Na ceosanaich arda, chroma,
 Teachd 's a bhairich,
 M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar caramh,
 Chluinnt' an gairich.
 Iad a sguabadh nan tonn beaga,
 Lom gan sgiursadh,
 Chinneadh i 'na h-aon mhuir bhasor,
 'S cas a stiireadh.

'Nuair a thuiteamaid fo bharr,
 Nan ard-thonn giobach,
 Gur beag nach dochalneadh an sail,
 An t-algeal sliogach;
 An fhairge gu muistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe cheile,
 Gun robh roin a's mlalan mora,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 'Nfadh a's tonnan na mara,
 A's fùilbh na lùlge,
 A' srudadh an canchainean geala,
 Feadh gach tùlne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-namhaineach,
 Searbh thursach;
 'G eubhach, gur h-lochdarain sinne,
 Bragh chum buird sinn:
 Nach min-iasg a bh'ann san fhairge,
 Tarr-gheal, thunnald';
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gan chumntas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigeil,
 Teuchd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a nuas le slacraich,
 A chuain unluhreic.
 An fhairge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruimleach,
 Le fùil 's le gaor nam biast loraich,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na beistean adharaich iongach,
 Pliutach, loraich;
 Lan cheann-sinn nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aibheis uile lan bhochdan,
 Air cragradh,
 Le spogan 's le earbull mor-bhiast,
 Air magradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an robhain sgrìachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air caogad milidh,
 Eatrom ceille.
 Chaill an sgioba cail g'an clasteachd,
 Ri bli 'g cisteachd,
 Ceileirean sgreadach nan deomhan,
 'S m'othar bheistean.
 Fa-ghair na fairge 'sa slacraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
 Fosghair a toisich a sloistreadh,
 Mhuca-mara.
 A' Ghaoth ag urachadh a fuaraidh
 As an iar-airid;
 Bha sinn leis gach seorsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhol tharuinn,
 Tairneanach aibheisach re oidhche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Peileirean bethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid aculnn;
 Failleadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh:
 Na duilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruinn a' ghadh;

Talamh, teine nig a's sion-ghath,
 Rufun air togall.
 Ach 'n uair dh'arhlalach air an fhairge,
 Toirt oirn strìochda,
 Ghabh i truas le fùite gaire,
 Rinn i sith ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Scol gun reubadh;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhaillin,
 Rannh gun eislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leummach:
 Beairt ghaistidh,
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun blirsteadh,
 Fìac! Faise!
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh achlachan no aisne dh'i,
 Gun fhungladh;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sguitehinn asgail,
 Air an tuairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiur gun chreuchadh;
 Cnead a's dìosgan aig gach muide,
 'S iad air deasgadh.
 Cha robh crann-tarrunn gun tarruinn,
 Bord gun obadh;
 H-uile lann bha air am barradh,
 Ghabh iad togall.
 Cha robh tarraun ann gu'n traladh,
 Cha robh calp' ann gu'n lubadh;
 Cha robh ball a bhùineadh dh'i-se,
 Nach robh nì's measa na thuradh.
 Ghairm an fhairge sìochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghloireach, ordugh sinidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair;
 'S chinn i dhuinn na clar reidh min-gheal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Chum na duilean,
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuill a bli sabhailt,
 O bhas bruideil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach,
 Do thuillin;
 'S leag sinn a croinn mhlù-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-urair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach rannh chaol bhasgant,
 Dhaithe mhle,
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuan Mac-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Fhionain.
 'S rinn sinn an t-ìomra reidh tulganach,
 Gun dearmad;
 S ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,
 Clarraig Fhearghais;
 Thilg sinn Acraichean gu socair,
 Ann san rod sin;
 Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
 'S rinn sinn comhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Ian Mac Fhear-chuir*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander M'Donald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Fome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows:—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did; and the piece was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr. Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mac Codrum:—"The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of M'Codrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm: John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no one thrashing; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

be the author; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give:—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers; and, exhorting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done: he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whiskey for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verso, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr. M'Pherson was collecting "Ossian's Poems," he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet: M'Pherson asked him the question, "*Am beil dad agad air an Fheinn?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalian; but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum, being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows:—*Cha'n eil, is ged do bhitheadh cha ruiginn a leas iarraidh nis, i. e.* No; and should I, it is long since proscribed; which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt M'Pherson's feelings, for he cut short the conversation and proceeded to Benbecula.

We will not attempt to select any parts of the poems of this author. All indicate the master-hand of the performer. One trait is striking in his character as a

poet—his disposition to satire. He is perhaps the first satirist of the modern Gaelic poets. M'Donald and M'Intyre attacked like men determined to take a stronghold by open force, in defiance of all resistance: Mac Codrum held up the object of his animadversion in a light that exposed him to ridicule and contempt, and he made others his judges.

His fame as a poet and wit soon spread, and so delighted Alexander M'Donald that he determined to visit him. On meeting Mac Codrum a few yards from his own door, the visitor, naturally enough, inquired "*An aithne dhut Iain Mac Codrum?*" "*'S aithne gu ro mhath,*" replied John. "*Am beil fhios agad am bheil e' stigh?*" was M'Donald's next question, to which the facetious bard answered with an arch smile, "*Mu tu bha e 'stigh nuair a bha mise 's cha drinn mi ach tighinn amach.*" M'Donald, yet ignorant that he was speaking to the individual about whom he was inquiring, proceeded to say, "*Caitheadh mi 'n oidhche nochd mar-ris, ma's abhaist òidhean a bhì aiga.*" "*'Tha mi creidsin,*" replied the witty John, "*nach bì e falamh dhùc sin cuideachd mi bhios na cearcan a breith (uibhean).*"*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on "*Donald Buin's Bagpipe*" is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on "*Old Age*" and "*Whiskey*" are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published anything of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Macdonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the Island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, "*Cia as a thug sibh an t-ìomrath?*" "*As na gairdeanan,*" answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a hainig' sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, "*Pairt bho thuath a's pairt bho thighearnan.*"

SMEORACH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag horoll o,
HOLAIBH O IRIAG HORO I,
HOLAIBH O IRIAG HOROLL O,
Smeorach le Clann-Domhnuill mi.*

SMEORACH MIS AIR URLAR PHABAIL;
Crubadh ann an dusal cadail,
Gun deorachd a theid ni's faide;
Truimeid mo bhroin thoirléum maigne.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Smeorach mis ri mulach beinne,
'G amharc grein' a's speuran soilheir,
Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
'S bidh mi beo air treodas eile.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Smeorach mis air bharr gach bidean,
Dianamh muirn ri driuchd na maidne,
Bualadh mo chliath-lu air m' fheadan,
Seinn mo chiuil gun smur gun smodan.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Ma mholas gach eun a thir fein,
Ciad am fath nach moladh mise—
Tir nan curaidh, tir nan cliair,
An tir bhiachar, fhialaidh, mhiosail?
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir nach caol ri cois na mara,
An tir ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
An tir laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
Tir an arair, bhaineach, mhealach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach;
An tir dh'onach, fhriarach, fhasgach;
An tir lianach, ghiaghach, lachach,
'N tir 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir choireach, eornach, phailte;
An tir bhruadhach, chluanach, ghartach;
An tir chruachach, sguabach, ghaisneach
Dlu ri cuan, gun fluachd ri sneachda.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

'S i 'n tir sgiamhach tir na mhachrach,
Tir nan dithean, miadar, daite;
An tir laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
Tir an aigh gu brach nach gaisear.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

An tir a's boiche ta ri faicinn;
'M bi fir og an comhdach dreachail;
Pailt ni 's ieor le por na machrach;
Spreigh air moitich; or air chlachan.*
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

* Alluding to kelp.

An cladh Chothan rugadh mise,
'N aird na h-Unnair chuidh mo thogail;
'Fradharc a chuain unimhrich, chuislich,
Nan stuidh gnanach, cluaineach, cluicheach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Measg Ch'ann-Domhnuill fhuair mi n-
altróm,
Buidheann nan seol, 's nan srol dalte;
Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinne,
Aitean nach ciuin rusgadh ghlas-lann.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Na fir colach, stoidle, staidheil,
Bha 's an chomh-stri stroiceach, sgaiteach,
Fir gun bhron, gun leon, gun airsneal,
Leanadh toir, a's toir a chasgadh.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin caitean,
Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith;
Buidheann shuntach 'n am bhia aca,
Rusgadh lann fo shrantach bhrtach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
Leanadh ruaig gun luaidh air gealtachd:
Cinn a's guilean cruaidh gan spealtadh,
Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
Buidheann gun fhiamh, 's jotadh fal orr;
Buidheann gun sghath 'm blar na'n deannal,
Foinnidh, narach, laidir, fearail.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Buidheann mor 's am por nach troicheil,
Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirteil;
Fearail fo'r airm, 's mairg d'a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stoidle, beachdail,
An t-shuil san dorn nach o'a mach i,
Slainte Shir Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh;
Aon mhac Dhe mar sgeith d'a phearsa.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, &c.

COMHRADH,

[MAR GU 'M B' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-
BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraiceil,
Fèr nan gorm-shuillean maiseach,

Chuireadh foirm fo na macaibh,
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do choisir,
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chomhradh;
 Gheibhte rann agus orain,
 'S iomadh *stori* na measg:
 Gille beadarrach, sugach,
 Tha na ohleasache lughor;
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-urlar,
 Agus tiuntadh gu brisg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-acaideach, guannach;
 Gun scalltain air truailleachd,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S mairg a dheanadh an t-oran,
 'S nach deanadh air choir e;
 Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhir.
 Bha na rogaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thiuntadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhagadh leanbain air simhbheirt,
 Ann an carraid 's an drip.
 An struthaire di-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuanig,
 Ann an solas ro dhiombuan;
 S fear storais is urrainn
 A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Toisich, mhic-bhracha,
 'Fair comhraig nan gaisgeach,
 A chuireadh boilich 's na claignean,
 Sa chuireadh casan air chrith!
 Bu tu cleoca na h-airtribh,
 'N aghaidh reot' agus sneachda,
 Dheanadh *notion* do dh-fhrasan;
 'S chuireadh seachad an eith.
 Dheanadh dana fear saidealt';
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-ain-deoin paiteas a chruidh;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuirn, no mheoghail, no mhaonus,
 'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chuis mhaonus air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh ni 's miosa chuis mhaonus,
 Na bhi 'n a d' shineadh 's na claisean,
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruih?
 Air do mhuchadh le daoraich;
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,
 'N a d' chuis-bhuird aig an t-saoghal,
 Far nach faodar a cbleith;
 'S e bhi 'g coinneachadh Rati,
 Ni do lomadh na d' bheartas;

Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chaidrimh,
 Ni e 'n ereachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhi ri buillean 's ri cnapan;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an ealaignean,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgair suairec,
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan uaislean;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrìos.
 Biorach, gorm-shuilleach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fogradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phaistean,
 Gu 'm bi mir' ann a's maran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gaire;
 'S iad neo-chraiteach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu solas;
 Ni e glic am fear gorach;
 Ni e sunndach fear bronach;
 'S ni e gorach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabh,
 Bhi gu'n fhradhare, gu'n chlaisteachd;
 'Nuair bu mhiann leo dhul dachaigh,
 'S e ni thachras ni's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-lan mheall, agus cnapan;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaig gun toinieg;
 Iad a labhairt an donuis;
 Iad ro lamhach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis;
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgrobadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shroiceadh;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad 'hi stol'da,
 'S iad an comhnuidh air mhisg.

CARAID.

Nach boidheach an spors,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhordaibh,
 Le cuideachda choir,
 A bhios 's an toir air an dibh!
 Bi'dh mo bhotal air sgorusn,
 Ri toirt cop air mo stopan;
 Nach toirteil an ceol leam
 An cronan, 's an glig?
 Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraibh;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri baoireadh;
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri caoineadh;
 Nach beng a shaoileadh tu sid?
 Ni e fosgailt' fear dionach;
 Ni e crosta fear ciallach;
 Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
 Ach ann am *dialum* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spors,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhordaibh;
 Na bhi milleadh mo stonais,
 Le goraich gun mheas.
 Le siarach 's le stuplaich;
 Le briathran mi-ghnathaicht';
 Ri spearadh 's ri saradh
 An Abharsair dhuibh.
 Bi dh a d' douus, 's an dolas,
 De chonas, 's do chomh-stri;
 'S do tharruinn air dhornaibh,
 Anns an chomhail nach glio;
 Ki fuathas, 's ri sgainneal;
 Ri gruaidhean 'g an pronnadh,
 Le gruagan 'g an tarrauin,
 Le barrachd de 'n mhisg.

ARAID.

Mo ghaol an gille glan eibhinn,
 Dh-fhas gu cineadail speiseil;
 Dh-fhas gu spioradail treubhach,
 'Nuair a dh-eireadh an drip.
 Bhiodh do ghillean ri solas,
 Iad gu mireagach boidheach,
 Iad 's sireadh ni 's leoir,
 'S iad ag ol mar a thig.
 Iad gu h-aighearach fonnor,
 Iad gun athadh, gun lompais;
 Iad ro mhath air an ronnas,
 'Nuair a b' annlachd an cluicil.
 Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
 Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
 Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
 Gu'n robh bruidleir 's a' mhisg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhisg dona 'n a nadur,
 Lom-lan morchuis a's ardain;
 Lom-lan bos' agus sparraig,
 Anns gach cas air an tig.
 Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,
 Tha i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbhail;
 Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,
 Lan de dh-fhiabhbras, 's de fhriodh.
 Gu 'm bi fear dhiu a shineadh;
 Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chuis-mhi-loinn;
 Gu 'm aithlise lionor;
 'S iad an maoidheadh nam pluic'.
 Tha i tuar-shreupach foilcil;
 Iomadh uair air droch oilean;
 'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,
 Ach 's i bu choireach a mhisg.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lughor,
 Fear gun cheasad gun chunsa;
 Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cuineadh
 'N an bhi dluthachadh ris.
 Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhuidean;

Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diudhlach;
 Dheanadh dan' am fear diuid,
 Chum a chuis a dhol leis.
 Fear a's fearr an taigh osd' thu;
 Fear a's urfhailteach orain;
 Fear nach fuilgear 'n a onar,
 Ach a bhoilich 's an drip.
 Fear tha maranach, ceolar;
 Cridheil, cairdeach, le pogan;
 'S a lamh dheas air a phoca,
 'S sgapadh stonais le misg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
 'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain;
 Fhir nach d' fhoghlum an onair,
 B' e bhi 'g a d' mhohadh a bhfeid;
 'Nis on's buanna ro dhaor thu,
 Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,
 Dol man cuairt air an t-saoghal,
 Chum na dh-fhaodas tu ghoid.
 Fear ri aithreachas mor thu;
 Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-stri;
 Fear ri geallam; 's cha toram;
 Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
 Ni thu 'm poitear 'n striopaich,
 Ni thu striopaich 'n a poitear;
 'S iomadh mile droch codhail,
 A tha'n toir air a mhisg.

CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
 Air ann ionnstramaid phriseil,
 'S duine grunnadail na innsgin,
 Bha gu h-intinneach glic.
 Thug bho arbhar gu siol e;
 Thug bho bhraich, gu ni a's brighheil';
 Thug a prais 'na cheo-liath e,
 'Mach tro chliath nan lub tric.
 Thug a buideal gu stop e,
 Kinn e 'n t-susbainte coladh,
 Thogadh sligeachan reota;
 Dheth fir bhreithe gun sgrid.
 An donus coinneamh no codhail,
 No eireachdas mor-shluagh,
 Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,
 Cha bhi solas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan 'an dimhlig,
 'S ole an grunn bha na eanachainn,
 S mor a dhuisc e de dh-argamaid,
 'S de dhroch sheannachas mar ris.
 Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,
 Rinn e breisleach san t-shaoghal.
 B'fherr nach beirte gu aois e;
 Ach bas na naoidheachan beag.
 Dhuisc e trioblaid a's comh-stri,
 Ruisc e biolag an dornaibh,
 Chr'ir e peabar san domhuach,
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhisg.

Cha chuis buinig ri leanmhuinn,
Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,
Sa chaoil ch'a'n urr' thu ga sheannachas,
Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

DI-MOLADH

PIOB' DHOMHNULL BHAIN.

A'GHAINNT a thuir Iain
Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
'S feudar dhuinn aicheadh
Is paidheadh d'a cinn.
Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein.
Clann-Dhullidh a's Tearlach:
Is Domhnullan Ban
A tharruinn gu pris.
Orn is beag moran sgeig,
Agus bleid chomhraidh,
Thu labhairt na h-urra!
'S nach b'urrainn thu chomhdach,
Ach pilleadh gu stolda
Far 'n do thoisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urram
An taobh-sa do Lunnuin?
Air na piobairean uile
B'e Mac-Cruimein an righ:
Le pongannan sluinn
A b'fhonnaire failte,
Thairrneadh 'an caileachd
Gu slainte fear tinn.
Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,
Ni tais' a's fiamh fhogradh;
Gaisg' agus cruadal,
Tha buaidh air an oinsich,
Muim uasal nan Leodach,
Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhairisgeach sporsail
Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pogadh,
An t-aileagan ceolar,
Is boiche guth cinn.
Tha na Gaeil cho deigheil
Air a mharan aic eisdeachd,
'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann
A luchd beurl' air an ti.
Bread nan dual is neartmhor fuaim.
Bras an rusig namhaid,
Leis 'm bu cheol leadurra,
Feadannan spaineach,
Luchd dheiseachan madair
Bhi craidht' air droch dhiol.

Nan cluinnt' ann am Muile
Mar dh-fhag thu Clann-Duili,
Cha b' fhuilear leo t-fhuil
Bhi air mulach do chinne.

'S i bu ghreudanta dealachainn
Air deas laimh na h-armachd;
A' breabadh nan garbh-phior,
Bu shearbh a dol sios.
Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,
Fo bhruid theann Sheorais;
Luchd nam beul fiara
'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fogradh;
Rinn iad le foirneart
Bhur coir a bhuin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,
Mach o fhear bhaile
Bhi ghna air a thi.
Mhol thu' 'chorr' ghliogach
Nach dligeadh de bhaidse,
Ach deannan beag grain,
No mam de dhroch shil.
Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
Craobh nam buadh ceolmhor,
Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
Le breabadaich mheoirean;
'S nach fuilgeadh odrochain!
A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chuis-bhuirt ud
Talla 'm bi muirn,
Ach ath air a muchadh
Le dudan 's le suith.
Cha bhi cathair aig Domhnull
'S cha 'n eirich e conard,
Ach suidh' air an t-sorn
Agus sopag ri dhruim.
Plaigh bloigh phuirt, gair dhroch dhuiss,
Falleadh cuirp bhreicite;
Ceol tha cho sgreataidh
Ri sgreadail nan rocus,
No iseanan oga
Bhiodh leointe chion bidh.

Nach gasta chuis-bhurt'
A bhi cneatraich air urlar
Gun phronnadh air lutha
Gun siubhlachean grunn,
A' sparradh od-roch-ain
A'n earball od-roch-ain!
A' sparradh od-roch-ain
An ton od-ro-bhi.
Mal caol cam le thaosg chrann,
Gaoth mar ghreann reota,
Tro na tuill fhiara
Nach diouaich na mcoirean,
Nach tuigear air doigh
Ach "oth-heoin" 's "oth-hi!"

Duidhadh nam fuidhidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain
'Nuair sheinn e puint Ghaelig
'S a dh'alaich e phiob.
Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
'Nuair dhruideadh an airce.

Thachair dh'í cnamhadh
Fo nisce 's fo ghaoith.
Thainig smug agus dus
Anns na duis bhreotach,
Iomadach drochaid
G'a stopadh na sgornan.
Dh-fhag i le cronan
Od-roch-ain, gun brigh.

Bha i seal uair
Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,*
Chuireadh mi-dhoigheil
Thar ordugh na fuinn.
Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
A sheinneadh na dain,
'Nar theirig a' chlarsach
'S a dh'fhallig a pris.
Sheid Balaam 'na mala
Osna chramh chronaidh.
Shearg i le tabhann
Seachd cathar nam fiantan.
'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid a's Ghuill.

Turruraich an dolais,
Bha greis aig Iain og dh'í.
Chosg i ribheidcan conlaich
Na chomhnadh le ní.
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
'Na h-atharais-bhialain
Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lin.
An fhiudhídh shean nach duisg gean,
Ghnúí nach glan comhdach:
'S mairg dha 'm bu leannan
A' chrannalach dhoinidh.
Chaithe gran eorna
Leis na dh-fhoghnadh dh'í ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
Corra-bhinneach na glaochaich,
'S inneach air aodach
Na dh-fheumas i shnath.
Cha bheag a' chuis dheistinn
Bhí 'g eisdeachd gaoraich;
Dhianadh i aognaidh
An taobh a bhíodh blath.
Riasladh phort, sgríachail dhos,
Fhir ri droch shaothair,
Bheir i chiad eabha
'N am seideadh a gaoithe,
Mar ronnoan ba caoile
'S i faotainn a' bhais.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
Air a lobbadh na craiceann;
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
Gun chearcail g'a tadh'.
'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
Ri tabhann a orunluath,

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the
Highlanders could not appreciate.

Trompaid a dhuisgeadh
Gach Iudas fhuair bas.
Mar ohom geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
Sheideadh lan gaoithe,
'Turraich nach urra' mi
Siunnailt da innseadh,
Ach rolain r' sianail
No sgiamhail isoigh oig.

Com caithe na ourra
Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
Meoir traiste gun flurus
Cur triallin 'an dan,
Sheinneadh a brollaich
Ri solus an eolain,
Ruidhle gun ordugh
An comhnuídh air lar.
'N aognaidh lom, gaoth t.o tholl,
Gair gun fhonn comhraig,
'A thaisicheadh cruadal,
'S a luathaicheadh teoltachd,
Gu beochdail don-dochais
Mu 'n t-sorn am bi ghraig

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhail' ghrodaidh
Cur gair anns na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propadh "od-ra."
Bi'dh seannair caol, crochtach
Fo chaonnaig aig ochdnar,
Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh,
Cur droch cheol 'na thamh.
Fuaim mar chlag f huadach each.
Duan chur as frithe:
Cha 'n abair mi tuille
Gu di-moladh pioban,
Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phail.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

GUR h-e dhuisg mo sheanchas domh
Cuis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an run marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tír cha tearmunn duinn.

Tha mo dhuil 's gur firinneach,
Gach muiscag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhireadh oirn,
'S nach buinig iad na h-Innsean oirn,
Gu 'n sguir iad far 'n do dh-inntrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,
Ge tric a' ghalrm gu faigh sinn iad,
Nach foghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasamh a' chruin shasunnaich,
Mar thug an diuc a dh'fhasan duinn?

Ge morghalach rìgh Phruisla
'S na rìghrean mor tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neonach leams' am Friscalach,
'S am Baidenach le measrachadh,
Bhì deanamh reit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise uair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhuaith facl deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A liughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuar gludh anns an t-subaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoinis,
Is ard a chluinnto 'm Pabaidh iad;
Fhreagair coill a's elachan daibh;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an aite faicinn daibh;
Iad fein 's mac-talla bas-bhualadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgi 's ra tagraichean,
'Se crìochnacha' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarraidh iasad bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri cùistinn ann
Nach cuulas riann o bhaisdeadh sinn

Gur maing a bhiodh 'san ubaraid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu tuirneileis.
Bhiodh fùsgadh air na suilean ann;
Bu lionmhòr duirn a's gluinean ann;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cumhn' orra.

Bhiodh rocladh air na claigcannan;
Bhiodh sgorranan 'ga tachdadh ann;
Bhiodh meoirean air an cagnadh ann;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an enapadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mi-cheutaidh,
Bhiodh rusgadh leis na h-inean ann;
Bhiodh piocadh leis na bideagan;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cìreanan;
Bhiodh cus de'n uile mi-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-stri dealaichte,
Bhiodh dornagan 'g an sadadh ann;
Bhiodh sgròbadh air na malaiddh ann;
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fal' asda;
'S nis leòr aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair thoirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach
'S a' choill' an deis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhatl na h-airn na bodehrannan;
Bu sgiobailt iad an am bogsaidheadh;
Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shamhach so;
Bu sholas inntinn baill e;
Bu lionmhòr fear gu'n aiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fiamh a bhathaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhnai 's mu phaistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a narsachadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fasachadh.
Le guidheachan na caraid ud
Bha solas air an abhairsair.
Bu neonach leis nach tainig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chriochnaichear na portaibh ud.
Cha tairg e lan a' chopain domh,
Gu 'm baraig e ba bhotul rium'.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fheur Bhaillle pairt do'n t-sugradh, ud,
Do'n Bhailli thair an duthaich e;
Air chach cha dean mi cumhnadh air,
Bheir iad baidse a's durachd dhomh.

ORAN,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL
SILEIBITE.

Am tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
A stad ann am bhraghadh,
Tha chnead air mo ghiulan
Thu amhgharach ciurrta.
Cha bhì mi 'ga mughadh,
Gu ruisg mi os aird i.
Ach Dia bhì 'ga chomhnuadh
'S a riaghladh a roidean!
An tì 'm beil mo dhochas
Fo chomhnadh an Ard-rìgh,
Lagaich mo dhorainn,
Neartaich mo sholas,
Chuir mi an dochas
Bhì nì 's oige na tha mi.

'S iomadach bàille
So b'eadar dhuinn fhulang.
Bha chuing air ar mumeal
'S bu truin' i na phraiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuilcinn
'Na sìneadh air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan curaidh
'S iud uil' air ar fagail.
Gradan a' gheamhraidh
A lagaich gu teann sinn,
'Nuair a chaill sinn ar ceannard,
Nach robh shamhla measg Ghael,
Connspunn na h-oidhealachd,
Leoghann na rioghalachd,
Dorainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n liune nach tainig:

Dorainn r'a innseadh,
An dorainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn
Cho iosal ri 'r sailean;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mor prìseil
Bu mhòr urrain san rioghachd,

Gu'n do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e,
 Ar mi-fhortan laidir!
 Fhír a chunnaic ar cruadal,
 Leig umainn am fuaradh,
 Bí tluaa 'na d' bhuchaill
 Aí' na fhuair sinn 'na aite.
 Cuir dhachadh Sir Seumas
 Gun aicéid, gun eislean,
 Gu chuideachda fein;
 Mhuire 's eibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chriosda, gleidh dhuinne
 Ar buchaille cliúiteach,
 Ar n-uachdarán duthcha;
 'Tha churam an drasd oirn.
 Allail ar fíuran,
 Smíorail, n's grúndail,
 Fearail ri dhusgadh
 'Nan tíunntadh a mháran,
 Ar baranta muirneach,
 Carrraig ar bunndaísd,
 Ar n-íuil 's ar cuirt dhubailt
 S ar crun a's an taileasg,
 An raub nach 'cíl bristeacht,
 Ar laun ann am trioblaid,
 Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
 Fear briseadh a' bháire.

An dusgadh nó': eadail duinn,
 'N urnuigh nó'n achanaich
 Ar deirce ga nasgadh,
 'Thu thlgh'n' dachaidh sabhailt.
 Muin' ann an chleachdadh thu.
 Cliúiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
 Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
 Air each no air lar thu,
 Ar 'n-aighear 's ar solas,
 Ar fion air na bordaibh,
 Ar mire 's ar ceol thu,
 'S ar doigh air ceol-gaire;
 Ar conspúnna feile
 A dheonaich Mac Dhe dhuinn
 Gu coir chur air steidhe,
 'S gu eucoir a smaladh.

Gu h-innealt' an conspúnn
 Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
 Fear iriosal stolda
 Gun toir air an ardan;
 Eireachdail, coimhíont',
 Soilleir 'an eolas,
 Canair 'n am togbhail ris,
 Bochdan, mo lamhsa,
 Cuirteir na síobhaltachd,
 Urla na h-oidhealachd,
 Thusaíl ri díleachdain 's
 Cuimhneach air airidh,
 Aigeantach innsgríeach,
 Beachdail air rioghalachd,
 Gaisgeach ro mhíltén
 Nan síneadh e 'n gairdeán.

Mo run an sar ghaisgeach,
 Fear og a' chuil chleachdaich,

Fear morghalach gasla,
 Gun ghaiseadh, gun taire.
 Curaidh nam brataichean
 Guineach ri 'm bagairt iad,
 Chuireadh an t-sradag
 'Na lasair gun smaladh.
 A bhuaileadh a' chollaid
 Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad
 A ghluaiseadh neo-shomalt'
 An coinneamh an namhaid
 Le spaintichean loma,
 Le mosgaidean troma,
 Le fudar, gaol meallach
 'N am teannadh ri lámhach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acad
 'Na comhnuidh fo m'asgail,
 Fograídh mi as i,
 'Thig aiteas 'na h-aite.
 Cuiridh m' airtneal
 Air fú. ach gu chairtealan
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh
 Na dh-aísg mo shlaínte.
 Moladh dha 'n leigh
 A dh-fhag fallain mo chreuchdan,
 Tharruinn mo speiread
 Ní 's treine na b'abhaist!
 Aghaidh Shir Seumais,
 Aghaidh na feile,
 Taghadh gach speulcair
 'Thug an leirsinn ní b'fhéarr dhomh.

Aghaidh na staidéalachd,
 Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,
 Aghaidh na maisealachd,
 Tlachd agus ailleachd:
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na sívioralachd,
 Aghaidh is glaine
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgathan.
 Aghaidh na stoldachd,
 Aghaidh na morchuis,
 Aghaidh an leoghainn,
 Ach toiseachadh cearr air!
 Buinidh dha 'n oigear
 Bhi currant 'an comh-stri,
 'S gur íomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 Bheir toireachd mas aill leis.

Cha sugradh ri chlaistinn
 Bhi dusgadh do chaismeachd,
 Bhi rusgadh do bhrtach
 Gu h-aigeantach stadail.
 Píob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Síor-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
 Fríoch tomach nam badán
 Rí brat-erann da' charadh.
 Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarraim mu'n cuairt d'í;
 Gu'm b'fhéarail an dulachas
 'N am buannach buaidh-larach.
 Ceathairne ghruamach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fhagadh gun gluasad
 Cuirp fhuair anns an araich.

Gur h-ìomadh sàr-ghàisgeach
Tha urranta smachdail,
A theannadh a steach riut
'N am aisth no cnamhain;
Le'n spaintichean sgaitreach
Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
'N am bhualadh nan claiqeann
Gu 'n spealtadh iad cnainhean.
Gu fìreachail aotrom,
Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
Bhiodh fuil air na fraochaibh
Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan:
Le comunn gun chlaonadh,
Gun somaltachd gaofrdcan,
'N am ìomadh nam faobhar
Ri aodainn an namhaid.

Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
Gur h-ìomadh taobh dh-eireadh leis
Reisimeid laidir.
'An Alb' a's 'an Eirinn
Cho deonach le cheile,
O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
Gu teum e Phort-phadruig.
Uaislean Chinn-tìre
Bu dual da o shinnsir,
Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
Gun di-chuimhn, gun fhailinn.
Gu'm biodh iad cho tidheach
'S gu'n dianadh iad mi-stath
Mar leoghannan miannach
'S gun bhìadh aig an alach.

Dh-eireadh na Leodaich,
Dh-eireadh 's bu choir dhaibh,
Dh-eireadh, 's bu deonach
Thaobh eolais 's cairdeis.
Thigeadh am mor-shluagh
Brisg ann an ordugh,
Sgiolta na connspuinn
An toiseachadh blair iad.
Dearbhadh na fearalachd
Calma 'n am tarruinn iad,
An calg mar na nathraichean
'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
Stroiceach le lannaibh iad,
Dortach air falanan,
Cocairean ealamh
Air cheannan 's air chaimhean.

Dhuisgeadh 'na d' charraid
Fìr ur Ghlinne-garadh,
B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
Sìol Ailein da fhagail.
Daoine cho fearail,
Cho saoireach air lannaibh,
Gu faicte neul fal' orr'
Gan tarruinn a *sgabard*,
Inntinneach togarach,
Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,
Fìor chruaidh gun bhogachadh
'S obair air larach.
Calma mar churaidhnean,
'S maing air an cuireadh iad;

Chuir-eadh am bullean
Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-eireadh fìr Mhuille
Le cìbhe nan cluinneadh iad,
Dh-eireadh iad uile
Gu h-urranta laidir.
Dualchas a chumadh iad,
Gualainn ri uileann iad,
Buailidh iad bullean
Mu 'm fuilig thu tamailt.
'S craiteach ri innseadh
Bhi 'g aireamh bhur dìobhail,
Na thuit de'n dream rioghail
Am mi-fhortan Thearlaich.
Iadsan cho ìosal
Fo shaillean nan Duineach,
Na cairdean chò dileas
'S a bhia in: ris a' phalpeir.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUIILL
SHELEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROIMH.]

Moch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g eirigh,
Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup rium,
'S fhuich mo leaba gun seasdar, gun samh-
chair.
'S fhuich mo leaba gun seasdar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dheigh,
'N deis mo thaic-sa 'gam threigsinn,
Ach maille claiستهachd a's leirsinn a's tab-
hachd.
Ach maille claiستهachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
Air ar lionadh le mulad,
Tha sinn sgith 's cha 'n ann ullamh a ta sinn.
Tha sinn sgith, &c.

Sinn ri targainn nan curaidh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
Gun fhear liath a bhì uil' air an laraich.
Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine morchuiseach measail,
Daoine corr ann an iochd iad,
Daoine crodha gu bristeachd air namhaid.
Daoine crodha, &c.

Ann an uine da fhichead
Gur dìobhail ar briseadh,
Chuir e dubhailt a nis oirn e lathair!
Chuir e dubhailt, &c.

Chaill sin coignear no seisir
Do na connspuinn bu treise,
Nach robh beo ann am Brentann an aicheadh
Nach robh beo, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
Anns gach deagh bhuaidh bh'air duine;
Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-laruch.
Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an comhnuidh,
Dh-fhag ur gualainn 'nan ouar,
Bhì sguabadh ar n-oigrìdh gun dail uainn.
Bhì sguabadh ar n-oigrìdh, &c.

Thainig meaghòil gu bron duinn,
Thainig aighear gu dorainn,
Chaill sinn amharc a's solas ar sgathain.
Chaill sinn amharc, &c.

Bas ar n-uachdarain prìseil,
Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinntinn;
Fhuair luchd fuath' agus ni-ruin an aillean.
Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumad,
So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-iomain gu annrath.
So 'n ruaig tha gar n-iomain, &c.

Bhì fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
Gach ugn latha ri'r beo-shlaint,
Air bheag aighear, no solais, no slainte.
Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.
Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhlail
Moran uallaic'h ri ghiulan,
Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar dana.
Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dileachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, fhortain do Phadraig.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh crnas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhì 'ga aircanh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob thug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhag a chaoidh' sinn 'ga h-acain,
So i 'n dile chuir brat air na thuinig.
So i 'n dile chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard og maiseach,
Bha gun ardan, gun ghaiscudh,
Muir a thainig gu grad a thug bharc oirn.
Muir a thainig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal tìar fuighinn,
Ar suil frasach o'n naigheachd a thainig.
Ar suil frasach, &c.

O nach duil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar run 'an gair eibhinn,
Bì'dh sinn tursach 'na dheidh gu 's a bas duinn.
Bithidh sinn tursach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar gelge,
Gruinne mullaich ar deise,
So an turus chuir eis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turus chuir, &c.

'S eadar fuireach ri stochainnt,
O nach urrainn air stri sinn.
Ach bhì fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar namhaid.
Ach bhì fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn fòrneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun doigh air am bacadh;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar chileachd.
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n la thainig am briseadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tanach 's ar misneach g'ar fugal.
Ar Ceann-tanach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tursach,
Ann an ionad ar curraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhuchannan sabhailt.
Gun e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidh' cha dirich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mi-gheanach truagh air bheag statha.
Tha sinn mi-gheanach, &c.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuaichail,
'N deis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'Ille-mhartuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar solas,
Craobh a dhideann ar corach,
Ann an cathair na Roimh' air a charadh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhì 'n cathair na Roimhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin!
'Dhe! cha dirich Clann-Domhnuill ni 's airde.
'Dhe! cha dirich, &c.

O'n la sgathadh ar n-ogan,
A' chraobh bu fhilthail comhdach,
Gun a h-abhall, air doigh dhuin a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mor an sgeul san Roinn-Eorp e,
Mor a bheud do rìgh Seorsa,
Mor an eis air do sheorsa gu brath e!
Mor an eis air do sheorsa, &c.

Cha do dhuineadh an cota,
'S cha do ghilulan na brogan,
Neach an cunntadh iad coladh do phuirtean
Neach an cunntadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an eolas,
Ann an tuisge 's am morehuis,
Is na gibhteanan mor a bha fas riut.
Is na gibhteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, bochd, tursuch,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun duil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fagail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oskar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,
Gach eraobh thoisich air triall uainn gu Par-
rais.
Gach eraobh thoisich, &c.

Cinn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'umhlaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ughdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.
'S iomadh ughdar, &c.

'S bochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-ciaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's nach
tainig
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se ni 's cosmhail ri sheanchas,
Lion sinn copan na h-uingeachd,
Gus 'na bhrosnaich sinn fearg an Ti 's airde.
Gus 'na bhrosnaich, &c.

Se'n Ti phrìscil thug uainn e
Chum na rioghachd is buaine;
O Chrìosda, cum suas duinn na braithrean.
O Chrìosda, cum suas, &c.

Note—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the M'Donalds of Slate. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1746; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome, in 1766, aged 25. This family evidently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745: but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

MOLADH CIULANN-DOMHNUILL.

AIR FÒNN—"Oran a h-unna da' b' ainm an
spainteach."

TAPADH leat, a Dho'ill 'ic-Fhionnlaidh,
Dhuig thu mi le pairt de d' chomhradh.

Air bheagan colais san duthaich,
Thu cunntas gur gille coir thu.
Chuir thu do chomaine roimhad,
'S feurde do ghnothach an comhnuidh
'S cinnteach gur a leat ar baidse:
'S leat ar cairdeas 'm fad a's beo thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine 's ar fearann,
Ar muinntean baile, 's bu choir dhut.
Cha d'rinn thu di-chuimhu' no mearaich;
Mhol thu gach sean is gach og dhiubh.
Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mhol thu 'n islean,
Dh-fhag thu shìos air an non doigh iad.
Na bheil de 'n caluin ri chluinntinn,
Cha chion dicheil a dh-fhag sgod oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
Cha robh e saoirbheach air aon dolgh;
An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an teomnachd,
Air aon nobhar thig 'nan codhuil
Noctadadh an eudann ri gradan
Chu robh gaisgeadh anns a' phor ud,
Clu a's pailteas, mais' a's tabhachd;
Ciod e 'n cas nach faight' air choir iad?

Cha bu mhist' thu mise laimh riut,
'An am a bli 'g aireamh nan connspunn.
Gu inns' am maise 's an uaisle,
An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am togbhall.
B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
'Philleadh an-seasgair 'an toireachd,
'S a dh-fhagadh salach an araich
Nam fanadh un namhaid ri 'n comhrag.

Ach nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad 'n ordugh,
Coslas fadhaich a dol sìos orr',
Falbh gu dian air bheagan stoldachd;
Chuidheamh ruisgt 'an laimh gach aon fhìr,
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair.
'S iad cho fìriohail ris na leoghainn.

Cha mhor a thionnal nan daoin' ud
Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eorpa.
Bha iad fearrail 'an am coannaig,
Gu fuileach, faobharrach, stroiceach.
Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
Mar bha 'm misneach a's am morechuis,
C' ait' an feudadh tu aireamh,
Aon chinne' b'fhèarr na Clann-Domhnuill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
Gu neo-lonara mu 'n steras.
Bha iad cunbhalach 'nan gealladh,
Gun fheall, gun charachd, gun roidean.
Ge de dh-iarrta nuas an sinnsir,
O mhullach an cinn gu'm brogan,
'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
Ach an rioghalachd mar sheorsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoine' uaisle,
C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dhomhnuill

Aon Mhac Dhe bli air 'na bhunchaill'
G'a ghléidheadh buan dainn 'na bheo-
shlálute!

On 's curaidh a choisneas buaidh e,
Leanas ri dhunlehas 'an comhnuidh,
Nach deachaidh neach rianuh 'na thuasaid
Rinn dad buannachd air an comh-stri.

C'nit an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Te-Ailein
'Nuair a thionailleadh e mhór-shluagh,
Na fir chrodd' a bu mhór alla,
Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhontrois?
'S mairg a dhuisgeadh ruinn bhur n-aisith
No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhur cleoca
Ge b'é suil a bhíodh 'gan amhare
Cromadh síos gu abhainn Lochaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan sealbhaidh,
C'uim nach de sheamhais thu air choir iad
Teaghlach uasal Ghlinne-garadh
'S nam flurain o ghleannaibh Chnoicéart.
'S ionadh curaidh laidir uaimhreach
Sheasadh cruaidh 's a bhuaileadh stroicean,
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann
Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mor-thír.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
'S mor a' chreach nach 'oil iad comhslan,
Dh-cireadh leinn suus 'an aisith
Le 'm piob 's le 'm brataichean sroile.
Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
Fír chothanta 'n am na comh-stri,
Duoine foinnidh, fearail fearradha
Rusgadh arm a's fearg na'n sronan?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhughail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chomhlain,)
Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,
O'n Roinn Iliech 's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum a Eirinn
Rinn an t-euchd am blar na Boine.
'Nuair a dhluthaicheadh iad ri cheile,
Co chunntadh feich air Clann-Domhnuill?

Alba, ge bu mhór ri inns' e,
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mointich.
Fhuair an coir o Iainh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Rota;
'S iona curraí mhór bha innte
Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhór i.
Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,
'S thuit Mac Gbualbinn san toireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealbhaich coir dha. bh.
Bhuinig iad lutha chath Gairbheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chomhdach.
Air bheagan conaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad am bristeadh a moran,
Mac' Ill-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Toisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Gun eireadh iad uile comhlath

O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
Gach fear thug a shinnis coir dhaibh.
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich a Brathuinn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nabhair 's diuc Gordon,
Thigeadh Barr-Jeh, 's thigeadh Banaich,
Rothaich a's Saillech a's Rosaich.

Ar luchd daimh 's or cairdean dileas
Dh-ciridh leinne a síos 'an comh-stri.
Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lenn
Mu'n curait cho daingheann ri d' chota,
Iad fo ghruaim 'an uair a' chatha
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feola,
Tarrullin spainteach laidir liobhar
Sgoitendh díreach cinn gu brogan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamuidh nau Leodach,
Thigeadh reiseamuidh nan Niallach
Le loingheas lionmhór 's le seoltaibh,
Foirbeisich 's Frisealach dh-cireadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair an ordugh.
'Nuair a dhuisgeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tus ach Tomas!!

No'e.—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhrach*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur, Lochlinoe side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FOKN—"Daibhidh grosnach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha eadar mi-fein sa chuilteach,
Gu'n tug i dhiom brigh mo bharra,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.

M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhiom,
Chuir i cronan am chliabh,
Be 'n droch codhail domh 'bhiasd,
Gu robh toireachd ga diol.

Chuir i boil am cheann is bu mhór i,
Faicinn dhaoine marbh a's beodha,
Coltas Hector mor na Troidhe,
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm fenech na Roirne.
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha lan tuaisle a's bhriag,
Chuir mi'm bruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fhadach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luagh air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann isal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhiom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun traighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S boelid an t-aite leap am fiabhras,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
Slagach lag le fada 'n larginn,
Gann de dh' fhalt a's pallt de dh' fhiasaig
Pallt de dh' fhiasaig gu'n tlachd,
Chuir am bliad air droch dhreach,
Deoch no biadh theid a steach,
A dha thrian lante stad.

Do chota fas is e gun lianadh,
T-osan rocach air dhroch fhiaradh,
Caol do chois nochdàidh plathach,
Ionan cho fad ri cat fiadhaich.
Casan pliathadh gu'n sugh,
Fo'n da shleasa'd gu'n lugh,
Gur pallt lagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fìor dhaibh nach lub.

Bidh do mhulnneal fada, feathagh.
'S taisnichean mar chubar cleibhe,
Easgadan glagach gun speirid,
Glúinean ri tuchas a chelle.
Glúinean geura gun neart,
'S iad cho ciar ris a chairt,
Thu cho creubhl ri cat,
B' fhearr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uiread sa l'abhaist,
Air uachdar currachd nach aluinn;
Cluasan gu'n uireasbhaidh fasa,
Ceann cho lom ri cri na dearnaidh.
Cha be 'n companach cao'nh,
Dh-fhag cho lom mi 's cho maol,
Rin: mo chom mar phreas caoil,
Mar mhac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
Gun dad ol gun aon mhir ithe,
Chionn nach bi lughe na d' dha iosgaid,
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
B' dh tu d' shiachaire lag,
'S ceann do shithe gun neart,
Ann ad glunomh cha bhì tlachd,
Na d' chus mhio-loinn air fad.

ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIR FÓNÑ—*"The pearl of the Irish nation."*

CHA tog mise fonn,
Cha 'n eirich e leam,
Tha m' aigne ro throm
Fo caslain';
Tha 'n cri tha 'na m' chom
Mar chloich 'a i na deann,
'S i tuiteam le gleann,
'S cha 'n eirich;
Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom
Rinn a' cogadh 'a a stri,

Cha 'n fhaigh sinn a chaoidh
Bhì reidh ris;
On is trois' e na sinn,
'Theid leis-an ar chaoidh,
'S cha teasairg aon ni
Fo 'n glirein sinn!

'S cuis thursa gu dearbh
Bhì 'g ionndrainn mar dh-fhalbh,
Ar cruitea i, ar dealbh
'S ar 'n eugasg,
Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
Ar cumadh, 's ar dreach,
Ar eur an ann glachd',
A's streupa;
Mar a sgaolleas an ceo
Air aodainn an fheoir,
'S a chaochailleas neoil
'S na 'n speuran,
Tha 'n aois a' teuchd oirn
Cumhach caointeach, lan broin,
'S neo-shocruch ri leon
An to ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,
Cheann-trom, chaduilach, bhalbh,
Ann an ion 's a bhì marbh
Gu'n speirid;
Cha ghluais thu ach mall,
Agus euall' ann do lùmh,
Dol mu'n cuairt air gach allt,
A's feithe;
Cha chuir thu gu brath,
'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,
Geall ruithe, no snauh,
No leuma,
Ach fiabhras, a's cradh
Ga t-iarraidh gu has,
Nì 's lionnhoir' na plaigh
Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bloehd,
Ri caoidh na rug ort,
Neo brìghell gun toirt,
Gun speis thu;
Do luchd comuinn, a's gaoil
Fo chomhair an aoig,
Gun chomas a h-aon
Diu eirigh;
Dh-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,
Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
A's reasin,
Thig di-chuimhne, thig ba'chd,
Thig diomhanas dha.
Thig mi-loinn do chairdean
Fein ort.

Aois oghar gun bhrìgh
Ga t-fhogar gu cill,
Dh-fhagas bodhaig a cluinn
Ro eitidh,
Aois bhodhar nach cluinn,
Gan toighe, gun suim;

Gun char foghainteach stri,
 No streupa,
 Aois acaideach thinn
 Gun taice, gun chll,
 Gun ghaisge, gun spid,
 Gun speirid,
 Lan airtneal' a's craidh
 Gun aoidmheil bli slan,
 Gun neach dha'm beil cas
 Lheth t-eigln.

Aois ghreannach bhoehd thruagh,
 'S measa scalladh, a's tuar,
 Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
 Gun deudaich,
 Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
 Phreasach, chraleneach, lom, fhuar,
 Chrubach, chrotach,
 Gun ghluasad ceumá:
 Aois lobhar nan sploc
 Bheir na subhallean dhinn,
 Co san domhainn le'm binn
 Do sheis-sa?
 Aois ghliogach gun chail,
 'S tu 's mise na 'm bus,
 'S tu 's tric a riun traill
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois ehear-dubh a bhroin,
 Gun riomhaehd, gun spors,
 Gun toil intinn ri ceol
 Do eiseachd;
 Rob fhiasgach ghlas,
 Air dhroeh sheasamh chas,
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
 Gu eirigh;
 Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
 'S ole an urr' thu 'n cas cruaidh
 'Se do mhuinghinn an tuath,
 'S an deiree;
 Cha 'n eil neach ort an thir,
 Nach e aoidmheil am beoil
 Gur fada leo beo
 Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's ole dreach,
 Orm is snarach do theachd,

Cha 'n eil tuaraisgeul ceart
 Fo 'n ghrein ort,
 Gun mhire, gan mhuirn,
 Gun spiorad, gun suth;
 Far an cruinnich luchd-ciull
 Cha teid thu,
 Aois chaitidh 's ole greann,
 Aois acaideach mhull,
 Aois phrab-shuiteach dhall
 Gun leirsin,
 Chas fheargach gun suth,
 Lan fannald, a's thu,
 Ri fear meannach, beo,
 Lughmhor, gleusda.

Faire! faire! dhuin' oig,
 Cia do bharantas mor,
 'Ne do bharall bli beo
 'S nach eng thu?
 Tha'n saoghlal, 's an fheoil,
 Fìor aontach gu leoir,
 Air dó chlaonadh o choir
 Gu h-eacoir,
 Co fad 'sa tha 'n dail
 Thig ort teachdair o'n bhas,
 Na creid idir gur faisneachd
 Bhreig e;
 Biodh do gheard ort gle chruaidh,
 'S tha do namhald mu'n cuairt;
 Cha taigh crabhaidh
 An uigh dha'n teid thu

Ach furdach gun tuar
 Bhreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
 Anns an caruich iad suas
 Leat fein thu;
 Co mor 's tha e d' bheachd,
 Dheth d' stor cha teid leat,
 Ach bordain bheag shnaighte,
 A's leine,
 Ach 's e curam as mo,
 Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid,
 Thoir eunntas an coir,
 'S an ea-coir,
 Far nach seasamh do ni
 Dhut dad dheth d' euid feich,
 'S mo an t-cagal
 Bhi 'm prìosan peine

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Anisraig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William, as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

MOLADH DO CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Moch madainn shamhras' am mios fas nam meas,
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
Bha quibhrig, air dhreach criostail de 'n dealt,
Na dhlu bhrat a' comhdach gach cnuic.

Sin am anns, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,
'S ro bhoidheach gach tullaich fo bhla,
A's nuallanach gach uile spreidh,
A' geimnich ri cheil' iad fein, 's an cuid ail.

An ceann leath dara mios an t-samhradh,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,
'S gach fadhair gu mion-bhreac. boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le noinean, 's le sean-lus.

'Nuair bhios seillean le lan sholas
Deilleanachd a measg nan dithean,
Cop meala mu ghob a chronain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

'Nuair bhitheas gach ailean, 's gach doire,
Le bla uaine fo lan toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas' millis.

Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
Beagan roimh eirigh na greine,
Aig coltas coileich na smeoraich,
'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chuladh mi'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimhir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagradh, gach seilan sa'
bheinn
Ann an eirigh na greine, sa'm hadainn diluain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan gun sgreadh,
Gun eislean, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,
Bu mhilse na binneas nan teud air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binn, mien, bras,
Socrach ri 'n seinn, gur ochan, gun chnead,
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an coin, ge bu lag,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'aunsa leam na fiodhall, a's piob,
Bhi tannull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na choir,
On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'S a's calanta seinn gun aon bhaile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle tra air gach nighin, 's
inna;
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an co'n, gu
beuchd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thìr soraidh le d' stoirm,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharragheal fìuch dortadh nam bare,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chleibh.

Na maoth-linntean tha balbh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n eop ri 'n taobh tha tamh
Na caineichean aluinn an t-shleibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceileireadh ian,
Gu lurach air bharraribh nan geug,
'N am do ghreìn togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blathas,
Bu chubhradh faileadh nan ros
A dh-fhasadh 's na fasaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhor.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gas,
A lubadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nuallanach, binn-ghuthach spreidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid ail,
Mu innis mhullaich an tuir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fas.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n cuairt do Bhad-nan-clach-glas,
A bhuail' air 'm bu tric am bliochd.

Tlìgeadh banarach na spreidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn aluinn,
Falt clannach, fonn-bhuighe, dualach,
Mu'n cuairt da guailleann gu faineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-eubhadh i " Buigheag, a's Blarag.
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guailionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Cnsag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S euman eadar a da ghlun,
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-oran gu binn:—
" Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spreidh a ris,
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' oranach ceolar, clann lain,
Nan suidheadh fo'n chrodh g'am bloodhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhasaich,
Nuallan nan gruagachan boidheach,
Ann', a's Cntriona a's Mairi,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seonaid.

Lionadh iad gach uile shoitheach,
'S cha b' eagal gu'n traghadh an di,
Ged thigeadh an slugh sun radhad,
Gheibheadh iad linntean na dibhe;

Gu slamanach, finne-mheogach, onach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blathach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligeach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gamhnan agus laoigh,
Bu mhigendach meinn a's uain,
B' aiglonntach fiadh agus earb,
A' direadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' ebhinn an sealladh o'n traigh
Loinggeas a' snamh troimh na caoil;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhaireg na clar comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair a stadaimid aig a bhaile
An deighe bli sgith 's a mbonadh,
Bhiodh duil againn ri lan glaine
A scarrag Mairi Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMHUINN, m'annsaichd, 's mo thlachd,
Ga 'n tug mi toirt; [stad,
Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chleir nach deannan
Sa' choill sin Crois.
'S binn cruic cheolmhor, a's clarseach cheart,
'S piob le cuid dos;
Ach 's binne na h-coin a' seinn mu'n seach,
Sa' choill sin Crois.

Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuaradh amach,
 Gu'r dìon o'n olc, [ceart,
 B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean
 Sa' choill sin Crois. [chos.
 Ged' bhi'dh tu gun 'radharc sul gun lugh do
 A d' dheoire bochd; [ais,
 Na'm bu mhath leat do shlainte philleadh air
 Ruig coille Chrois.
 Aig ailleachd a luis a's misleachd a meas,
 'S aig feabhas a blais;
 Cha'n iarraidh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
 Aeh coille Chrois,
 Am beil ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
 Cho binn 's cho bras?
 Ri sior-bhoreadh stoir mil an eas,
 Ri taobh coill' Chrois.
 Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,
 Gun uireasbhuidh neart;
 Nach traith, 's nach traigh, 's nach fas beag,
 Nach reodh 's nach stad.
 Is lionmhor bradan tarra-ghcal, druim-bhreach,
 A leumas ris;
 Cho luath 's n tharas iad as,
 A comh-ruith bho'n Eas.

AN TAISBEAN.

Mocu madainn Cheitein ri eeo,
 'N am do'n ghrein togail bho neoil,
 Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
 'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smuid
 A brnachanan molach fraoich,
 'S bha dealradh nan gathanan blath
 Cur sgeimh air cuirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' driuchdadh gu grinn,
 'N am sgapadh do dhulachd an cheo,
 Na paidircan air an fhearr,
 M'ar leugan fo sgeimh an oir.

Bha maghanan milteach feoir,
 Bu mheilbheagach', dhitheanach' bla,
 Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
 Bu luath mu thuath a ruith balbh.

Bha neonain, a's sobhrach gu dlu,
 Creamh, agus biolair a' fas,
 Air aileanaibh airmh-reidh, 's air loin,
 Far 'm bu lionmhoire ros geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, ceilcirceach, eoin
 Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',
 A' freagradh a cheile gu grinn,
 Cha'n fhaighte 'n cuirt rìgh ni b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'n uaigneas leis fein,
 Ag eisdeachd ri torgnan nan eun,
 Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheo,
 An aon duin' og a b'aillidh sgeimh.

O nach robh de dh-ìhearaibh chaich,
 Ach e-san, a's mi fein sa' ghleann,
 Smuaintich mi gu'n gabhainn sgeul,
 Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
 Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin;
 Labhair e fosgarna, reidh,
 "A ghabhail sgeil a thainig thu."

Mu 's math leat naigheachd a thoirt uam
 Gu maithean Alba gu leir,
 Amhaire gu gear fada bhuat,
 'S chi thu na sluaigh na'm lan fheirg.

Chunna' mi'n fhairge mar choill'
 Le crannaibh loingheis lan ard,
 Le brataichean anasach, ur,
 Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
 Gu gaireach gabhail gu tir,
 Bu luchdmhor, lan athaiseach iad,
 Suaicheantas Frangach na'n croinn.

Thainig na sluaigh sin gu tir,
 'S cha b'uaigheach an gluasad o thraigh,
 Bha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,
 A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann ard'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
 'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
 A's thuir an duine math sin rium:—
 "Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thas
 Stinbhartaich, cinnadh an rìgh,
 Na'm bocanan gioraig san leirg,
 'Dhearg an airm le fuil san stri.

Thainig Ciann-Dombnuill na'n deigh,
 Mar chonaibh confach gur bhiaidh,
 Na'm beathraichean guineach, gaur,
 An guailean a cheile gu gnìomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sroil
 Air a cheangal ri crann caol,
 An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,
 Lamh dhearg, iolair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
 Ceangail' am barr a chrainn chaoil,
 Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
 'S cha b'aite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thairrneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
 An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
 Fhuair iad brosnachadh fìor mhear,
 Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil:—

“ A Chlannaibh milidh mosgailibh,
Is sonnalta, cian 'ur eodal,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,
Dh-at na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,
Gu mear, leumnuch, dearg-ohneadhach,
Gu luath-lambach, treun-bhuilleach.
Gu aigneach, innsinneach,
Gu an-athach, namhadach,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-trocaireach,
Gun tearmunn, gun mhathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,
Gun innidh, gun eagal,
Gun umhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamb, gun an-mhisneich,
Gun churam, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealtachd, gun namhann.
Gun eiseamail, gun umhlachd,
Gun athadh do namhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A' cosnadh na cath-laraich.”

Chunnaic mi air leath o chach
Tri leoghainn a b'fharsuinne craois
Thug iad tri sgaritean cho ard
'S gu'n sguin creagan aig mead an glaoth.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirm,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach og,
O'n Chaisteal thream, 's o Bhorgh,
De shliochd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S u chas rioghall an Duntuilm,
Dh'a'm bu shean eireachdas rianh,
Buaidh nan sliabh an cas a chruinn,

Thainig an treas leoghann diu
O'n choill', 's o gharaidh nam barc,
A's dh'ordaich iad pairt dhe'n cuid sluaigh
Dhol a thioleiceadh nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich
an-diadhaidh, an-trocaireach, an-nobhach, an-
athach, an-fochdmhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-
eachd de bhorb, bhrothach, bhodach, dha'm
b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean,
gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na
h-araich. Aonghas amharra a Eigneach—Ca-
lum crosta a Gruluinn—Eoghann Iargalta a
Crasabhaig—Dughall Ballach a Gallabaidh—
Niall Eangharra a Raimisgearaidh — agus
Domhnall Durrgha a Gearas.

Chunna' mi Gleann soileir uam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuaim,
Glaodhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreathuinn guleir;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,
Chi sibh na Gael a' triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu coir.

Note.—The poet was a staunch Jacobite. In his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG;

OR,

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

We know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country.

He used to appear in a dress, which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman : but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune "*Tha biodag air mac Thomais*,"—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mhi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn oist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sabbadh,
'S a chulaidh bhais 'ga cuir suas,
Sambach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean a ordugh,
Cha'n aithne dhomh-s an cuir suas,
Tha'n gaothair air stopadh,
Tha'n da dhos na'n trom-shuain.
Chail an seunsa'ir a chlaisteachd,
Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
O'n tric a thainig ceol taitneach,
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,
'Dhusgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartaraich' siubhal,
Thionndadh tioma gu cruas:
Ceol mar smeorach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,
Dian ruith-leumnach, luath.

Bu sgiolta seallcadh do sheannsa'ir,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh onaparra, lughmbor,
Caismeachd shumntach 'san ruaig;
Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sgliuraich,
Chuireadh diun-loch na luaths,
Claidhean glasa 'gan rusgadh,
Claignean bruit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,
O'n chaidh uir ort san uaigh :—
An toiseach labhair an spluacan,
Bhiodh tu giulan gach uair.

* John McQuithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

"Tha mi fein gun tombaca,
Cha b'e cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aisne,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach."

Thuir a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,
"Mo sgeul craiteach ro chruaidh !
Dh-fhalbh mo shugradh, 's mo mharan,
Thug am bas leis Iain Ruadh ;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlarsach,
Dheanadh dan, agus duan,
Cha b'e Caluinn a chrampaidd
Fonn a b'fhcarr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuir am pigidh bha lamh ris,—
"Faigh an t-ara gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spairt e,
Tha tart 's gach aite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-traigh na plaighe,
Tha nithe gnathaichte bhuainn,
Cha bhi reochar gu brath ann,
'S ann a thraigheas an cuan."

Thuir am buideal, 's am botal,
Thuir an goc ris an stop,
Thuir an copan, 's an t-slige ;
"S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhunadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaidh nan lon,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an urlar,
A fhluchas bru Dhomhnuill oig."

O'n dh-fhalbh an oompanach sar-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an rabhart, 's an spors,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinneadh an ceol.
'Nis o rinneadh do charadh
'N ciste chlarach nam bord,
'S mor as mist iad am Pharo,
Gun fhear do ghnais a bhi beo.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuidcheadh,
Nach robh sgrubail san osd'

Dh-fhalbh fear traghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stop.
Dh-fhalbh fear deannadh nan duanag
Leis an luighite gach clo,
Cha b'e ghnas a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma ghnin' thug dha p'og.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath feille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach eol,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud fliur nan croc.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N am suidhe mu bhord,
Na droch dhreochdan air fìdhill.
Mar fhuaim snithe an loin.

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air urlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snamh;
Bha thu d' chairiche lughmhor,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luireich fo chach.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glaò threan a ruitheadh an ramh,
'San am caithheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiscach air cach.

Their mo shoraidh-sa tharis,
Dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhearainn ud thall;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd san am.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachiladh,
Ann am fasan nach gaun;
Buideal rum aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-ro gu'm b'eibhinn leam,
'Chluinntinn gu'n do dh-eirich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgeula sin,
On chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,
'S e cuis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi na bartraich.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-osdairean
Buidealán gu torradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun ol orra,
'S e ni sin seorsa bainnse.
Ho-ro, &c.

On tha giubhas sabhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha tairnean dut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bata
Theid do Pharo dh-iaraidh Brann dai,
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bhi dad a dh'eis oirre,
Gheibh i gach ni dh'fheumas i,
Ni'n lion aodach a *main*-seol d'i,
'S gu'n dean na speicean crann d'i.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarruinnnean,
Tha ropaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S ga'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'inntinn gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhìot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deannal,
A toirt caithream air ceol damhsaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu ann san reiseanmaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumcadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-oganach,
Bu lionmhor ait' am b'eolach thu,
Chunna' mis' an cloaidean,
Ag c' an Amsterlam thu !
Ho-ro, &c.

ORAN CNAIDEIL

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bo ! bo ! bo !
An Doctar Leodach 's biodag air,
Fuicill oirbh san taob sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiosta dhìbh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fhleasgach og,
Bu mhorchuiseach le cluidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chomhraig,
'S leon e le bloid spealun thu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,
'S claidheamh-mor an tarruinn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deors',
Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.
Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n traigh,
Nach cuir thu ort nan itean d'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-seirg
Air orios seilg an luidealaich;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh-dh'i.
Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air chrith oirre,
Chnamh a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr i 'n im na dh' itheadh tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Glaidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,
S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha ne deoch bhainne, na mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn uosa dhìot;
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-im,
Giobainean nan gugachan.
Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspach rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sulair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sia, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Chuir nibhean sgarbh cìoch-shlugain ort.
Thugaibh &c.

'Nuair theid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Cluinnear gair nan iseanan;
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhain,
Cha mhor do sta 'sna sgorrachan;
Cha tig na h-eunlaidh a d' dhail,
Le fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu air an rop,
A rìgh bu mhor do cudthrom air;
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghrund,
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu i,
Dìreadh 's na h-iscanan a d' sgeith,
Air leam gu'm feum thu ouideachadh.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri each,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu;
'S t-airm cha dian a bheag a sta,
Mur sgrìobar clar, na praise leo.
Thugaibh, &c.

Note—Dr. M'Leod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

BANAIS CHICSTA L-ODHAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Ann an Cìostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Cha robh othail choir oirre!*

THAINIG fear a staigh ga'm ghriobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's cronan.
A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,
Gu e-fein a chuir an ire,
Thoisich e air b'èith nan inean,
Gu mi-fhin a sgròbadh.
A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fadhaich :—
"Mas e mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,
Gur docha gu'n cuir mi'n f'hiacail,
Air iochdar do sgornain!"
A bhanais, &c.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghna leam a bhi 'g ceadradh,
Ole na dheigh gu'n d'rinn mi' leagadh,
'S bluaill mi breab san toin air.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosaich;
Am fear bu-laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mirean beo as.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Cha robh mi-fhin a' cur cuir dhiom.
Gus na mhuigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileag mo shroine.
A bhanais, &c.

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mi mach thun na sitig',
Theab gu'n ithte beo mi.
A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh cu ri caoirich,
'S an fear nach do sgròb iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shroiceadh.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,
Stradadh na fal' anns na speuran;
Bha 'mis' an aite gan eisdeachd,
'S gun b' eibhinn an spors iad.
A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a choile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a choile shadadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan ordag.
A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamb, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pogadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail orain !
A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunnaidh an oridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca rithiast,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chomhradh.
A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir :—
'Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fìdhe;
'S mis an fear gu'n tig an dilinn,
Nach toir sgrìob air ceol duibh.''
A bhanais, &c.

ORAN DO LOCHIAL.

AIR FÒNN.—*"Tweedside."*

O thainig mi dhuthaich Lochial,
Cha rabh iad rium spìocach na bochd,
Fhuair mi uile nan comunn gun ghiomh,
Lan falachd, gun chrìne, gun sprochd,
Muinntir ghasda dha 'n dachas deadh ainm,
Buidhean shealbhaich fon airm air gach enoc,
Bha sud ann an dachas shuibh riamh,
'S uor eiluitch aon bliadhna ar ceann stuichd.

Dhombhuil Oig, o'n a fhuair tha do choir,
Lean am biuthas bu nos, a's cha 'n olc,
Bi gu furanach, farsada, foil,
Ris na daoine nach deonaich do lochd,
Nì eiridh gu d' chuideachadh suas,
Nan fuicheadh iad tairgne teachd ort,
Rachadh ullamb gu rugadh nan lann,
'S iad a chasgradh a namhuid le toirt.

'S d'thu 'n gasan, tha oireachdail ard,
'S d'thu macan gun ardan gun mhoit,
'S d'thu 'n cuiridh gun ghaise, gun gfhiamh,
'S d'thu 'n gallan dh' fhas sgiamhach le toirt,
Gu deas dìreach o'd mhullach gu d' bhonn,
'S deadh spiorad neo-throm ann ad chorp,
Aghaidh shoilleir tha seire ann ad ghnais,
Suil smiorail an diunlavich fo d' roisg.

Aghaidh shuibhear as taitniche snuadh,
Aghaidh fhìathail neo-ghrunamach nach tais,
Aghaidh smachdail am keil buirb agus cruas,
Mu nithear do ghlasad gu brais;
Tha thu siobhalt, lan iochd agus truais,
Tha thu measail air slugh anns' gach staid,
Sar cheannard nan gaisgeach bheir buaidh,
Thog thu suas iad gu cruadal gle mhoch.

Sar cheannard 'san dutsa bu dual,
Bhi gu fuasgailteach cruadalach glio,
Fhir a ghineadh, 'sa bhuineadh o'n dream,
A fhuair urram 'sna streupan gu tric,
Buidhean fhuiltteach nach geilleadh 'sau t-stri,
Buidhean chunbhallach, innleachdach, chhis,
Buidhean aingeantach, luthor gun fhoill,
Buidhean uai'reach le agoinn a ghleidh meas.

Cha ne fochan an fhollaich an sonn,
Ach an tabhall dh'fhas trom anns an lics
Dhaindeoin doineann faoillich, na mart,
Cha chrìon i, cha searg as cha bhrist;
'Sann a bhios i fo duilleach a ghuath,
'Si cinntinn gu h-ard le mortheas,
Fo sgaile bidh fasga, as blas,
Aig gach goig bhios 'garach dea'-mbeas.

Cha chraobh mhosgain, na chrìonaich a th'ann,
Ach an cuilean 'sgach am a bhios gorm,
Cha ghais sneachda, na gliobhaid an crann,
Na fìchne, na geamhrudh, na stoirn,
Slat dhe'n fhìon-fhuil dha 'n dligeach bhi ann,

Sa thainig gun ghanntar le foirm,
Cha bhi camshronaich tuilleadh gun cheann,
Sann a thilleas an campar gu toirm.

Cha n' ioghuadh leam idir an uail,
'N deigh na fhuair iad do chruadal, 's do chlaoidh,

Ri iarguin nan gaisgeach bha 'uasba,
B' fhearr alla as luaidh anns an tsaoghal,
'Nuair bha iad air fogradh, 'a air chall,
'San cuid fearainn san am sin dha'n dìgh,
Gus an d' thainig reachd riogbail an aigh,
Chuir dhachaiddh gach armuun gu thìr.

'Nuair theid Achnacarradh air doigh,
'Sa nì Doinnull ann comhnuidh le sìth,
Thig cleachdadh a shìnsireachd beo,
'S freagraidh creagan na moitich do'u phìob;
Bidh tollintinn aig t-uaislean, as spors,
Theid mi-ghean air fogradh as sgìos,
Bidh fudar ga losgadh gu leoir,
'S daimh chroice air an leonadh san fhrith.

Gu meal thu nis t-fhearann as t-inbhe,
Gach urram, gach brìgh a's gach agh,
'S do phosadh ri maighdean dheas ghrinn,
Dha'm bi maise le aoidh, as le gradh,
Dha 'm bi glìocas le fiosrach 'sìe ceill,
Dha 'm bi cairtean bhios treun an deadh ainm,
Dha 'm bi urram gach subhaic a's beus,
Dha 'm bi foghlum le ceutabh-gun mheang.

Leat a dh'eireas do chinneadh nach ganc,
Gach meanglan gu ceanngalach cruaidh,
'Nuair a thogair do bhratach ri crann,
Chithar darach 'san am ga chuir suas,
Bi'dh gach treun-fhear, 's gach fuirbi gun mheang,
Gu tartrach neo-fhann dol nan gluas'd,
Nial frioghail ro-ghuineach nan deann,
Grad tharruinn nan lann as an truail

Thig Glenn-Nibheis a stuirt, a's a ceo,
 Thig Callard gu stroiceach le fhuirt
 Thig an teaghlach dha 'm buineadh an t-Sron,
 Nì iad reubadh as leonadh air chuirp,
 Leiteir-Fhionnuidh, 's Loch-Airceig gu dian,
 Glenn-Laoigh nach 'eil fiamhach 'san trod,
 Thig Ceann-Loch, leat Locho', 's Lochiall,
 Thig bho Shuainart gun ghluimh h-ugad eus.

'Sioma' cairid tha agad mun eairt,
 A deas, a's a tuath thig gu t-fheachd,
 'S leat na Cuimbeulaich cinnteach gu leoir,
 Tha do cheangal rin cleith, 's bidh iad leat,
 Loch-nan-Eala dhut dileas gu leoir,
 Teaghlach faranach erodha, 'm b' 'eil neart,
 'San Barrabreac cha dibir thu beo,
 Bidh e seasnach an conuidh le neart.

Bha Clann Domhnuil co-aontach dhut riamh,
 'Sann ad chomunn a dh' larradh iad stad;
 Anns gach laraich 'n an tagraidh na stri,
 Bhiodh an claidheumh gu dileas cuir leat;
 'S gach aon tha do Stinbhartaich beo,
 Bidh iadsan gu deonach 'na 'd thuic,
 Cha 'n 'eil fìnneadh feadh Albaun bheil
 buaidh,
 Nach eil Camshronaich fuaighte riu' le beachd.

Tha do chairdeas ri ioma'lach dream,
 Nach eoil domh san an thoir a stench,
 Ged bu mhiann leam do leantuinn san rann,
 Tha m' fhiosrachadh gann air do neart,
 Le 'in nì mi t-fhagail san am,
 Ann an urram, an gradh, a's am meas,
 Le guidhe dèadh chliu, agus slainte,
 Bhì gad leantuinn mar chairdean an feasl.

DUGHAL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until at last he obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reprovèd, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that

district:—"Ranoeh is an extensive district, in the parish of Fertingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergymen visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on the Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them: he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the Ranoeh. Nor was he attended by those only among whom he lived, but by many from other remote parts, who were attracted by the fame of his piety. In addressing the people, his meek and gentle spirit led him to dwell most on the loftier motives—the more tender appeals with which the gospel abounds; but, to stubborn and determinate sinners, he was severe in discipline, encountering them with the terrors of the Lord, that he might win them to Christ."

It is said that Buchanan assisted Mr. Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into the Scottish Gaelic, and that he corrected the work while passing through the press at Edinburgh, in the year 1766. During his stay there he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the classes for Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Astronomy, &c., which made a great impression upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr. Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine anything more sublime than the following lines which he repeated:—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a wreck behind."

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses:—"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was

found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.*

He published his "*Hymns*," about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoeh till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the "Lamb in the midst of the throne." In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranoeh wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, jocular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet, and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

"*The Day of Judgment*" is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

"*The Scull*" is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the

mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

“*The Dream*” contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

“Chia 'n 'eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
A' measg a' chiune-daonn' air fad
'S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig a neach is isle staid.”

“*The Winter*” begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter's frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

LATHA' BHREITHEANAIS.

Air feadh 'ta chuid is mo de'n t-saogh'l
Gu'n ghaol do Chrìosd, gu'n sgionn d'a reachd,
Gu'n chreideamh ac' gu'n tig e ris,
'Thoir breith na frinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacsaidh 'ta'd nan suain,
A' bruidar pailteas de gach nì:
Gu'n umhail ac' n' uair thig am bas,
Nach meal iad Pàrras o'n ard Rìgh.

Le cumhachd t-fhacail Dhe tog suas,
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thra,
Is beannaich an Dan so do gach neach,
Bheir seachad eisteachd dha le gradh.

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh Dhe tog suas,
'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul;
A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu choir,
Mu ghloir 's mu uamhunn latha Dhe.

Air meadhon oidhch' 'nuair bhios an saogh'l,
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhuisgear suas an cinne-daoin',
Le glaoth na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhoillseach' fein,
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu leir,
Iad a ghrad eiridh chum a mhoid:—

“O eluinnibhs uile chlann nan daoine,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd;
Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta los' air teachd.”

Is seididh e le sgail cho chruaidh,
'S gu 'n cuir e sleibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Grad chlisgidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn crith.

Le osaig dhoinionnaich a bheil,
Au saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhun an t-scangain dol na ghluais,
Grad bhruchedaidh 'n uaigh a nìos a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas in lamh,
Chaidh chur san araich fad o cheil;
'S bidh farum mor a measg nan cnamh,
Gach aon diu' dol 'na aite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireannaich an tus,
Is dhuisgear iad gu leir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,
Ga'n comh'lachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Ie eibhneas togaidd iad an ceann,
'Ta an an fuasglaidh orra dlu;
Is mar chruaibh-mheas fo iomlan blath,
Tha dreach an Slanuifheir 'nan gnais;

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gras
A'r glamhail 'n naduir o 'n taobh steach;
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta umhlach l' Chrìosd,
Ga'n deannamh sglamhach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùsgear na h-àlmgidh suas 'n an deigh,
Mar bhòidilbh gairisneach as an t-àchd;
'S o ifrinn thig an amann truagh;
Thoir coinneamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-annan brònach truagh,
R'a choluinn oillteil, uamhar, bhreun,
'Mo chlaoidh l' eiod ùm' an d'eirich thu
Thoirt peannas dubailt oirn le cheil?

" O ! 'n eigin domhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-ghlan steach a'd' chre?
Mo thruaighe mi gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-aannaianna brùicil fein !

" O'm faigh mi dealach, riut gu brath !
No 'n tig am bas am feusd a'd' choir !
'N druigh teine air do chumhbean iarain,
No dibh-fheing Dhe an struidh i t-fheoil !"

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mor,
Gun smachd gun ordugh ann nan laimh;
'S cha'n aithn 'ear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine thruagh bhà,ac' na thràill.

'S na daoine uibhreach leis nach b' fhu,
Gu 'n umhlaicheach iad fein do Dhia;
O faic anis iad air an glan';
A' deannamh urmaigh ris gach sliabh:—

" O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,
Le sgarneich ghairbh do chluachan cruaidh,
Is sgriosaibh sinn a tir nam beo,
A chum 's nach faic sinn gloir an Uain."

A mach as uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol 's a chuid 'ingle fein,
Ge cruaidh e 's eigin teuchd a lath 'r,
A' slòadail shlabhraidh a's a dheigh.

'N sin fàsaidh ruthadh ann san speur
Mar fhair na maidne 'g eiridh deurg;
Ag innse gu'm beil fiosa fein,
A teuchd na doidh le latha garbh :

Grad fhosglaidh a's a cheil na neoil,
Mar dhorus seomair an ard Rìgh,
Is foillsiehear am Breitheamh mor,
Le gloir is greadhnachas gun chrìch.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fàsin a ghuth;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sul,
A' sputadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian ard-locharan nan speur,
Do ghloir a phoarsa goillidh grad;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnuis,
A solus muohaidh e air fad.

Culrìdh l' uimpe eulaidh bhroin,
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun doirt' oir' fail,
Is crathar eumhachlan nan speur,
A tilgeadh nan reull a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san speur,
Mar mheas air geig ri anradh garbh;
Tuiteam mar bhronaibh dh-nisge dhu,
'S an gloir mar shuillean duine mhairbh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da bencaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crìoch na neulh,
'S a'reub nan neul gu doinnomach.

O chuillidh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine list' le feing;
Is sguoilidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh' na lasair dheing.

Leaghadh na Duile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine ceir;
Na enic 's na sleibhte lasaidh suas,
'S bidh teus-ghoil air a' chum gu leir.

Na beanntan iargail nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neuch d'an doin,
Ta iad gu falaidh tiosgadh 'mch,
An ionmhuis leaght' mar abhinn mhoir.

Gach neach bhlasgriobadh eruin an oir,
Le sannt, le do-lheirt, no le fail;
Lan chaisgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mor,
'S a nasgaidh olaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhse rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh',
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu gear,
'N nair tha e 'glencaidh ris a bhais,
Mar dhuine laidir dol do'n eug.

A chuisle chleachd bhì fullain fuar,
Ri mireag uibhreach feadhman glèann,
'Tha teas a chleibh 'ga 'n sunnidreuch suas,
Le goilbh buaireis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fhasgladh ann 's gach sliabh,
Nach clainn sibh osnaich throm a bhais,
'S a chridhe sgaineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An curtein gorm tha null o'n ghrein,
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-che mar chleoc,
Cruaidh an lasair e 'r'a cheil,
Mar mheilleig air na h-cibhkan beo.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach sputadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh cairsreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timcheall a' chruinne so gu leir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaloisg ris na sleibhte cas.

Is eum an doinnn ata suas,
O cheithir airdibh ghaibh 'ghaith;
'Ga sgiurs' le neart mun aingle treun,
Luathach an leir-sgrios o gach taobh.

Thu obair na se la rinn Dia
Le lasair dhlán gu cuir 'fa sguoil,
'Cia mor do shuibreas Righ na 'm feurt,
Nach iunndrain easgradh mhíle saogh'!

'M feadh tha gach ní 'an glaic an eig,
'S a chruithenchd gu leir dol bun-oscann,
Teannadh an Breitheamh oirne dhu,
A eum gach euis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o aird nán speur,
Air cathair a Mhorachd fein a nuas,
Le greathnachas nach faens riamh,
'S le dhíathachd sgealsichte mun cuairt.

Ta míle tairneanach 'na lán,
A eum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
'Is fonn-chriith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air cill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun aircamh tha 'na chuirt,
Le 'n sailean suidhicht' air an Righ,
Chum ruith le ordughsan gun bail,
'S na h-uile ait gu'n cur an guíomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,
'S gach neach rinn braithreas riut a'd ghníomh
An dream a dh'áicheadh creideamh Chríost,
Na reic o air son ní nach b'fhíach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann do'n or,
Roimh ghloir is eibhneas slúthens De,
'Ur mairt ghorach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh fein.

'S a rhuinntir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nar,
Gu 'n cluinnite crabhaidh dha 'n'ur teach;
Faicibh a ghloir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh a riogt'ehd amach.

O Herod fúic a nis an Righ,
D' an tug thu spid is maslath mor,
Ga sgealachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shuair neas sgallais air a ghloir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu leir,
'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg;
'A' teacht thoirt duais do dhaoine coir,
'S a sgrios luehd do-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a muthadh mor;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an 'Ti
A rinn thu dhíthead air do mhod ?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgeithach gear,
Na idir gur i sud a ghnuis,
Air na thilg na h-Iudaich síle breun !

'M bu leir gu'n theich a ghrian air ehl,
A' diltadh fianuis thoirt do'n guíomh?
Cíod uim' nach d'fhuair a chruithenchd bas,
'N uair cheusadh air a chreann a triamh ?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghathuabh 'n domhain mhoir,
A chuirteachadh gach non do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhoid.

Gach neach a dh' áicheadh coluimh riamh,
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teacht,
Mar sgnóth de bheachaibh tigh 'n mu gheig,
An deidh dhaibh oiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glomhar suas,
Arí dhratadh Chríost de'n saol'neus fuil;
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa choir,
'S da fhuilangas rinn doigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh eruinnicibh mo maoinh,
Is tionailbh gach non de'n dream,
A rinn gu dílas is gu dlu,
Le creideamh 's umlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air ouis an la,
A eum a naimhde chur fo bhíun,
Is fosglaidh e leabhráichean suas,
Faram beil peacadh 'n t-sluagh air chuimhn'.

Fosglaidh e 'n eridhe mar an ceudh',
Air dhoigh 's gur leir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach namharachd bha gubhail tamh,
Air feadh an arois ud a steach :

'N uair chi' an sealladh so dhiubh fein,
Is dearbh gur leir dhaibh ceartas Dha;
'S bídh 'n gruaidh a leaghadh as le uair
Nach lugha cradh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fúaim,
'Na labhradh a's na gluaisidh neach;'
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mor,
A bhreith thig air gach seors' amach.

'A dhaoine sanntach threig a choir,
'S a leag 'ur dochas an 'ur toic,
A ghlas gu teann 'ur eridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaodh nam bocht.

'An lomnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acrach thruagh cha d'thug sibh biadh,
Ged líon ní fein 'ur cisd' de lon,
'S 'ur treuda' chur a'mod gach bliadh'n'.

'Ni bheil sibh íomchuidh air mo riogt'ehd,
As eugmhais firinn, íochd, a's graidh;
'S o reub sibh m' íomhaidh dhíbh gu leir,
Agraibh sibh fein 'nar sgrios gu brath.

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"A nathraiche millteach 's oilteil greann,
Cha binn leam ocol 'ur granntaich arl,
'S cha 'n eisd o'r tear 's ghabhlaioh cliu,
Le driuchd a phuinnean air a barr.

"Is sibhs' thug fuath da m' orduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b'ionmhuinn caomh mo theach;
Leis 'm bu bhliadhna suidhe uair,
Am aros tabhairt e'uais do m' reachd.

"Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu brath,
A'm' sheirbhhis sabaid shiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir 'ur n-anam gradh,
De'n ni da'n tug 'ur nadur fuath?

"'Luchd mi-ruin agus farmaid mhoir
Da'n doruinn iomlan sonas chaich,
Le doilghios gear a' enamh 'ur cri,
Mu son neach oirbh fein bheir barr.

"Cia mar a dh-fheadas sibh gu brath,
Lan sheanas aiteach ann an gloir;
Far an faic sibhse milte dream,
Ga'n ardach 'os bhur ceann gu mor?

"Am fad 's bu leir dhuibh feadh moriogh'chd,
Neach b' airde inbhe na sibh fein;
Nach fadadh mi-run 's farmaid oirt,
Tein' 'frinn duibh a'm fhaithreas De?

"Ja sibhs' 'an slighe na neo-ghloin ghluais,
'S gu sonraicht' thruaill an leaba phosd;
Gach neach a thug do m' naomhachd fuath,
Ga'n tabhairt suas gu toil na feol'.

"Mar b' ionmhuinn leibh bhi losgadh 'n teas,
'Ur n-uabhair, dheasaich mi dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth 'san laidh sibh sios,
Am brachaibh-lin de lasair dheirg.

"Ged bheirinn sibh gu rioghachd mo ghloir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seomar righ;
'Ur nadur neoghlan bhiodh ga chradh,
Le'r miannaibh bacachadh chion bidh.

"Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
Teannaibh sibhse chum mo dheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chli,
A chrionach o na crannaibh meas."

"N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taobh,
Na eoraich o na gobhraibh lom;
Ceart mar ni'm buachaille an treud,
'N uair chuairteicheas e spreidh air tom.

"N sin labhraidh e ri luohd a dheis,
'Sibhse ta deasaichte le m' ghras,
Thigibhse, sealbhaichibh an rioghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu brath.

"Spealg mise 'n geat' bha oirbhse duinnt',
Le m' umhlachd 's m' fhuilangas ro-gheur;
'S dh-fhosgail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadh dhuibh fein.

"Chum oraobh na beath' ta 'm Parraiss De,
Le h-eibhneas teannaibh steach da coir;
'S a fearta iongantach gu leir,
Dearbhadh 'ur n-uile chreuchd 's bhur leon.

"An olaiche ruisgte bha laist ga dìon,
O laimh 'ur sinnsir Adhamh 's Eubh,
Rinn mise truail dhè m' chridhe dha,
'S a lasair bhath mi le m' fhuil fein.

"Fo dosraich urair suidhibh sios,
Nach searg 's nach crìon an feasd a blath:
'S mar smuoraichean a measg a geug,
Chum m'laidh gleusaibh binn bhur eail.

"Le 'maise sasaichibh 'ur suil,
Is oirbh fo sguil cha druigh an teas,
O 'duilleach curaiddh olaibh slaint;
Is bith'bh neo-bhasmhor le a meas.

"Gach uile mheas tha 'm Parraiss De,
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirnig' dhuibh;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach geig,
A nathair nimh cha teum a chaoidh.

"A's uile mhiann 'ur n-anma fein,
Lan shasaichibh gu leir 'an Dia,
Tobar na frinn, iochd, a's graidh,
A mhaireas lan gu cian na 'n cian.

"Mor-innleachd iongantach na slaint,
Sior rannsaichibh air aird 's air leud,
'S feadh oibrìche mo rioghachd mhoir,
'Ur n-eolas cìocrach cuiribh' meud.

"Ur n-eibhneas, mais' 'nr tuigs', 's 'ur gradh.
Bithheadh gu siorruidh fas ni 's mo;
'S cha choinnich sibh aon ni gu brath,
Bheir air 'ur n-anam cradh no leon.

"Cha 'n fhaca suil, 's cha chuala cluas,
Na thaisg mi suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, 's biodh 'ur dearbhachd fein,
Sior-innse sgeul duibh air a chaoidh."

Ach ris a mhuinntir th'air a chli,
O ! labhraidh e 'na dhiog'ltas cruaidh,
'A chuideachd nach d'thug gradh do Dhia,
A chum an diabhuil siubhlaidh nam.

"S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu brath,
A chum 'ur cradh 's 'ur cur gu pian,
Gluaisibhse chum an teine mhoir,
Ga'r rosdadh ann gu cian nan cian."

Mar sgain an talarh a's a cheil,
'N uair gabh e teaghlach Chorach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh 'n uigh a beul,
'S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig 'mhuc-mhara mhor,
Ionas 'n uair chaidh 'thilgeadh 'mach,
Ni slugan dubh an dara baib,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri cheil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-encorach;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis-bhreig;
Iochd misg a's reubinn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualraig dhريس an ceagal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo fein;
'S an comunn chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh dlu,
Mar bhioran ruisgte dol nan cre.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghais;
An slabhraidh cagnaidd iad gu dian,
'S gu brath oha ghearr am faclan phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruidh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhasgadh asd' le bron,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnusg laisd'
'S a dheantach uaine tuedh an sron.

Mar bhairneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creangaibh gileach teann;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhe a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhuineas cadal cruaidh an suil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas duisgidh iad;
A chnuimh nach basaidh 's eibhle beo,
A' cur an doruinn shiorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S lan-dearbhadh eo gu'n toir iad eis,
Faodaidh sinn pairt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir anns na briathruibh cruaidh so sios.

'O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thamb,
Ciod uime dh-ardach Dia mo ceann!
Mo mhile mallachd nig an la,
'N do gabh mo mhat'air mi' na broinn.

'Ciod uime fhuair mi tuisge riamb?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiuir?
Ciod uim' nach d'rinn thu cuileag dhiom?
Na durrag dhiblidh ann san uir?

'Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
'N tig crìoch no caochladh orm gu brath,
Am beil mi nis san t-siorr'achd bhuan,
A' snamh a' chuain a ta gun traigh!

'Ged aireamh uile reullta neimh,
Gach fear a's duilleach riamb a dh-fhas,
Mar' ris gach bron a ta sa' chuan,
'S gach gaineamh chuairticheas an traigh!

'Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach an diubh sud gu leir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-iorr'achd mhoir,
Ach mar gu 'n toisicheadh i 'n de.

'Ach O! 'n do theirig trocair Dhia!
'S am pian e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lasaich e gu brath!
No glas mo lamh an dcan e sgaoil!

'M bi 'm beul a dh-ordaich Dia chum seinn,
Air feadh gach linn a ohliu gun sgios,
Mar bhalagan-seididh fadadh suas,
Na lasraich uain' an ifrinn shios!

'Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo neart,
Gu deimhinn fein a's ceart mo bhinn;
Ach ch'fhada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chràdh,
Mu'm bi do cheartas snitheach dhiom!

'No 'm bi thu dio'lte dhiom gu brath,
'N dench lagh an naduir chuair air cul?
Mo thruaighe mi 'n e so am bas
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tus?

'Air sga do dhio'ltas 'm bi thu 'sniomh
Snathain mo bheath' gu siorruidh caol?
Nach leoir bhi mìle bliadhna' ga m' losg
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi 's t-saog'!

'Ged lean de dhio'ltas mi gu m' chul,
Cha 'n ardaich e do chliu, a Dhe,
'S cha'n fhu do d' Mhormòd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rium fein.

'O Dhia! nach sgrios thu mi gu tur?
'S le d' eumhachd cuir air 'm anam crìoch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi uait,
Far nach 'cil fulang, smaoin, no gnìomh.

'Ach O! se so mo thoillt'neas fein
Is nì'm beil eu-coir bunntainn rium;
Oir dhiult mi taigse shnor de Chrìosd,
'S nìor ghabh mi d'a fhuil phriseil suin.

'Mo choguis dididh mi gu brath,
An fhanuis bha ga 'm chaineadh riamb;
An-ìochd no eu-coir ann mo bhas,
Cha leig i charadh 'm feasd air Dia.

'Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chul,
A's ruith mi durachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'fhanuis fein a' m' chridhe mhuch,
A' druid' mo shuile roimh mo leas.

'Cia meud an diogh'ltas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dan
Am peac' thug du'lan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhag gun eifeachd brìgh a bhais.

'Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuadhan fein,
Neo-chrìochanach gu leir o chian?
'S an toir mo chiont air iochd a's gradh,
Gu'm fas iad crìochnaicht' ann an Dia?

'An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat
Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgread?
'M beil dorchedas an ifrinn fein
Far nach bu leir do Dhia mo staid?

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“Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisder i,
A's fòis no feti cha'n fhuil mi ehaoidh'
Ach beath' neo-bhasmhor teachd as ur,
Gu'm neartaeh' ghiulan tuille claoidh.”

Ach stad mo ram a's pill air t-ais
O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a nios,
Is fench cionnas a bheir thu seol
Do'n dream tha beo nach teid iad sios.

A leughalair a'm beil e fior,
Na chuir mi cheama sies am dhan?
Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lub do ghluin
Le urnuigh 's aithreachas gun dail:—

“A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,
A' gabhail grain a's fuath do d' pheac'
Le creideamh fìor thoir mhathachd dha,
An uile aith'nta naomh a reachd.

“Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu leir,
'S ri h-aon diubh na cuir fein do chul;
Mar Fhaidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Rìgh,
Chum slainte, didcan, agus iuil.

“Biodh eisimpleir am beach do shul,
Chum d' uile ghlasachd 'stuir da reir,
'S gach meadhon dh-ordach e chum slaint'
Bi fein g'an gnathachadh gu leir.

“As 'fhireantachd dean bun a mhain,
'S na taic gu brath ri d' thoi!!'tneas fein;
'S mas nill leat eifeachd bhi na ghras,
Na h-altrum peacadh daimh a'd' chre.

“Mar sin ged robh de chionta mor,
Chum gloir do Thighearn' saorath thu,
Is chum de shonais shiorruidh fein,
Air fead gach re a' seinn a chliu.”

AN CLAIGEANN.

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,
Ag anhare ma bruaich,
Feuch claigeann gun sruadh air lar;
Is thog mi e suas,
A' tiomach' gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu 'n enairt am laimh.

Gun aille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd;
Air duine theid seach 'na dhail;
Gun fhiacail 'na dheud,
No teanga 'na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas cail.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruaidh
'S e ruisgte gun ghruaig;
Gun eisdeachd 'na chluais do m' dhan;

Gun anail na shroin,
No aile de'n fhloid,
Ach lag far 'm bu choir bhi ard.

Gun deadradh 'na shuil,
No rosg nimpe dum',
No fradhare ri h-iuil mar b' abh'sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhi san, tom,
Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan ait.

Tha n' canachainn bha 'd chul,
Air tionndadh gu suur,
Gun tionnsgal no surd rir t-fheum;
Gun sùmanteach' a'd' dhail,
Mu philleadh gu brath,
A cheartaeh' na dh-fhag thu 'd dheidh.

Cha 'n innis do ghnuis,
A nise co thu.
Ma's rìgh mo ma's diuc thu fein
'S ionann Alaslair mor,
Is traill a dhi join,
A dh-cug air an otrach bhreun.

Fhir chlaghach na h-uaigh;
Nach eagar thu 'm chluais,
Co 'n claigeann so fhuair mi 'm laimh?
'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisil,
Mu gnath mu 'n do theas;
Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhan.

'Mu bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgiamhach a'd' ghnuis,
'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shuil da reir?
Le d' mhaise mar lion,
A' ribeadh mu chri',
Gach oganaich chi'dh thu fein.

• Tha nise gach adh,
Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,
Air tionndadh gu grain gach neach;
Marbhaisg air an uaigh,
A chreach thu do'n bhuaidh,
Bha ceangail' ri sruadh do dhreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thu,
Le tuigs' agus iuil,
Bha reiteach gach cuis do'n t-sluagh;
Gun aomadh le pairt;
Ach diteadh gu bas,
Na h-eucoir bha daicheil cruaidh?

No 'n do reic thu a choir,
Air ghluacadh de'n or,
O 'n dream da 'n robh storas pailt?
Is bochdainn an t-sluagh,
Fo fhoirneart ro chruaidh,
A fulang le cruas na h-aire.

'S mar robh thusa fior,
Ann a t-oifig am binn,
'S gun d'ring thu an dhreach fiar;
'S cho chinnteach an ni,
'N uair thainig do chrioch,
Gu'n deachaich do dhit, le Dia.

No n' robh thu a'd' leigh,
A' leigheas nan creuchd,
'S a' deanaibh gach eugcail slan?
A t-loc-shlaintibh mor,
A' deanaibh do bhosd,
Gu 'n dibreadh tu choir o'n bhas?

Mo thruaighe ' gun threig,
Do leigheas thu fein,
'N uair bha thu fo eugcail chruaidh;
Gu'n fhognadh gun sta,
Am purgaid no m' pla-l.
Gu d' chumail aon tra o'n uaigh.

No 'n seanalair thu.
A choisinn mor chliu.
Le d' sheoltachd a stimreachd airm?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n cur ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fagail nan cruachan marbh.

'N robh do chlaidheamh gun libeirt.
No 'n dh-fhag thu do neart,
'N uair choinnich thu feachd na h-uaignh,
'N uair b' eigin du' geill,
A dh-aindeoin do dheud,
Do dh' armailt' de bheistean truagh?

'Tha na durraig gu treun,
Ri d' eholuinn' cur seis,
'S a' coisneadh ort leisid gach la;
Is claigeann do chinne,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tannh.

Pairt a' claidheach' do dheud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas;
Dream cil nan sgud,
Tigh'n amach air do shuil,
A' spuinneadh 's a' rusg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha poit,
Gu tric 's an taigh osd,
'S tu eridheil ag ol nan dram?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas De,
Acl' beirm a bhi 'g eridh a' d' cheann?

Nach iarradh tu 'cheol,
Acl' mionnan mu'n bhord,
Is feuchainn co 'n dorn bu chruaidh:
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu bruchdadh 'sa sgeith mu'n chluais?

Na 'n dain' thu bha ghluas'd
Gu ceanalta suaire,
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhord;
Le miannaibh do ebre,
Fo chuibhreacadh gear,
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sogh?

No 'n geocaire mor,
Bha gionach air lon,
Mar choin an-an feolach dearg;

A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu gilleadh mar Dhia do d' bholg?

'Tha nise do bhru,
Da 'n robh thu a' lub'.
De ghaineamh 's do dh' uir gle lan,
'S do dheudach air glas'.
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhais.

No 'm morair ro mhòr,
A' thachair ann dhorn,
Neach aig an robh coir air tìr:
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' cluthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thois 's a nìh?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' fennadh do thuath,
'S a' tamach an gruaidh le mal;
Le h-agartas gear
A gheadh an spreidd
'S am bochdaimn ag eighach dail?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoine,
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigeunna maola truagh;
Bhi seasamh a' d' choir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dorn,
Gie d' tholladh gèoth reot' an eluas.

'Tha nise do thraill,
Gun nrram a' d' dhail,
Gun ghearsom', gun mhal, gun mhod;
Mor-mholadh do'n bhas,
A chasgair thu tra,
'S nach d' fhuilig do straic fo'n fhod.

No 'm ministear thu,
Bha tagradh gu dhu,
'Ri pobull 'an nghdaras De;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g imeachd gu bras,
Gu h-ìfrinn na casgradh dhicin?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoimn,
Mar mhuinne mu chloimn.
Gun churam a h-oghbreachd Dhe;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rusg,
Bha coma co dhuin,
M' an t-sionnach bhi stiùreachd 'u treud;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dheanadas duais,
'N uair roinig thu 'm Buachaill' mor;
'N uair chuartich am bas,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoirteannas a' d' thalant' do.

No 'n ceann thu bha lan,
De dh-innleachdan bas,
Gu scotha ga 'n tath' r'a cheil';
G'an cur ann an gnìomh,
Gun umbail gun fhiamb,
A frengra' do Dhia 'nan deigh?

'N robh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuibhreacach fo d' òhend,
A' togail droch sgeul air each;
Gath puinsein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach la?

Tha i nise na tamh,
Fo cheangal a bhais,
Gun sgainneul a' plaigh na dutch';
A's durraga grannd,
Air lobhadh 'n h-ait,
An deigh dhaibh cnamh gu cul.

'S mu lean thu do ghnaths,
Gu leabaidd do bhais,
Gua tionndadh' na thra ri coir;
Car tamull na h-nair,
Dean flaitheas de'n uaigh,
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mod.

Mar losgann dubh grannd,
Ag ionairt a smag,
Gu 'n eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd;
Thoir coinneumh do Chrìosd,
'Na thùghinn a ris,
A dh' fhaotainn lan diol a' t-òle.

'N nair theid thu fo bhinn,
Ni cheartas do dhìt';
Ga d' fhogradh gu siorruidd uait;
Gu lasair ga d' phian,
Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabh'l,
'S a mhallachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin cruaidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mar iar'n,
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaibh prais;
Is teannaichidh t-fheoil
Mar inncein nan ord,
Nach cnamh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n robh ciall,
Is colas air Dia,
'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa choir;
Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruisgt',
Gun aithe', gun iuil,
Gun teanga, gun suil, gun sron.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
Oir eiridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,
'S do thruaillleachd gu leir,
Shìos fùgaidh tu'd' dheigh,
Aig durragan breun an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaise mar ghrian,
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' beann;
'Cur fradhare ro' gheur,
'S na suilcan so fein,
'S iad a' dealradh mar reullt' a' d' cheann.

Do theanga 's do chail,
Ni ghleusadh gun dail,
A chantainn 'na aros clin!
'Is fosglaidh do chluas,
A dh-eisteachd ri fuaim,
A mholaidh th' aig slugh a chuir.

'N uair dhealraicheas Crìosd,
Na thigheachd a ris,
A chruinneach' na 'm fircan suas;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoir coinneamh dhu fein,
Mar iolair nan speur uig luaths.

'N uair dh-circas tu 'n aird,
Grad chuiridh ort failt,
A mhealtainn a chairdeas fein,
Gun dealach' gu brath,
R'u chomunn no ghradh,
A steach ann am Parris De.

Fhir 'chluinneas mo dhan.
Dean aithreachas tra,
'M feadh mhairnes do shluint 's do bheachd;
Mu'n tig ort am bas,
Nach leig thu gu brath,
Air geata nan gras a steach.

A M BRUADAR.

Am bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' bruadar diamhain mar tha each,
Bhì glacadh sonais o gach ni;
Is e ga'm dhibreadh ann's gach ait.

Air leam gun tainig neach am choir,
'S gu'n dubh'rt e rium:—"Gur gorach mi.
Bhì smuainteach greim a ghlèidh do'n
ghaoith,
No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chri.

"Is diamhain dut bhì 'g iarraidh saimh,
'N aon ni' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghrein;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas De.

"An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tus,
Am peacadh dhruigh e air gach ni:
Lion e na h-uile ni le saoth'r,
Is dh-flug e 'n saogh'l na bhrìste cri'.

"Air sonas 'anma chaill e choir,
Mar ris gach solas bha'n sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
Mar uan a mearachd air a mhath'r.

"Ri meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach ni,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an intinn clos;

Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar nluime coimheich fhuair gun thus.

" Mar sin tha iad gun fhois na tamh,
Ga 'n surach' gheacadh fuaileas breig;
'S a' deoth'l toil-inntim o' gach ni,
Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

" Bidh teanntachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhochas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
An comhuidh dhut mar fhad do laimh;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth greim.

" Cha teaguisg t-fheuchain' s dearbhadh thu,
O dhuil is carba chuir sa' bhreig,
A rinn do nhealladh mile uair,
'S cho fhada bhua't an diugh san de.

" An ni bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mhealt'inn riamh e scarbh?
Tha tuille sonais ann an duil,
Na tha'n an crun le bli na sheilbh.

" Ceart mar an ros a ta sa' ghar,
Crion seargaidh bhla 'nuair theid a bhua'n;
Mu'n gann a ghleacas tu e d' laimh,
Grad threigidh fhaileadh e 'sa shnadh.

" Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,
'S co lionmhor osna aig an righ,
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

" Tha 'smudan fein os ceann gach foid
Is doruinn ceangult' ris gach math;
Tha 'n ros a fas air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhill san gath.

" Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mor
Na meas a sholas bli thar chach;
An tobar 's gloine chi do shuil,
Tha ghruid na iochdar gabhail tamh.

" 'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghluais,
Le tarruinn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,
Duisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nios,
'S le guineamh lionaidh e do dheud.

" 'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an inbhe aird,
Tha e mar nead am barr na craoibh;
Gach stoirm a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

" An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh'l a riar,
Tha faradh eigin ann 'na staid,
Nach dean a sheoltachd a's a stri,
Am feast a dhireachadh air fad.

" Mr r bhata' fhar an aghaidh cheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur;
A reir mar dhireas tu a bharr,
'S cho chinnteach ni thu cam a bhun.

" Na h-lndaich thionail beag no mor,
Do'n Mhana dhoirteadh orra 'nuas;

'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlar,
Chu robh air barr no dadum uith.

" Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh'l't,
A ta thu factuinn ann a d' laimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cuir
Tha caitheamh, curam agus cradh.

" Ged chann thu or a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fasaidh 'n luath da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innte riogh'chd,
A mheidh cha dirich i na deigh.

" Tha cuibhrionn iomeuidh aig gach neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhearr;
Cha d' thoir un t-anabharr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an cudrom a's a' chradh;

" O iomluais t-inntinn tha do phian;
A' diulta' 'n diug na dh'iarr thu 'n de;
Cha chomasach an saogh'l do riar,
Le t-anamianna 'n aghaidh cheil.

" Na 'm faigheadh toil' na feol a run,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'innradh sath;
Fhlaithas a b' aird' cha'n iarrach i,
Na annta sud bli siorruidh 'snanh.

" Ach ge do b' lonmhuinn leis an fheoil,
Air talamh comhnachadh gach re;
Bhiodh durachd t-ardain agus t-uail,
Cho ard a shuas ri Cathair Dho;

" Ach nam b' aill leat sonas buan,
Do shlige tabhair suas do Dhia,
Le durachd, creideamh agus gradh,
Is sasaichidh o t-uile mhiann.

" Tha 'n euideachd sud gach ni san t-saogh'l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhaic' fìor;
Tha bhuidh, a's eudach agus slaint,
Is suorsa, cairdeas, agus sith."

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shunin,
Is dh-fhag mo bhruadar mi air fad;
Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhi ruith gach sgail,
Is dh-fhas mi toilichte le m' staid.

A N GEAMHRADH.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh teachd dlu oirn,
Fìor namhaid na chinneas,
Teachd a mhilleadh ar duthcha;
Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,
'S d'a maise ga rusgadh;
Gun iochd ana ri dadum,
Ach a' sladadh 's a' plunn-drùinn.

Sgaoil oirne a sgiathan,
 'S chuir o ghrian air a chulthaobh;
 As nu neul thug e 'n t-alach,
 Neo bhuigheil 'gar sgiursadh;
 Sneachd iteagach gle-gheul,
 O na speuran tigh'n dlu oirn,
 Clacha meallain 's gaoth thuathach,
 Mar luaidhe is uar fhudar.

'N uair sheideas e anail,
 Cha 'n flag anam am fluran;
 Tha bhilean mar shiosar,
 Lomadh lios de gach ur-ros;
 Cha bhi sgeulach air coille,
 No doire nach ruisg e;
 No sruthan nach tachd e,
 Fo leachdanan du-ghorm.

Fead reota a chleibhe,
 Tha seideadh na doinniann,
 Chuir beirm ann san fhaireg,
 'S a dh' at' garbh i na tonnan;
 'S a bhinntich an clamhuinn,
 Air airde gach monaidh,
 'S ghlan sgar e na reulltan,
 D' ar peile le'n solas.

Tha gach breathach a's duine,
 Nach d' ullaich 'na sheasan,
 Ga 'n sgiursadh le gaillinn
 Gun talla' gun eudach;
 'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
 'Fas iargalt mi-dheirecil;
 Nach toir insad do leisgean,
 Ann san t-sneachda ged eug e.

Tha 'n seillein 's an seangan,
 A bha tionail an stòrais,
 Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
 A' toir aire do'n doruinn;
 'G ithe bidh 's ag ol meala,
 Gun ghainne air lon òe,
 Fo dhion ann san talamh,
 O anail an reota.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
 'Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,
 'S na gathanan greine
 Gu h-èibhinn a' damhsa;
 Gun deasach 'gun churam,
 Roi' dhulachd a gheamhraidh;
 A nise a' dol bas',
 Ann 's gach aite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin',
 'S tuig an samhaidh tha 'm stori',
 Tha 'm bas a tighin teann ort,
 Sud an gheamhradh tha 'm oran;
 'S ma gheibh e thu a' d' leisgein,
 Gun deasach' fa' chodhail,
 Cha dean aithreachas criche.
 Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mithich fas diaghaidh,
 'S do chlabhan air glasadh,

'Na 'm bearnaibh do dheudach,
 'Is t-eulann air casadh
 Do bhathais air rusgadh,
 'S do shuillean air prabhadh,
 Agus croit air lubadh,
 Chum na h-uirò do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan ernobhach,
 Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhullaibh,
 Gu mireagach buailteach,
 Clis ghuasadach tana;
 A nise air truaghadh
 O n' t aomachadh thairis,
 O'n a ragaich 'sa dh-fhuaraidh
 Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatla,
 Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
 'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
 Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga sheideadh
 Tha 'n corp a chruit chiuil ud,
 Air diultadh dhut gleusadh;
 'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
 Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-oige,
 'S treoir mheadhon latha
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
 'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe;
 'S ma bha thusd diamhain,
 Gun gnìomh is gun mhaithreas;
 Gu h-ealamh bi d' dhusgadh,
 Mu'n duinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
 'S tric leatha gun crìoch i;
 Bidh an clenchadh fas laidir,
 Do-fhasach o'n inntinn;
 Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
 'S deimhinn leam 's fìor e,
 "An car theid san t-seana-mhaid'
 Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh."

Ach oagnaich threibhlich
 Thoir-s' eisdachd do m' oran,
 'S leig dhio' bhi mi-cheillidh,
 Ann an ceitein na h-oige;
 Tha aois agus ea-slaint,
 Air do dheigh ann an toir ort;
 'S mu ni h-aon aca greim ort;
 Pillidh t-èibhneas gu bron dut.

An aois a tha 'n toir ort,
 Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu;
 Air do shuillean bheir ceathach,
 Is treabhaidh si t-aodann;
 Bheir i crith-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',
 Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
 'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
 'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhìot.

Bheir ni's measa na sud ort,
 Failne tuigs' agus reusain;
 Dith leisinn a' t-inntinn;
 Dith cuimhn' agus geire;

Dith gliocas eum gnothaich;
Dith mothaich a'd' cheudfath
'S gu'm fas thu mar leanabh,
Dhì spionnaidh a's ceille.

Fasaidh 'n eridhe neo-aithreach,
'S neo-calamb eum tionndadh,
Aon tagra' cha druigh air,
'S cha lub e d'a ionnsuidh;
Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
'N an gaillionn a's teannachd;
Ged robh milltean 'dol thairis,
Cha dean nìle sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn;
'S mas aill leat gu'm buain thu,
Dean ruadh' 'san carrach;
Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
Nì sa' gheumhradh do gharadh;
'S ma dhìbreas tu 'n seasain,
Dhut 's eigin bhì falamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fullain,
Ann an carrach na h-oige,
Cho chiunteach 's an bas dnt,
Cuiridh Satan droch phor ann;
A dh-fhasas 'na dhubhaile,
'S 'na luidheannan feolmhor;
'S bidh do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no do-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-oige gun riaghlaidh,
'S t-ananannan gun taod riu,
Gum fas iad cho fialhaich,
'S nach srian thu ri t-aois iad;
Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e;

Mar ghineas e gheangan,
Bidh fhreumhan a' sguoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chiunteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bas ort,
Uime sin bi ri dicheall
Do shith dheannamh trathail;
'S e milleadh gach 'cuise
Bhì gun churam cur dail iant';
'S ionann aithreachas crìche,
'S bhì cur sil mu Fheill-martuinn.

Thu ghrian ann sna speuraibh
A' ruith reise gach latha;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaoghail,
Gach oidheche a luidheas;
'S dlu ruitheas an spala,
Troì' shnatbaibh do bheatha;
Tha' fighe dhut leine,
Nì beisdean a chaithcamh.

'S ma ghoidas e dlu ort,
Gun do dhùil bhì r'a thighinn;
'N sin fosglaidh do shuilean,
'S chi thu ehuis thar a mithich;
Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
Mar sgian ann a d' chrìdhe;
'S co-ionann a giulan,
'S laidhe ruisgt' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuireag 'ga d'itcadh
Le sionntaibh an naduir,
'S o na dhìbhir i 'n seasain,
Gur h-eigin d'i basach';
Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
Na thional cho trathail,
'S dean eiseimpeir leanail,
Chum t-aranu a shabhal'.

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoidh*, was another religious poet. The time of his birth is not known. He lived in Glendaruel after the beginning of last century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditionary accounts of him, and of the manner in which his hymn was composed, the most striking of which is that after having composed it his sight was restored. In his youth he composed some profane pieces. The time of his death is likewise uncertain, but a grand-daughter of his lived in Glasgow not many years ago. This hymn was first published in Glasgow about the year 1756. It was so very popular in the Highlands that many persons got it by heart that had never seen the printed copy.

LAOIDH MHIC-EALAIR.

MOLADH do'n Tì 's airde gloir,
An Tì 's modha no gach neach;
Cruithear an t-sgothail gu leir,
Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn geill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhann 's na th' ann,
Na cuintean domhain, 's am fonn;
'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrum ann,
'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
Thogail flannais air do ghloir;
Cha'n aithris mi a mile trian,
De chruthachadh an Dia is mo.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,
A riaghlachadh gu ceart nan trath;
Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,
Foghar ma seach agus Mairt.

'S tu rinn na h-inglean air fad,
Tha 'n t-abharsair fo d' smachd gu mor:
Air slabhruidh laird aig do Mhac,
Cumail a neart o theachd oirnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' ris,
A reir t-iomhaidh chum go ghloir;
Ach chaill e 'n oidhreacht ud gun luach,
'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le or.

'S tu chuir am fradhare na cheann,
Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom;
Thug thu chas gu eisteachd dha,
'S gluasad a chuirp o na bhonn.

Chuir thu Adhamh an cadal trom,
Chaidh leigh nan gras os a cheann;
'S de dh-uisinn bho thaobh do rinn
A bhean, o'n do ghin gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n garadh nan seud,
Far an robh eibhneas a ghraidh;
Dh-ith a bhean an sin a meas,
'S dh-fhuilig i 's a sliochd am bas,

Cha-robh a teasargain aig neach,
O'n a chumhnanta rinn i bhris;
'N tra ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Rìgh nam feart,
O nach b'aill leis teachd d'ar sgrìos;
'Nuair chunnaic e Adhamh na aire,
Rinn e cumhnant' nan gras ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
Thug e suas mar iobairt fhuil;
Mac na firinn, Uan gun chron,
M'ar ciontain-ne fhuair e ghuin.

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh saite tro a chorp;

Crun geur na pelne chuir mu cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhe le naimhde lot.

Crun sgithich, an aite crun rìgh,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhi-meas mor;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dh'u ri h-ol.

Na tairnean g'an cur an sas,
Am bosaibh a lamh le ord;
'S fuil a chridhe riuth a thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-or.

'Nuair chaidh Criosd gu pein a bhais,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluaigh;
Sgoilt brat an teampuil sìos gu lùr,
'S dhuig na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig smal;
Le feirg Dhe, do chrath e 'n sin;
Dh-fhuilig Criosd an bas re seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lic,
Thug e bunidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan;
As a blas thug e gheur-gluin,
'S dh-eirich an treas la gur smal.

Na sluidh' aig deas-laimh athar a ta,
Criosd le grasan os ar ceann;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gnìomh,
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhe,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor:
Le mìltibh mìl' de dh' ainglibh treun,
Thoirte oirne breith a reir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na h-inglean 's aille sruagh;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n uir,
'S bheir e cunntas uaith' an cuan.

Liubraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i-fein,
'S cha bhì neach de'n treud air chall;
Nochdar iad uil' am fiadhnais De,
'S e Mhac fhein is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholus dealrach an dreach;
Thig Criosd nan coinneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam flat.

Ni thu 'n sin fearbadh air gach neach,
'S dìonaidd tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,
Cuirear iad fo dhion do bhrat.

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh chli,
Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhroin;
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Flat-Innis Dhe air an sroin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-thair a mhae,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na am.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's gul gear,
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an craidh;
Mallachadh a cheile gu leir,
Sgarachduinn ri Uan a ghraidh.

Sin la an dealachaidh bhoichd,
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aindeon riut;
G'an sginnsadh gu h-aineal an loisg,
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' ag.

An teach d'a milleadh cuircear-iad,
Fo dhioghaltas an Ard-Rìgh;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bus,
Gu brath, cha tig iad a nios.

Fasaidd 'n cuirp cho chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lumb;
G'an cumail beo ann an sior phian,
Teine dian gur furtachd la.

Gach aon la mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagun loisgneach, cruaidh an sas;

G'an liodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dail.

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reulltan 's a ghrian;
Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha teid an toll bho Dhia.

M'achanaich riuts', air sgath do mhic,
Mentaich mo ghillocas le gras;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach cuis,
Seal ma'n druid mo shluil le bas.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poet will show:—

"'S malrg a roghnacheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-i uamh nan droigheann gear,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar, fhluach,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

The following lines from *Dan an Fhìr Chlaoin* give it this character:—

"I sin allaidh na freolne,
Led' thlugh-cheo as le t-uamh-bheisdean
A thir nam pian gun bhiladh gun bhaigh,
Dol ad dhall be sud mo dheisidinn."

ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *All-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, "Lord Reay's country," and in the native tongue "*Duthaich Mhic-Aoidh*," or "The country of the Mackay." The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent: but his mother's talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian's poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female fortitude evinced by her at the age of eighty-two. Having had the misfortune to break her leg, while tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she bound it up, contrived to get home unassisted; and while afterwards enduring the operation of setting the fracture, she soothed the pain by *crooning* a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim

to that merit—"the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime." The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that "he lisped in numbers." Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country's fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard's father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter's beef, the father says, "Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it." The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, "'S *ole a' chuid sin do'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!*" *i. e.* "He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it."

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in short frock, or *cassoek*, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza:—

" 'S math dhomhsa bli 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ic Neill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chulthaobh,
'S gun a dhunadh agam fhein!"

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion called to the sickle. She complained that the more active labourers had jostled her out of her place, and left her only to reap the straggling stunted stalks that grew in the border furrow. While muttering her disappointment, Robert, scarce able but to creep at his nurse's elbow, endeavoured to rally her with a verse:—

" Bi-sa dol a null 's a nall,
Gus a ruig thu grunn na clais,
Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na tha ann a thoirt as."

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr. John Mackay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect, and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs:—" *'S trom lean an airidh,*" &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months: and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken amiss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the

latter alternative ; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependence, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend : those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible ; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place ; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr. M'Donald, of Aghatriochdan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way ; and giving a civil answer, Mr. M'Donald added, " I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there ?" " To Lord Reay's country." " O ! then you must know Rob Donn !" " Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd." " Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much." " A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." " You think so, do you ?" The last answer did not please the enquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr. M'Donald, pointing to Ben Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, " Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain ?" " I never was." " Then you never have been so near to heaven." " And have you yourself been there ?" " Indeed I have." " And what a fool you have been to descend !" retorted the bard, " are you sure of being ever again so nigh !" M'Donald had caught a tartar. " I am far deceived," said he, " if thou be not

thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn's moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard's native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper. A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father's genius; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift;" and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song; while we believe, that when the father's absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

Rob Donn's compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet's works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record, by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions:--

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY
OF
ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,
OF DURNESS,
THE REAY GAELIC BARD.
THIS TOMB WAS ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,
ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,
AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS,
1829.

[*Second Side.*]

"POETA NASCITUR NON FIT."
OBIT 1778.

[*Third Side.*]

"BU SILUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHRETHEANAS,
NUAIR A DH-FHALBH THU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN."

[*Fourth Side.*]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,
QUI CECINIT FORMA PRÆSTANTES RURE PUELLAS;
QUIQUE NOVOS LETO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONGOS;
QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEPLEVIT;
ET ACRIUS VARIIS MOMORDIT VITIA MODIS."*
ÆTATIS 64.

* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

An diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn eiridh ann an sanntachas,
 An tri-amh lath' air eircionnachadh,
 De dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;
 Dean'maid comunn failteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, geireach, oranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stepanach,
 Le cruil, le ceol, 's le chlamhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn failteach
 Ris an la thug thunn an t-saoghail thu;
 Olannaid deoch-slaime nìs
 An t-Seumais oig o 'n d' inntig thu;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhathair Iobhraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gaeil,
 Mar bha Daibhidh do chlamhsaireachd.

Tha cupall bhliadh'n a's midhe,
 O 'nla thainig thu do dh' Alba so;
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n trath bha sin,
 An fhailte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
 'S bha arach nì a seulbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran tromha tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frìth' a's fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
 Air puing nach coir a dhearmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa rioghail so,
 Due 'n teaghlach dhirich Albannaich;
 Togamaid suas ar suilean ris,
 Le urnuigh dhlu gun chealgairachd,
 Ar lamhan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le cuò 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,
 Is aithnichear gair ar durachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sunndach leinn,
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiubhartach;
 Gur cal' an am na h-eigin e,
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air;
 Thug barr air cheud am buadhannan,
 'S tha eiridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dluthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n tainig e;
 'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumte;
 Gun bhonn do dh' eis 'n a nadur dheth,
 Mar Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mar Shamson, treun an lamhan e,
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chairdean e.

Nach f haic sibh fein an speis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhì 'g umhladh dha;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
 Anns an line an robhsa stiùireadh leis;
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slanuighear,
 Ro Thearlach thigh'n do 'n duthaich so,
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Thearlach Stiubhairt,
 Na 'm biodh an crun a th' air Seoras ort,
 Bu lionnbor againn cuirtearan,
 A' caitheamh ghun is chleocaichean;
 Tha 'm a' cheuing ris an Tì sin,
 Aig am ceil gach nì ri orduchadh,
 Gu 'n tearnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do shorach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bard 'u nair chual' e gu 'n do bha-
 cadh an t-eididh Gaelach le lugh na rioghachd;
 agus muinntir a dhuthcha fein bhì uile air taobh
 rìgh Deorsa 's n' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,
 C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
 'S rach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,
 Fiu an nodaich a chleachd sibh;
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n eithe,
 Tha 'n aghaidh fheilcadh a's osan,
 Gu 'm beil caraid nig Tearlach,
 Ann am Parlamaid Shasuinn.

Faire ! faire ! 'Rìgh Deorsa,
 'N ann a spors' air do dhilsean,
 Deanamh achdalan ura,
 Gu bhì dublachadh 'n daorsa;
 Ach on 's balaich gun uails' iad,
 'S fearr am bualadh nò 'n caomhna,
 'S bidh nì 's lugh a g'a t-fheitheamh,
 'N uair thig a leithid a risd oirnn.

Ma gheibh do namhaid 's do charaid
 An aon pheanas an Albainn,
 'S iad a dh-eirich 'na t-aghaidh,
 Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh;
 Oir tha caraid math cuil ac',
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,
 Fhuair iad pension 'nuair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gaelach
 Eadar *Serjent* a's *Coirneil*,
 Nach do chaid a *chomision*,
 'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le foirneart;
 A' mhead 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
 Ged bu diombuan r'a ol e,
 Bheir sibh 'm bhliadh'n air ath-philleadh,
 Air son inneagan *leosain*.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheasadh mar sgoileir,
 Gun *choisition* rìgh B' atainn,
 Gu bhì 'n a Chaptein air onair;
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiursaigeadh dhachaidh,
 Mar chu a dh-easbhuidh a *choitair*.

Ach ma dh-aontaic' sibh rìreadh,
Rì bhuir sior dhol an mughla,
Ged a bha sibh cho rioghail,
Chaidh bhuir cisean am modhad;
'S math an airidh gu 'n fuicte
Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
Bhi tilgeadh dhibh buir cuid bhreacan,
'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och ! mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
'S tur a dhearbh sibh bhuir reuson,
Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhuir n-inntinn,
'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh;
Leugh an *Gobharment* saunt
Anns gach neach a thionndaidh ris fein
dhibh,
'S thug iad baoight do bhuir gionaich,
Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a cheile.

Ghlaic na Sasunnaich fath oirbh,
Gus bhuir fagail ni 's laige,
Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur eumntadh,
'N ur luchd-comh-sri ni b' fhaide,
Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh-easbhuidh
Bhuir n-airm, 's bhuir n-acuinnean sraide,
Gheibh sibh *searsaigeadh* mionnach,
Is bidh bhuir peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi falcin' bhuir truaighe,
Mar ni nach cunlas a shaimhuil,
A' chuid a's fearr de bhuir seabhaig,
Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan;
Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leoghainn,
Pillibh 'n doghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
Mu 'n teid bhuir busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an namhaid,
Gus an ait anns do phill e,
'S ann bu mhath leam a chairdean,
Sibh bhi 'n aireamh na buidhne,
D' am biodh spioraid cho Gaelach,
'S gu 'm biodh an sar ud 'n an cuimhne,
Gus bhuir pileadh 's an abhainn,
Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thearlaich oig Stiubhaird,
Riut tha duil aig gach fine,
Chaidh a chothachadh cruin dhut,
'S a leig an duthaich 'n a teine;
Tha mar nathraichean folaicht',
A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
Gu e'ridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe,
Ri do thighinn, a Thearlaich,
Gus an eireadh na cuingean,
Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n eigin;
A tha cantainn 'n an cridhe,
Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
'Lan do bheatha gu t-fhaicinn,
A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh oganach aimsichte,
Tha 's an am so 'n a chadal,

Eadar braighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
Agus bruaich Loch-abair;
Rachadh 'n cuisibh mhic t-athar,
'S a chrùn, 's a chathair r' an tagradh,
'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chairdean na cuirte,
Nach 'eil a' ehuis a' cur feirg oirbh,
Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhuir suilean,
Gus a ehuis a bhi searbh dhuibh;
Bidh bhuir daisis mer a' ghoibhar
A theid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,
'S a bhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
Is ruinig nan gaothar r'a h-carball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
'S coir a chumbachd a chlaoidheadh;
Nach e Seumas an Scaehdumh
Dhearbh bhi seasaidhach 'n a iuntinn?
'C' uim' an dteadh sibh 'n onair,
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheadh?"
'S gur h-e dhluitheadh d' a cheideamh
A thug do choigrich an rioghachd.

Fuaair sinn rìgh a Hianobhar,
Sparradh oirne le achd e,
Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh;
O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,
Gun chroin 's ar Juhis nach fac thu,—
Mar h-e a th' ane, cuir air aghairt
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH

AIR FOKN—*Piobaireachd.*

An t-ur-lar.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoght,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoght,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar;
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoght,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar;
Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
Aig a' chrodh laoght,
Am bonnabh nam frith'
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!

A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgaeh amh
Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gur duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgaich amh
'Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gur duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
Gur duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chrodh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
De chinneadh math,
Le meud a chruidh,
Deanadh e rùith,
Do Rìothan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,
'S cuir eadh e rith',

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
Do chinneadh math,
Le meud a chruidh,
Deanadh e rùith
Do Rìothan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,

'S i 'n a h-aonar.
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhlath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neonach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fein e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neonach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fein e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Crualuath.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Innsidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,
'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
Gu'm beil i air a cumail
As na h-uile h-aite follaiseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach'
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile la 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

Note.—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Earchuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "*Faillte Ithruinn*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag pipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Vide Memoir of Edil. 1829*

PIOBAIREACHID BEAN AOIDH.

Urlar

THOGAIREADH bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
Uain do dh-Aisir,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
'N aghaidh na gaoith',
'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh
Aig Lochan-nan-Glaimhidheach.
'S folluiscach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an deigh Aoidh,
Thoilich i 'bhi 'n a mnaoi,
'N aitheachan fasachail;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turraban an deigh Aoidh,
'M bealach eadar da bheinn,
B' aill leo gu 'n tàmhadh iad.
Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
Dh-innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
H-uile h-aon de an ni,
Sgaoilt' feadh nan airidhnean.
'S chunnaic mi thu fein, Aoidh,
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'aiceadh.

Sìubhal.

'S suarach an t-nidheam,
Do ghrugach no nighin,
Bhi pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is cab oirre gairceadaich.
Triall thun na h-nighe,
Gun gmothuch no guidhe,
A' mhealladh le bruidhean,
Paisteachan ba-bhuachail.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Theid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-aite
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul dnibhe,
B' fhearr gun a chlaistinn.
'S suarach an t-nidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

Na cairdean bu deal: 'n bha staigh,
Chairich iad iomadh roimh',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaithe,
Ailleas nach b' fheairde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhragh,
'S bhoidich nach pilladh i troigh.
Chaoidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
Am b' abhaist d'i fath fhaighinn.
Da-fhag i 'n t-aran a' bruih',
'S dh-fhalbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,
Dh-aiceadh i comhairl' 's am bith,
'S mharsail i dh-Aisir bhuainn.
Mhuinntir a thachair a muigh,
'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chiuich,

Anna 'n a ruith, teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N deigh 'Ille chraconach.
Na cairdean bu dealaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUIN'N.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a caradh le cenn naiche, bha 'n a shean dulne, agus a bhrist roin he sin; charulec e nu long so, le spruilteach tuinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stòrm gearmhraith air traigh fugus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannnaiche posd' ri seann nighin taean ro'n an sin, 's iad gun eilann. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath ramateh mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud sibhal.]

SEANA mharaiche, seana cheannaich,
Le seana ehaileig, 's iad gun sliochd;
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich,
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic innt',
Air sean bhacan, ri sean taigh;
Leig an sean tobha gun aon chobhair,
An sean eithear air seana chloich.
Bha trinar ghaigeach gun neach caisrigt',
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach paigh cuspuim.
An t-seana chupuill nam plaigh rith'.
'S mor an eis e do fhear *pension*,
Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,
Bhi air chul fraighneach air stiur Sine.
Gun duil sineadh ri deagh chiuich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.*

FHEARANNH og' leis am miannach posadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeoil so 'g 'ur fagail trom?
Tha chuid a 's diomhair' tha cur an lin dibh,
Cha 'n 'eil an trian diubh a' ruigheachd fuan.
Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oigh-
reachd s',
O 'n beil am *prise* a' doll air chall,
Mar choirean laidir, cur mail' air pairtidh.
Tha barail chairdean, a's gradh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' smridh an diugh air inighean,
Gun bharaill iomraill nach dean e turn;
Bha i uair, 's bu chunna buairidh,
A ghuth d' a chuais, a's a dhreach d' a suil.
An sean gheol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir'.
Nach d'fhuir cead imeachd air feadh na
dathch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach a' bheir-
bhadh,
'N uair ni i bargan, 'nuair thig fear air.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick McDo-
ald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 6,
No. 112.

Tha fiosa a h-òrdan air an t-saoghal,
 An t-àrd an fhirinn nach 'eil e crod',
 Na h-àrd a h-òrdan a ni mar rinn i,
 Tha fiosa a h-òrdan an cunnart feasd.
 An t-àrd a h-òrdan, mur 'eil e spreidheach,
 An t-àrd a h-òrdan, tha e fein 'g a chosg,
 An t-àrd a h-òrdan, ghoraidh a h-athair dholum,
 An t-àrd a h-òrdan, deonach le toic, 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n gnò' a' nìr fas mar Fhaoilleach,
 Na bitheadh strì agabh ri bhì posd',
 'S sonmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinn-
 bhall,
 Re fad na h-aon oidhel' gu teand an lo ;
 An te a phairticheas ciut a cuirdeas,
 Ged tha i 'gradh sud le cainnt a beoil,
 Fo cheann seachdain, thig caochladh fleas-
 gaich,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i re do bheo.

Ach 's mor an naire bhì 'g an sarachadh,
 Oir tha pairt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stolt',
 Maeh o pharantan agus chairdean,
 Bhì milleadh ghraidh sin tha fas gu h-og;
 Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fearr-
 leath',
 Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beo,
 Nì h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
 'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn posd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhì, gu treigeadh
 An fhir a 's bensaich' a theid 'n a triall;
 Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pagaeh,
 Ud! millidh pracas na th' air a mliann;
 Tha 'n duine suairee, le barrachd stuamachd,
 A' call a bhuanachd ri te gun chiall;
 'S fear oile 'g eiridh, gun stie ach leine,
 'S e cosnadh geill dh'i nu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stumachd a' cosnadh gnagaich,
 Oeh! ciod a' bhuaidh air an beil a geall?
 Nach mor an neonachas fear an dochais so,
 Gun bhì enodach nì 's modha bonn;
 Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnadh,
 Le comunn faoilteach, no aigneadh trom,
 'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
 Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pagach, ma tha e sgathach,
 Ma tha e narach, ma tha e mear;
 Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e gresnar,
 Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chron;
 Ma tha e boidheach, ma tha e seolta,
 Ma tha e conhard, ma tha e glan;
 Ma tha e dìobhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
 Ud, ud! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin!

Ma tha e pagach, tha e gun naire,
 'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bhicag a' chrois;
 Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora;
 'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a throsg;
 Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha'n
 fhiach e,
 Tha 'm fear ud miodhair, 's e sud a chron;"

'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
 "Cha bhì barr aig", is bh' d' e bochd."

Co an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
 A tha nis cinnnteach gu 'n dean e turn;
 'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
 Nach 'eil 'n a dhiteadh dha air a chul.
 An duine meannnach, 's e toimhseil, ain-
 meil,
 Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun
 diu;
 'S nach fhaic thu fein, air son iomadh reu-
 soin,
 Gu 'n deach' an spreidh os ceann ceille, 's
 etiu.

Tha fear fos ann, a dh-aindeoin dochais,
 A dh' fhaodas posadh gun mhoran char;
 Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh'aithnich
 rianh,
 Gu 'n do dh-eirich grian anns an airde 'n
 ear;
 Dean 'n a dhmaire e, a rugadh 'n euanan,
 Thoir baile 's buar dha, a's treabhair gheal;
 Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair grunagaich,
 'S bheir mi mo chluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

A M BRUADAR.

AIR FÒNN—"Latha sibhal sleibhe dhomh."

CHUNNA' mise bruarad,
 Fhir nach enala, thig a's cluinn;
 Ma 's breisleach e, cur tasg air;
 'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn;
 Na m' b' fhir dhomh fein gu 'n faea mi,
 An Freasdal, 's e air beinn;
 Gach nì a's neneh 'n a auhare,
 Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seorsa 'n sin,
 A' tigh'nn 'n an crothaibh, cruinn;
 'S na 'm b' fhir dhomh, gu'n robh moran
 diubh,
 A b' col domh ri mo linn;
 Ach co a bha air thos dhiubh,
 Ach na daoine posd' air sreing.—
 'S a' cheud fhear a thuir facad diubh,
 Cruaidh chasaid air a mhaoi.

Labhair glagair araidh ris,—
 "S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,
 N uair phos mi ghobach, ardanach,
 Nach obadh enamhan rium;
 'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
 An uair is pailte rum,
 Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheirneach,
 'S an droch-uair, teann a null."

"Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
 'N uair dh' eircas fearg 'n a sroin,

Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fhearr mi thogail sgeoil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do e' ainm e sud,
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's taigh-òsd',
O! 's bailhe dhí-s' thug dhachuigh e,
B' e fein am fheasgach coir.

"Nuair chlosas mis' ri snuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shur;
Their i sgeigeil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-eislinn sgeul;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann ni b' fhearr;
Aon ghmíomh, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,
Nach di-mol i le 'beul."

Thuirte ise:—"Gu 'm b' endach sud,
'S gu 'n robh e breugach meallt'";
Is thug i air mar b' abhaist d'i,
Nach abraadh 'bheul-sa drannid;
"Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, eitidh;
Ach o 'n 's eigin d'i bhi ann,
O! ciod e 'n t-aite 'n cara dh'i
Blif fas, na air a' cheann."

Thubhairt fear de 'n aircamh ud,
Bu tabhaichdaiche bh' ann,
"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fabhor rium,
Am pairt 'nuair thug thu clann;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhathair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach darna h-am,
Ach h-uile ghmíomh a 's tarsuinne.
Mar ' thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann."

Fhreagair Freasdal reusanta,—
"S e 's fómhail dhut bhí stáim',
'S a liuthad la a dh' eisd mi riad,
Is tu 'na t-eigin chruaidh;
Mu 'n do chumadh leine dhut,
Bha 'n ceile sin riut fuaight',
Is ciod iad nis na fathan,
Air am b' aill leat a gur bhuat?"

"Nach bocht, dhomh. 'nuair thig *strainséar*,
Bhios ceolmhor, cainnteach, bínn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhí fialaidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiata cuinn?
'N uair dh' olas na gu cuirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi eul a einn,
'S bida mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
Ag radh gu 'na beil i tinn.

"Cha tadh i 'm baile dithribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaeth nam beann,
An t-aite mosach, fasachail,
Am beil an crubhadh gann,
'S ged chuir mi lámh ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
'An t-aite doua, tabhurnach.
Bídh slugh cur neul 'n a ceann."

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,—
"S e thig do 'n neach ni choir;
A bhí ni 's dlúth' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar 's truíme crois 'g a leon;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na pheacainn thu gu h-og;
Cha 'n fhearr gun channuic crannchair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' channuic domhdh' s' beo.

"Cha 'n fhae thu fein o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fiar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachtadh tu,
Do dhreachdam 's do chiall;
Cia h-íomadh *tríe* gu beartas,
Bh' nír an dithéadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinu dhíot,
A chum air ais sud rianh.

"Aidich fein an fhirinn,
Agus cli thu 'n sin mar bha,
A' mhéud 's a ghabh mí shaothair rith',
Gus an caochleadh i ui b' fhearr;
Dh-fheuch bochdainagus beartas dh'i,
Is euslaint agus slaint',
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas.

"Nuair a dh' fheuch mí bochdaín dh'i,
'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm *fat*;
'S cha mho a rinn an t-socair i
Ni b' fhosgarraich' ri cael;
Le h-euslaint' nuair a bhun mí rith',
'S ann frionasach a dh-fhas;
An t-slaínte bhuanam cha 'n aidich i,
'S cha chreid i bhuanam bas."

Co sin a chíte tighinn,
Dol a bhruidhean ris gu *teann*,
Ach duine bha cruaidh *chruaidh*
Air a' mhnaoi bu ghaire *g' bh' ann*;
'S e 'g radh:—"Nuair *thug mí 'n taice*
rith',
'S ann bhios oirr' gart a's greann,
'S nuair their mí euslaint a 's dealaidh rith',
Gu 'n cuir i ear 'n a ceann.

"Gur h-e trian mo dhítidh oirr',
Nach bí i faoilidh rium;
Ní i sgeic a's enaid orm,
Gun ghaire a' tigh'n a com;
'Nuair bháthas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bídh cainnt' 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirméil,
Gheibh sinn ol, a's eann. a's fonn.

"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
'S ann orm a chuir thu chuing,
'S gu 'm b' eol dut gu 'n robh tu aimsir,
Is mo mbeannuadh air an claidh;
B' fhuaslaí dhut 's na bliadhnaibh nd,
Mo riarachad le mnaoi
Bhíodh umhail, eirdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaoidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phosadh
Ris an t-seorsa tha thu 'g radh,
Ach 's aonam as a' chuid dhíubh;
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut raidh;
An te de 'n nadur neanach ud,

'S nach toireadh póg gu brath,
 An dram no deoch cha 'n olar leath',
 'S cha dheonaich i do chlach."

Air an dáia dusal dhomh,
 'N deigh dusgadh as mo shuain,
 Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
 Ag sgaoilendh mach mu 'n cuairt;
 S na h-uile bean bha púnda sin,
 A' dol 'n an dunaibh suas,
 Ach 's aon te as an fhichead dhiubh,
 Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuicht' dhiubh,
 Bu mhodha rum na each:—
 "Am biadh, an deoch, 's an uódaichean,
 Cha 'n fhadainn bhí ní 's sathaicht';
 Ach gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shunndach,
 Cha 'n eol domh pung a's dach',
 Na gealltanais mo thóicheadh,
 Gun choimhlionadh gu brath.

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
 Tha sior ghearan air mo shunnd,
 Dhearbhaím fein air 'fhiacaill,
 Ged nach d' iarr ní, nach do dhiult;
 Bidh moran diubh mí-reusanta,
 'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sceul gu grunn,
 Tha duil ac' gu 'n ghluais míreag riuth',
 An spiorad nach 'eil annt'.

" 'S neonach leam an drasda 'n so,
 Sior abhaist nam fear post',
 Their gu ladarn' dana,
 Nach do thoir misg aithne póg;
 Cia mor an diubheas beusan
 'Th' eadar ancoir agus coir,
 Cha 'n eol domh aite-sensuimh,
 Gun a chos air aon diubh dho."

Chunnaic mé 's an aite sin,
 B'i abhaichdach gu leoir,
 Is shaoil m' gu'm bu reuson e,
 O 'n tigeadh endach mor;
 God bh' ann aon fear gun chomas,
 'G iarraidh comunn te gun choir,
 'S bha sior dhroch bheanchd aig ceud deth,
 'S a bhean fein 'g a chur an spors.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am canchainn-s',
 A bhí 'g air meachadh le cainnt,
 A' mbeud 's a bhí ann de dh-argumaid,
 'S aó chomunn gearra greann';
 Bha na ceadan pears' an sud,
 'N an seasamh ann an ranc,
 'S bha casaidéan aig moran diubh,
 Ma 'n aon neuch bha toirt taing.

AN DUINE SANNTACH.

AGUS AN SAOGHA. , A' GEARAN AIR A CHELLE.

AN DUINE.

'S MI-CHOMAINNEACH thusa, Shaoghail,
 'S b' abhaist dhut,
 'S ole a leanadh tu ri daoine
 A leanadh riut;
 Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,
 Leis a' ghut;
 'Nuair tharraim gach fear a cheann fein d'i,
 'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
 'S b' abhaist diubh,
 'S ole a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
 A leanadh ribh;
 Ged chuir mise sorchan foduibh,
 'S air gach taobh,
 Mas sibh fein tha galan teichidh,
 Soraidh leibh.

AN DUINE.

O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail,
 Bhithann dha do reir,
 Oir tha an h-uile ní a's toigh leam
 Fo na ghrein;
 C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dilinn
 Mi gu fein,
 'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho priseil dhomh
 Riut fein.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu choir dhut bli eur t-colais
 Ní bu deis',
 Far am biodh na h-uile solas
 Ní bu treis',
 Ged ní mis' an t-umaidh arach
 Ri car greis,
 'N uair a thogras e fein m' fhagail
 Langeam leis.

ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

LUINNEAG.

Binn sin uair-eigin,
 Searbh sin og,
 Binn sin uair-eigin,
 Searbh sin og,
 Binn sin uair-eigin,
 'N comunn so dh' fhuaraich,
 Air an robh earball gle dhuaincíl,
 Ge lu ghuannach a shron.

A' BHLIADHNA NA CALUINN-S',
 Bu gheur am faobhar a ghearradh an teud,
 Bh' eadar Domhnall 's am Morair,
 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol;
 Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cuirtean,
 Chaidh e fearnach oirn seachad an de;
 'S co a 's dacha bhi coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh-fhugas am baile leis fein?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhord thu,
 Bhladhna ghabh Sine Ghordon an t-at,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
 Ann an comunn nach slaoadadh tu leat;
 Ach 'nuair shuail leat do shorchan,
 Bhi cho laidir ri tulchaim a' gheat',
 Shliob na banna-chasan reamhar
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic!
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa iognadh
 As an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bhriosgach,
 Aigh am faicte 'n da iosgaid air chrith;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dha shleisd' an an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's am bith?
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumanan Freasdail
 Toirt nan ceudan de *leasan* duinn,
 Deanamh iobairt de bheagan,
 Gu 'm biodh each air an teagasg r' an lian;
 Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr,
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca,
 ('o a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Tha mise fein ann an eagal,
 'G iarraidh fasaich no eag do mo shail,
 Is mi falbh air an leacnich,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasmhach an sar;
 Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,
 Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bli slan,—
 Oir ged a tharladh dhomb clibeadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil aird' aig mo smigeid o 'n lar.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

An duin' og s' tha 'n a leigh,
 Tha mi clastinn tha tighinn a 'dheigh,
 Fhuair e *leasan* o dhithis,
 Chum gu 'n siubhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum;
 Ach nu 'n chuis tha d' a leantuinn,
 Cuireas a eul ri bhi cantuinn ni 's leir;
 Ach na 'm biodh brigh na mo chonhairl',
 So an t-am am beil 'Somhairl' 'n a feum.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
 Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh,
 Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sithheil,
 'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tarbh;
 Chaidh luchd-fabhoir a bhriseadh,

Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Ruspunn's am Parbh;
 Am fear a thlig le mor urraim,
 Gheibh e beud mile mallachd 's an fhalbh.*
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Note.—Dr. Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "Is sleamhainn an leac a th'aig dorus an taigh mhoir."

MARBHRANN.

[Do dhithis mhuintear ro ainmeil 'nan duthaich.
 Mr. Iain Munro, Ministear Sgìre Eadarachaolais,
 agus Mr. Domhnall Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile,
 sgìre Fair.]"

AIR FONN—"Oran na h-òise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhais,
 Gur bras thu ri pairt,
 Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu;
 An cogadh no 'm blar,
 Cha toirear do shar,
 Aon duine cha tar do threigsinn;
 Thug thu an drasd
 Dhuinn buille no dha,
 Chuir eaglaisean ban, a's foghlum;
 Is 's fhuasad dhomh radh,
 Gur goirid do dhail,
 'S gur tric a' toirt bearn 'n ar Cleir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
 Mu 'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
 'Nuair ruith thu air lorg a cheil' iad;
 C' uimo naeh d' fhag thu
 Bhuidhean a b' airde,
 A bhiodh do chach ro fheumail;
 A bhruidhean a b' fhearr
 A tighinn o 'm beull,
 'S an cridheachan lan de reuson;
 Chaidh gibhteachan gra's
 A mheasgadh 'n an gnathis,
 'S bha 'n encaasladh a' fas d' a reir sin.

Dithis 'ha 'n geall
 Air gearradh a bonn,
 Gach ain-ìochd, gach feull, 's gach eucoir;
 Da sholus a dh-fhalbh
 A earrannan garbh',
 Dh-fhag an talamh-sa dorch d' a reir sin;
 Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
 Tha cuid a gheibh bunaidh a's feum dheth;
 Mar ris gach aon ni,
 Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
 Chaidh 'n gearradh a tim an leughaidh.

* "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end."

Johns. Van. Hum. Wishes.

Dithis a bh' ann,
 Bu clomhairl' 's bu cheann,
 Do phobull fhuair am g' an eisdeachd;
 Dithis, bh' 'm bas
 'N a bhriseadh do ealach,
 Gidheadh gu 'm b' o 'm fabhor fein e;
 Cha bidurn gu dearbh,
 Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
 Gu 'n d' fhreagair an carbs' gu leir iad;
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
 B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
 'Nuair sguir e o thir nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
 Mu dheighinn na dith's,
 A 's feumail a bhi sna ceudan;
 Feudaidh mi radh,
 Cha teumach am bas,
 Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.
 Ted thug e le tinn,
 An corpa do 'n chill,
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an deigh orr';
 Is iomadh beul cinn,
 Ag aithris 's gach linn,
 Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha lathair,
 Tuig'maid an t-strachd-s',
 Is cleachdamaid tra air reuson;
 Nach faic sibh o'n bhla,
 An lathachan s' gearr,
 Gu 'n ruith iad ni b' fhearr an reis ud;
 'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho ard,
 Anns na nitheanaibh crabhaidh, leughant';
 Na carb'maid gu brath,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-ait-s'
 Mur leun sinn ri pairt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air toir
 Gach nuch a tha beo,
 'G an glacadh an coir no 'n eucoir;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhorn,
 Cha reic e air oir,
 Ri gul, no ri deoir cha 'n eisd e.
 Chi mi gur fu
 Leis tighinn do 'n ohuil,
 Gu fear th' ann an clud mar eideadh;
 'S ged dheanamaid dun,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-uin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chunaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 No 'n gabhadh tu uainn an cirig;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn diol le seudan;
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhan'
 Thu, tighinn o 's aird,
 Buailidh tu stataibh 's deircean;
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n teid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu 's fàle iad ach soills' air eigin;
 Glacaidh tu 'n oigh,
 Dol an coinneamh an oig.
 Mu 'm feudar am posadh eigeachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mor,
 Ma 's scan, no ma 's og,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn coir no eucoir;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beo,
 Is anail 'n ar sroin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud.

Tha 'm bas os ar einn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 'S le fradhrae ar cinn cha leir e;
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an slugh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach dearo sibh a chul,
 Is fear aig' fo iuil,
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shuil gu gear air;
 An diugh eiod am fath,
 Nach bidh'maid air 'heard,
 'S gu 'n bhain e ar nabuidh 'n de bhuainn.

A chumhachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhais,
 Gun teagamh nach paghear 'fheich dha;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig nuch a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul dha,
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich fein e;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinu anns a' chreutair.

MARBHIRANN,

DO MHAIGHSTIR. MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNAILL,
 MINISTERAIDH SOIRE DHIURINNIS
 AN DUTHAICH MHIIC-AOIDE.

'S e do bhas, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-aithean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dail ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraidh balbhachd ri ceill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chrìosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh di-chuimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghnìombaran iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchàn-s' gu leir;
 Gur h-e chradh mi 'n am mheanmhadh,
 'S do luchd-graidh agus leanmbhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dheigh;
 Bheir cuid leasanan buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-uaghach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad bhuat fein.

Fior mhasgull chionn paidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gabhadh,
 Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an danaibh,
 'S mi nach deannadh, 's uach d' rinn :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no sta dhut,
 Ann a t-alladh chur os aird dut,
 Co ach mis' do 'm bu chara,
 'S co a b' ftearr na thu thoill ?
 Bluidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhag sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlaistinn,
 'S coir bhi 'g aithris am pairtean,
 Gun fhabor, 's gun fhoill :
 Oir 's buain' a' chumhno bheir barda,
 Air deagh bhnuadhannaibh naduir,
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhag iad,
 Is comh-stri chairdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa laidir,
 Air am meusgull le grasan,
 Anns a' phearsa bha ainuan,
 Lom-lan de na cheill ;
 An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
 An toil a b' easgaidh gu mathheadh,
 'S na h-uile h-aigheadh cho fathail,
 Fad do bheatha gu leir.
 Bhiodh do chomhairl' an comhnuidh,
 Le do chobhair 's do chomhnadh,
 Do luchd-gabhail na corach,
 Reir 's mar sheoladh tu fein ;
 Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deonach,
 Is an t-aincolach colach—
 'S b' e fìor shonas do bheoshlaint,
 Dhi tabhairt corr dhaibh de leirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',
 Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
 Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh ;
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoinneach,
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach ssoithreach,
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach tìmeil,
 'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath ;
 Tha e 'n a ladarnas gabhaidh,
 Bhi le h-eagal ag nìtheadh,
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,
 Nì an aird na chaidh uainn ;
 Ach 's fabor Freasdail, 's a's iognadh,
 No 'n nì a 's fuisge do mhìorbhuil,
 Am bearn so th' againn a lionadh,
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,
 Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
 'S mu na chliu sin a thoill thu,
 O 'n la chaill sinn thu fein ;
 Ach moran tartar is stroighlich,
 Air son feich, agus oighreachd,
 Fagaidh beartach mur fhine e,
 Air an cloin as an deigh ;
 'S e nì a 's min'g a chi mi,
 Dh' aindeoin dìobanachd time,
 Gu'm beil giontach nan daoine,
 Tarruinn claonadh 'n an ceill ;
 Ach cha 'n 'eil ionairt no *motion*,
 Anns na freasdail so dhombha,

Nach toir *leasan* 'n am chodhail,
 Le seann *not* bho do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,
 Smuainteach, fucalach, gnìonhach,
 Ann do ghnòthachaidh diomhair,
 Gun bhi diomhain uon usair ;
 Chaith thu t-amsir gu ssoithreach,
 Air son sonas nan daoine ;
 'S cha b' e truaillidheachd shaohalt
 No aon nì chur suas.
 'Nuair tha nitheana tuitneach,
 Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdailh,
 B' e chuis fharmaid fear t-fhasain,
 'S cha b' e beartas a's uail's',
 A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
 Tre na oathan bu ghairbhe,
 Dh-ionnsuidh Flaithes na tairbhe.
 Gu buan sheulbhuchadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgairiachd chrabaidh,
 Air a dearbhaidh gu gabhaidh,
 Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a chlaistinn,
 Is ro chraiteach r' a luaidh ;
 Nuair a thuit thu le bas bhuvinn,
 Mar gu 'm briseadh iad braighdean,
 Dhuisg na h-uile sin a b' abhaist,
 A bhi an nadur an t-sluaigh ;
 Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Rìgh,
 Gu bhi gabhail nam pairtean,
 Anns na chruthaich e grasan,
 Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fasach,
 Anns na talamh-s' an tra so,
 So a' bharail th' aig pairt diubh
 Tric 'g a rataln air t-uaidh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,
 Cha 'n fhachas riamh a's cha chualas,
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach chuinn ;
 Ged bu bheartach do chrabhadh,
 Bha do mheas air gach talann,
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dana,
 'S am fear e dheanadh na rann ;
 Chuid a b' airde 's a' bhuaidh sin,
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
 Ach na daiseachan suarach,
 Tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn ;
 'Nuair a chilear a' ghrian orr'.
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biastan,—
 Cailleach-oidhch' agus strìanaoh,
 An coiltean fadhaich, 's an gliann.

'S eol domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
 Dh-fhas 'n an cuideachd gle ainmeil,
 Tigh'n air nitheanan talmhaidh,
 Ann an gearrabhaireschd ghear ;
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n lar iad,
 Gus na nithibh a's airde,
 S ann a chluinneas tu pairt diubh,
 Mar na paisdean gun oheil ;
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianaidh-s',
 Le do ghibhtean bha falaidh,
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
 An aon neach riamh ach thu fein,—

Cail gach euidheachd a lionadh,
Leis na theireadh tu diomban,
'S orioch do sheanchais gun fhíaradh,
Tighlín gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgoilleadh
Gu bhí euidheachadh dhaoine,
'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-soghal,
'S tu nach fadadh bhí paidht';
Chuid bu taitneich' 'n an iomchaint,
Cha 'n 'eil facl nu 'n tinncheall,
Cha bhí ceartas nu 'n iomradh,
Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bas.
'S truagh am pennas a thoill sinn,
Thaobh nan ciotan a rinn sinn,—
Bhí síor ghearradh ar goibhlean,
'S ar cuid thenghlaichean fas;
Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
Co ní 'n airde na chaill sinn,
Cuid, d' n cradh, lu is oidheche,
Nach tig t-oirhe 'na t-ait.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rian am berd an ceann bliadhna an dalgh bala an duin' uasail sin, air larrtas a mhic am fíor Gael saoire ionnail hte, Mr. Pádraig Mac-Dhonnabáill, mínistear Ágair' Chille-moile an Karraghail, air dha tighlín do 'n duthaich, agus a bhí síg an araidh an euidheachd a' bhaird.]

CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,
O!'s cianail a tha mi.
'N ceann na bliadhna,
O!'s cianail a tha mi,
A Mhaighstir Murchadh,
'S tu air m' fhagail,
'S mairg nach d' fhuair sinn,
Linn no dha dhiot.

CHRIDHE na feile,
A bheil na tabhaoidh,
Cheann na ceille,
'S an fhoghlaim chranbhaidh,
Laimh gun ghanntair
An am dhut paigheadh,
An uachdar a' bhuid,
A ghnuis n. failte.
'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am sonar,
Mar son ann am fasach,
'S ní gun fheum dhomh,
Aobhar ghairre,
Cuims' ann an caint,
Ann an rann no danachd,
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
G' an claisinn.
'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,
O chioslaich am bas thu,
Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
Air ciail, no air crabhadh;
Thionndaidh na biastan
Gu riaradh grainneil,
Leo-san leig Dia,
Sriun o 'n la sin.
'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bron
Fa choir do bhais-sa.
Ach ghabh iad sgios,
Ann am míos no dha dheth;
Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan,
Riaracht' oho tra dheth,—
An ceann na bliadhna,
'S cianail a tha mi.
'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teaghlach,
'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhag thu,
'S caomh leam na fuinn,
Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhardsaich;
'S caomh leam bhí 'g urachadh
Chlu uach tug bas dhíot;
'S caomh leam an uir th' air do thaobh,
Dheth na Bhaghan!
'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

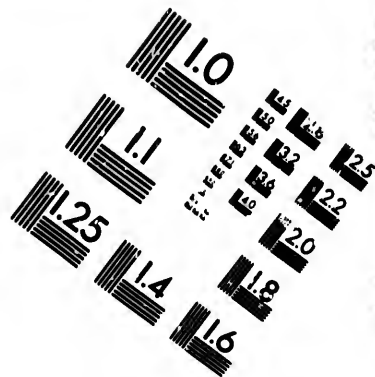
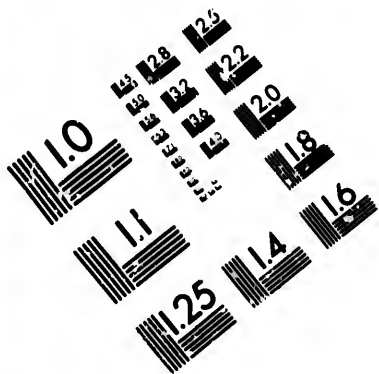
AIR FÓN—“*Through the wood, laddie.*”

MOCH 's mi 'g eiridh 's a mhadainn,
'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
Ann an lagán beag monaidh,
Ri madainn ro dhoinid,
'S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,
Chuir an loinid o sheinn.
Is am pigidh ag eigeach
Ris na speuraibh, 's cha bhíinn.

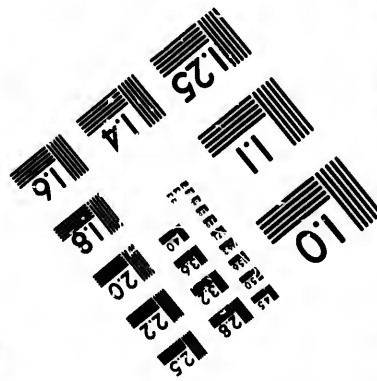
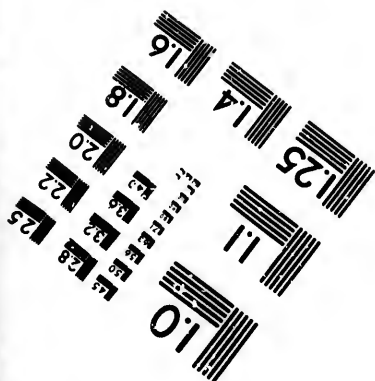
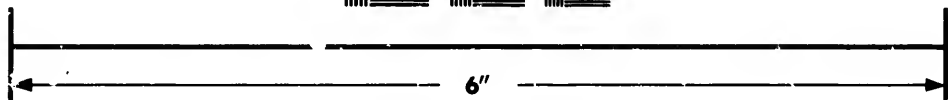
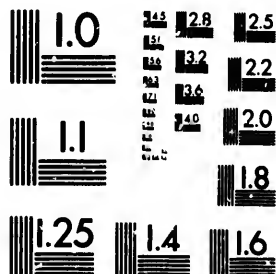
Bithidh am beithe crion, crotach,
Sior stopadh o 'fhas;
Mar ri gaoth gharbh sheididh,
Agus ioma-chathadh 'g eiridh,
Crocan barraich a' geilleadh,
Mios eigneach an ail;
A' mhios chneatanach, fhuachaidh,
Chóimheach, ghruamach, gun thlath'.

Bi'dh gach doire dubh uaigneach,
'N duil fuasgladh o bhíath;
Bithidh an snodhachd a' traoghadh,
Gus an fhroumh as na shin e,
Crupaidh cairt ris gu dìonach,
Gus an crion i gu lár;
'N lon-dubh anns a' mhadainn,
Sior sgreadail chion blaitha.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
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23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

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01

Mhois dheitheasach, chaoile,
Choiribheach, ghaclach, gun bhlaiths',
Chuireadh feudail na fuarachd,
Anns gach badan bu dulaich',
Dhoirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
Air chruach nam beann ard',
'S an am teichidh na greine,
Caillidh *Phabus* a bhlaiths'.

Mhios chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
Chianail, chainneanach, ghearrt',
'S i gu clachaneach, currach,
Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach; phuinneach,
Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
Reotach, reagach, gu sar ;
'S e na char-irtheinean craidhneach,
Fad na h-oidhche' air an Iar.

'S ann bhios *Phabus* 'n a reotachd,
An ceap nam mor ohruch 's nam beann;
Bidh 's an uir sin 's cha neonach, *
Gacheun gearra-ghobach goineach,
Spioladh iomail an otrach,
Cur a shroin anns an dam ;
Comhradh ciurra gun bheadradh,
Le bron a's sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an am tighinn an fheagair,
Cha bhi an acaras gann ;
Ni iad comhnuidh 's gach callaid,
Buileach anmhunn a's callaidh,
Sgriobadh uir as na ballaibh,
Mios chur doinnion nan gleann,
'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
'S cha bhi 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Ach nach daocheall 's a' gheamhradh,
Fann gheim gamhna chion feoir,
Gnugach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,
Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, arsaiddh,
Biorach, sgreannach, fuachdaidh,
Siltean fuaraidh r' a shroin.
'S e gu sgrog-laghrach gagach,
Fulang sarach' an reot.

Bidh gach creutair d' a threiseed,
'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,
Bidh na h-urleichean cabrach,
Gnusedach, airtnealach, laga,
Gabhail geilt d'eth na mhadainn.
Le guth a' chneastain 'n an ceann,
Is na h-aighean fo euslaimh,
Air son gun threig iad a bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
Is fu shalaiche seinn,
Ghabhail m' intinn riamh eagal,
Boimh bhur sgreasail 's a' mhadain
'N am a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,
'S an cuid fodair 'g a roinn,
'S iad 'n am haideinibh binneach,
Gu h-arruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

Am bradan caol bharr an f'fior uisg',
Fliuch, slaod-carballach, fuar,
'S e gu tarr-ghlogach, ronnach,
Chlamhach, ghear-bhallach, lannach,
Soills na meirg, air 'n a earradh,
Fiamh na gainn' air 's guch tuar,
'S e gu crom-cheannach, buarach,
Dol le buinne 'na chuaich.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
Dhubhrach, chlar-dhubh, gun bhlaiths.
Ghuineach, ana-bhloichdach, fhuachdaidh
Shruthach, steallanach fhuaimneach,
Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
Gun dad measach ach eal,
Bithidh gach dent, a's gach miseach,
Glacadh bogais a' bhais.

Note.—This song appears to be a parody on twelve of the stanzas of McDonald's "*Ode to Summer*."—"We are inclined to think that on a journey the poet made to the Isle of Skye, he might have heard McDonald's "*Summer Song*" and composed this in imitation of it"—*Memoir to Edit.* 1820.

'S TROM LEAM AN AIRIDH.

[Rinn am bard an t-oran so d' a leannan, Anna Moiriston, nighean og ro chluiteach, d' an tug e cheud ghaol; bha e tada 'g a h-Iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a diuitadh no 'g a gabhail: ach turas a thug e chun na h-airidh far an robh i aig an am, 's ann a dheare e' otrre an cuideachd an t-saor bhaid, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur eul ris fein. Phos i an saor ban an deigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh—nach 'robh i riamh toilichte gu 'n chuir i eul ri Rob Donn; agus cha mho a dhearh an saor ban e fein 'n a cheile ro thaitneach.]

'S trom leam an airidh,
'S a ghair so a th'innt',
Gu'n a phairt sin a b'abhaist,
Bhi 'n drasd air mo chinn ;
Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,
'S Iseabail a bheoil mhilis;
Mharanaich, bhinn.
Heich ! mar a bha
Air mo chinn;
'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach.
'S gu'n sta dhomh bhi 'g inns'.
Heich ! &c.

Shiubhail mis' a bhuail';
Agus shuas feagh nan craobh,
'S gach ait' anns am b'abhaist,
Bhi tathladh mo ghaeil,
Chunna 'mi'm fear ban,
A's e maran r' a mhnach
'S b' fhearr leam nach tarainn
An tra ud na ghaoith.
Se mar a bha,
Air mo chinn,
A dh' fhag air bheag tath mi
Ge nar e ri sheinn.
'S e, &c.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
 Na'm b'eol dut mo ni,
 'S e do ghradh, gu'n bli paidlit',
 Thug a mhan bhuan mo chli :
 Tha e dhomh as t-fhianais
 Cho ghniomhach, 's tra chi.
 Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
 'S gur euirrt' tha mo cliri.
 Air gach tra
 'S mi ann an stri,
 'Feuchainn ri aicheadh,
 'S e fas rium mar chraoibh.
 Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-aileasach,
 Fuiteagach rium:—
 " Cha tar thu bhli lamh rium,
 Gu caradh mo ohinn :
 Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
 Car bliadhna de thin :
 'S cha b' airdh thar each thu
 Thoirr barr os an cinn.
 Ha ! ha ! ha !
 An d' fhas thu gu tinn
 Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bas ort
 Gu'm paidh thu ga ohinn !
 Ha ! &c.

Ach oia mar bheirir. fuath dhut
 Ged' dh-fhuaraioh the rium ?
 'Nuair a's feargach mo sheannachas,
 Ma t-ainm air do chul,
 Thig t-iomhaigh le h-annaschd
 Mar shamhadh na m' uidh,
 An suoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,
 Nuch caochail a chaidh.
 'S theid air a radh,
 Gu'n dh-fhas e as ur,
 'S fasaidd e 'n tra sin,
 Cho airdh ri tur !
 'S theid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo s'uaib air a buaireadh
 Le bruaidsean gaol,
 'Gu'n an cairdeas a bha sid
 Cha tar mi bhi saor.
 Ga mo bharnaigeach laimh riut
 'S e ghas dhomh mar mhaor.
 Ach ma tha
 Mi ga do dhi,
 B'fheairde mi pag bhua
 Mas faga dh tu 'n tir.
 Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

THE Deors' air a' Mhaidsear
 Ro dhan' ann an cairnt,
 An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Sior chur an ceill,
 Gu robh e-san fo staint*
 An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Ach 'nuair theid an t-osa,
 Mu 'n bhord ann an rancsaibh,
 Olaidh e gu cairdeach,
 Deoch-shainte na l'aintighearn,
 Bith h-uile fear do chach,
 Mach o Salaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Mu 'm faca mo shuil thu,
 'S e 'n cliu ort a fhuair mi,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Mar gu'm bu bhan-de thu,
 Gu 'n geilleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhosd,
 A chuid mhor bhasa luaidh riut,
 Gus na shin an ceol,
 Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile drannd dheth,
 'S an d'ann 'nuair a ghluais thu,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Shuidh mi ann an cuil,
 Mar gu 'n d'uisgteadh a tranns mi,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Is dh'amaireachd an triuir ud,
 Le 'n suilean, 's le sannt ort,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Do reir mar a dh-fhaodainn*
 A h-aodann a rannsachadh,
 Dhuraigeadh Salaidh.
 An Maidsear 'n a bhantraich;
 Tha aobhneas air Deorsa,
 Mu 'n bhron bh' air a' Ghranndach,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' Bhataillean d' an eol thu,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Nach 'eil ort a bruaid,
 Mas fuasgall' no posda,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
 An maisdear a b' oige;
 Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
 Ann an armait righ Deorsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,
 Le gaol fa do choir-sa,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
 Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 'S ann is cruaidh a 'chas,
 Gus am paidbear a dhuais dha,
 A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
 Fulligidh mi suil,
 No fulligidh mi clus dhomh,

* B' bhi chasna posd'.

Ma tha son de 'n triuir ud,
As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
Cho tinn le do ghaol,
Bis an son fhear a's fuath le st,*
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.

'S e 'n t-sobhar nach ordaichinn,
Salaidh do 'n Choirneil,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Eagal gu 'm bitheadh cach
Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheo dha,
A ribhinn aluinn, eibhinn, og.
Creutair oho caoimheil riut,
Is maighdeann cho boidheach riut,
Ri! bu mhor an diobhail,
Gu 'n oilleadh tu g' a dheoin iad,
Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
Le son fhear a bhosadh,
An ribhinn, aluinn, eibhinn, og.

ORAN EILE

DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR Fonn—"Sweet Molly."

LUINNEAG.

*Fear a dhannas, fear a chluicheas,
Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas.
Fear a dh-eideas, no ni bruidhean,
Bi 'n creidheach' aig Salaidh.*

Du-FHALDH mi duthochan fada, leathan,
'G amharc inghcantaan a's mhnathan;
Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
Cha robh leithid Salaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

An Dun-eideann 's an Dun-didhe,
'S a h-aile ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
Bean mo chridhe Salaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a claisinn, 's math a fradharc,
Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
Do dhoteachan Salaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a mugh, 's is math a saigh i,
'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i';
'S math 'n a suidhe 'n coann na sreath' i,
Sann na laidhe 's fearr i.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
'S fear vach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
Cha robh fhios a'm ce an roghainn
Thaghainn an na dha sin.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

* Be Rob Donn's "an am fhear a b' fhuath leatha."

Caiptein treun nan Grenadeer,
'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,
Cha 'n eil ait an dean i suidhe,
Nach bi e-san laimh rith'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a'ohur 's a' bhritaich,
Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n deant' a glacadh,
Ged bhiodh neart a' Phap' orr'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Note.—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "Mor nigh'n a Gho-barlain," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

BRIOGAIS HIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-oran so leis a' bhard aig banais "Iacabail Nic-Aoidh," nighcan Iain 'To-Eachainn, air dh' bhi pòda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Suthar-'ain. Bha cruinneachadh an-barrach sluagh air a' bhanaid de dh-uatacan na dutha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bard our a mach air a oheile goirid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bard cuireadh thun na bainne, ged bha e chomhnuidh ann an aite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharian, athair fhir na bainne, thighean air an ath mhadainn an deigh a' phosaidh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fhearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhard 'n a thrath, no gu 'n cluainte sgeula mu 'n bhanaid fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bard air 'allleas, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uatacan uile, 'n am alun fein, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdairachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fein uile g' a shireadh. Thainig Rob Donn gu toilleach; air bha mor speis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn. 'S d' a theaghtach, ged thainig eadar iad aig an am sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionnsuidh teigh na bainne, dh-foighnich Rob Donn ris an teachdair thainig d' a iarraidh. An do thach' e d' amhullteach 'n am bith 'n am meag o thois a' bhanaid? Thuir an teachdair nach cu' e-san ach son rud—Gu 'n do chail "Mac Ruaraidh beag," gille thainig an cois hir na bainne, a brioigais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhard agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainne, ged nach robh ann e ch astar da mhille. bha 'n t-oran deanta; agus oho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a' ghabhail.]

LUINNEAG.

*An d' fhuir, no 'n d' fhairich,
No 'n cuala sibh,
Co idir thug briogais
Mhic Ruairidh leis?
Bha bhriogais ud againn
An am d' a chadal,
'S 'n a' bhair thainig a' mhadainn
Chu d' fhuaradh t.*

CHaidh bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na conlaich,
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamhs',
Leis na gruagaichean ;
'Nuair dh-fhag a chuid misg e,
Gu'n tug e 'n sin briogadh,
A dh-iarraidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu laimh ris,
Gu 'n deanadh tu gaire,
Ged bhidheadh an siataig
Na d' chruachanan ;
Na faiceadh tu 'dhronnag,
'Nuair dh-ionndrain e 'pheallag,
'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,
'S a' suaitheachan.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,
Ma 's tusa thug leat i,
Chur grabadh air peacadh
'S air buaireadh leath' ;
Ma 's tu a thug leat i,
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad
Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Chairiona Nigh'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarasdal ;
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,
Thug leis i g' a caitheamb,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dheth sin.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonais,
Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oirr' ;
Mur do ghleidh Iain Mac-Dhomhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n or i,
Cha robh an Us-mhoine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Mur do ghleidh Iain Mac-Dhomhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n or i,
Cha robh an Us-mhoine
Na ghluaisceadh i.
Mu Uilleam Mac-Phadruig,
Cha deanadh i sta dha,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n aird'
Air a' chruachan dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhoine
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheorais,
'S gur iongantas dhomhsa
Ma ghluais e i ;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachain.

Bha i cho cumhang
Mur cuir e i 'm mughas,
Nach dean i ni 's modha
Na buarach dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na leigibh fi braigh' e,
'M feadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
Air cagal gu 'n saraich
An luachair e ;
Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhointeach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail i e.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choimnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
Ged 's mor a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so ;
'Nuair bha thu cho sgiobalt,
S nach do chail thu dad idir,
'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
A bhuannaich thu !
An d' fhidir, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHLEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N RODH SCEUL IAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mheighdean 's an aite-s'
Tha aireamh de bhliadhnaibh,
Is shaoil leam nach posadh
Neach beo i, chion briadh ;
Aoh 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbhar r' a bhliadhadh,
An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

A Mhairread, cha choir dhut
Bhi gorach no fiata,
Tha mairist ni 'a leoir dhut,
An comhnuidh 'ga t-iarraidh ;
Ni 's grainnde cha 'n eol domb,
'S ni 's boidheche cha b' fhiach thu,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na d' gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha ministear coir ann,
Is moran de chiall aig' ;
'N a thaoitear do 'n ingbean,
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;

* Fear na bainne.

Is b' fhear leis, an oigh
Bhi gun phosadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhi triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phocaid,
De dh-or na th' aig Iarla,
Bu mhor a' chuis bhroin o
Do 'n oigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
Suilean a's sron,
Agus feosag, a's faclan
A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S ole an leannan oinid
An t-olach s' 'n a fhionaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chota,
'N a rogaire miodhoir,
A shailtean 'n a thoin,
Is a shron ris a' ghriosaich ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chailleachd,
Thug barr air na ciadan ;
Tha 'aogas ro ghraanda,
'S e air faileadh 'n t-srianaich ;
An uair bha e an Gruididh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn,
Leis a' ghille dubh chiar-dhubh,
Bhi triall 'n an gaoith,
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daochail,
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tir so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na ciochan ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sin cruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sas
Anns an t-sauce-pan, is biadh ann ;
Bhiodh eagal air bais oirnn,
Gu 'n cnamhadh tu bian oirnn,
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR Fonn—"Cro nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi orannanach,
Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,

'N Acha-na-h-Annaid,
Cur feannag a cheile ;
Sheall n' i le annas air,
'S shin r' ri teannadh ris,
Thug mi mo bhoinid dhiom,
'S bheannaich mi fein da.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhar,
Dh-or-daich gach dithis dhiu
Bhi le aon cheile ;
Faolaidh sliochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bheilneas
'N an iongantais feille.*

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is sharaich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da ceile ;
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choinnich i,
C' uime gu 'n ceifinn,
'S a h-apanan deiridh
Cho ghoird r' a fheileadh-s'.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tomas a's Domhnall,
Scoras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an coluinn
A' cheathrar r' a cheile ;
B' fhear leam te thapaidh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhiubh mar cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
Tha againn gu tarantach,
Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
A baile Dhun-cideann,
Nach 'eil uile cho ait'
Ann an oibrichibh freasdail,
Ri faicinn nam peasan
A' maitseadh a cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhiu
Ni maitse do Cheitidh ;
Tha truas aig mo chridhe
Ri scasgaich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
Chuireas dithis ri cheil' diu.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuircar do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' cheitein ;
Air eagal am pronnaidh
Ri fiadh no ri bolla,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Ni taigh dhaibh le cheile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an f'hirionnaich-s';
'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
Seinneam air seis iad ;
Domhnall beag biorach,
Air posadh an uraidh ;
'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir fein diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na greisichean beaga,
Oir 's iad is maoir englais,
Tha duil ac' mo thagradh,
Air son magaidhnean beumach ;
Bithidh mise fo eugal,
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
O 'n thachair mi caohar
An sagart 's an cleireach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha duil a'm gur duilich leis
Mis' ehur an eunmart,
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
'S gu 'm bu mhuilceach leis fein e ;
'S ma chroideas mi 'm ministeir,
An deigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm moneaidh an uiridh,
Mu mhire na 'n Greibhear.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
An uiridh le cheile ;
Am bliadhna 'n an dithis,
E-fein 's an cu buidhe,
Gun triall ac' gu nidhe
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-eibhlean.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Buidheach am baganach
Seoras na h-englais,
Chualas na creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a eigeachd ;
Shamblaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' gharra-chartan,
Chualas na fhaicinn,
'S a' gharra-chartan r' a eisdeach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa fo chachdan,
Mur b' fhaicinn mi 'macan,
Gu 'n abrainn an garran,
'S fleasgach cho treun ris ;
Seas thusa fa' chomhair,
Is amhaire a crodhan,
'S an te thug an dreebhan air,
Thomhais i fein e.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis anns an duthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phusadh ;

'S gur beag an t-aodach ur,
Ni gun dhoibh a's leine.

*Hei tha mo run duit,
Ho, tha mo run duit,
Hei tha mo run duit,
A ruin ghil' na treig mi.*

Dithis a tha 'og iad,
Dithis a tha boidheach,
Dithis tha gun oirleach
A chorr air a cheile.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ma bhios teacan buan ac',
'S gu 'n teid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cu-ruidh as an t-snobhaidh.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ach ma theid a chrusach,
Sgmoilt' air feadh na duthcha,
Theid prospig ris na suilean,
Tha duil a 'm, mas leir iad.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

O R A N .

[Do dh' fhear chaidh a chordadh ri nighin oig,
ach cha bhiodh e tollichte ma 'n tochradh, mur
tugadh iad dha gamhuinn eile bharrachd air na
bha iad tollach thoir seachd; agus air so a
dhlutadh dha, threag e a leanan.]

'S ann a bhuaill an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shios,
Chuir e 'uigh' air celle,
'S gu 'n do reitich iad 'n an dios ;
Shaoil mi fein 'n uair thoisich iad,
Gu 'n corladh iad gun sgios ;
Ach chum asraidh beag do ghamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal corr is mics.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mhaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fior,
Is insidh mi a rireadh,
Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian ;
Gu robh e cheart cho deonach,
Ri duin' og a chualas riamh ;
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e bhuar dhìom,
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tus,
Chuir iad fios 'n a dheighidh,
Thigh 'nn air aghaidh ann a chuis ;
'S e roghnaich es' an tailleraohd—
'S i b' fhearr leis na bhi puid' ;
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn asraidh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bas de 'n sput.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an amnarc e't,
Gu robh do thomas gaan,

Chunnaio mi air t-lomhuinn,
 Gu robh 'n lom-ohomhairl' 'n ad cheann;
 'S nach robh do spiorad diomhair,
 'G a do ghriosaadh 's a' cheart am ;
 'Nuair b' fhearr leat gamhuinn caoile,
 Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

H-uile fear a chi thu,
 'G a do dhiteadh air do obul,
 Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
 Mu cheithir mharq 's n' 's mo,
 'S e their gach filidh faacail riut,
 Gu spot chur air do chliu,
 Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn,
 Do chontract' chuir air cul.

'S mis a fhuair mo charadh,
 Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
 A' mhoud 's a bha 'g am ia-raidh dhiubbh,
 'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu ;
 Sheoil mi fein 's an fhoghar,
 'Nuair a thagh mi thu a triuir,
 Nach fanadh tu cho fada bhuam,
 Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crun.

AM BOC GLAS.

Ox tha mi na m' aonar,
 Gu'n teann mi ri spors ;
 Gu'n cuir mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,
 'M boc air sheol.
 'S gu'n leig mi fios dhachaigh
 A dh-innsaidh nan Catac',
 Gur h-e 'm boc glas,
 A bhios ac air an tos.
Pe he fanndarai feininn oth-oro,
Hihili fanndarai feininn oth-oro,
Fa-thel-oth fanndarai feininn oth-oro,
Hihili shiubhal e,
Hanndarai hith-horo,
Fa-thel-oth, fa-thel-oth.

'S iomadh oganach smearail,
 Bha fearail gu leor ;
 A chunna' mis
 Ann an cogadh righ Deors'.
 'S cha'n fhaca mi boc,
 Ga thogail air feachd,
 Ach aona bhoc glas
 A Bh' aig mac an Iarl' oig.
Pe he fanndarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
 Co dhianadh a bhuaib ?
 Co dhianadh an ceanghal,
 No sgrudhadh an sguab ?
 Co chuireadh na siamanan,
 Ceart air na tudanan ?
 Ach am boc luideach,
 Na'm faigheadh e duais.
Pe he fanndarai, &c.

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,
 Bhuaine gun fhios ;
 A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair
 Gun bhaine gun bhliochd ;
 'Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,
 A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
 'S suilear a' silcadh
 Air son a bhuic ghlais.
Pe he fanndarai, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherlandshire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland fenibles, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas*—a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherlandshire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn oig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaithe; bha mar lair na h-Ingliun (a tha labhairt 's a' chond rann) 'n a banaralch aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-sun 'n a bhuaichaille; agus um fear bha toirt na h-Ingliun bhuaithe 'n a bhreanadair.—Tha t-oran air a sgrìobhadh do rair dearbh Ghaeligh a bhard fein air cha ghabhadh e aelun air caochladh doigh.]

LUINNEAG.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas
'S nach d' fhuair e i.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,
'S nach d' fhuair e i.

FHEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
 An aghaidh na gaoith',
 Gun duil aig mo nighinn,
 Thu thighinn a chaidh
 Gu 'm b' fhearr a b' bhu
 Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh
 Na fheasgach na fheasgach
 Le fhicheadh bo laird
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Gha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
 Mar chearb air bhur clann,
 Gur-ann anns na cairdean
 Tha mheir' air am fonn
 'Nuair theid gach mearachd
 A chronachadh tholl,
 Bidh fuigheall an innich
 'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Flichead maide na beairte.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
'N a dhuine 'm beil speis,
Tha onoir bho 'leanabas
'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus ;
Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
Gun chol aeh an spreidh,
Tha e 'n uidheam na goide
Ni 's faide no eis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,
'S na suidlich do bhonn,
Air rud bhios 'n a pheannas,
'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,
Tha duil agad achdaidh
Ri beartas 'n a steoll,
Le fuighleach an innich,
'S cha chinnich e boll.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Na 'm faicendh sibh 'm fleasgachan
Tapaidh a th' againn,
Ag ionart nan casan
Mu seach air na maidean,
Le 'iteachan innich
A' pilleadh 's a' glagartaich,
Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
'S an t-slimn a' feadaireachd.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgual a bh' aig a' bhaird, air an robh Faolan aca mar leas ainm. Cha robh Faolan aeh 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' abhaist do dh' ingheanan a' bhaird a bh' 'g a thilgeadh air a cheile mar leannan.]

LUNNEAG

Gu neartaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasach an sealbh,
An t-abhtagan marbh ud, Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh,
'S gu leasach an sealbh,
Ag a' bhaird marbh ud, Faolan.

Thaig a' bhaird do roaidh,
'Nuair a' bhaird a' ghrian,
O 'n eiridh a' bhaird do 'n dithreabh,
Oir cnuil a' bhaird a' bhairdich' bheaga aig each,
An t-urram bha glan aig Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Thainig oirnn Iain le naidheachd a nuas,
Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgr' c,
Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh
Le briosgadh do Chlurraig.
Eagal bhi dlu air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh a's Deonadh,
A's Ceitidh nigh'n Deorsa,
Is Mairi bhuidh' og nan caorach,

'G an deasachadh mor, gu leasachadh prois,
A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pos iad Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
'S a cridhe ro throm,
Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan ;
Tha Mairi ag radh nach dean e dh' ista,
Nach 'eil e ni 's fearr no caolan !
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Ceitidh scalladh dhieth ris,
'S e thubhairt i fein a's faoilte oirr'.
Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhuajcinn
Cho sgiobalt ri palrt,
'S ann tha e ni 's fearr na shaoil mi.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
No bean nìr an fhod,
A bheircadh d' an deoin an gaol da,
O'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
Cha bhoe, is cha tarbh, ach luos-boc.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri lar,
'S i 'g acain gu brath a cnol-druim
Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
A' mhin air a' bhurn ;
Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againno
Leth-cheud do bhliadhnaibh,
'S tha i cho liath ri caora,
'S ged nach 'eil fiacaill idir 'n a ceann,
Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briosgant' an cuil,
O 'n tha iad an duil ri daoine ;
'Nuair bhios mi beartach,
Gu 'n toir mi dhaibh gun,
'Na 'n deanadh iad mun air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Comhairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phadaidh,
O 'n nach 'eil nair 'na t-nodann,
'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh
Gun toir mi dhut greim,
'Na 'n leigheadh tu br * * m air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
Mu'n a' bhuntat',*

* The bard and Faolan being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances of the former came that way, who went in to have some refreshment, and took him along with them. Faolan also followed, and got his "shell," but instead of returning again to his work, he went home and told the bard's wife that his master had abandoned the potatoe planting and went on the spree, and that he could not work by himself. On Rob returning home at night, Faolan's story was related to him, and before supper was ready this song was composed on him.

Ach bidh e ni's paight' no shuol leis,
Na 'n tigeudh an donus do 'n bhail-s' 'na
dheann,

Gu tugainn air cheann da Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

TURUS DHAIBH' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n e bhunachailte, agus 'n a
aireach, aig dhu' nasal aradh, ann am ball' eile,
beagan mhiltean bh' 'uite feha; agus 'nuair a bha
Daibhidh dol dachalgh leis an linn agus leis a'
chaise, gu mhachgastir, fhuair e air bata ceitpe,
bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chaidreach leis an
stolm iad air t'ir ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann
's a' ghrunnad a rathad Daibhidh, cha deanadh
na nabaidhnean moran cuoidh air a shon.]

Nach cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,
Dh-fhallh an eaise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-fein.
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhas dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
Gu'm bu ghairreach guth minn as a dheigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ie Fhiunmlaidh,
Ris an t-Storramh neo-shunnadh,
Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n eis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise m' fhear aon-taigh;
Co nis is fear-punndaidh do 'n spreidh?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nabaidhnean toigheach,
Anns gach bagh 'g iarraidh naidheached,
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhaigheadh
iad deur.

Bha do nabaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air silcudh gu leir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acarairch thrailleil,
Bhios a' stremp mu do cheairde,
Cha bhi creutair gun chradh as do dheigh.
Mach o acarairch, &c.

Ach ma 's bas dut mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le speis.
Ach ma 's bas, &c.

Sgrìobhar sios air a braighe—
"So am ball 's am beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bas oirbh gu leir."
Sgrìobhar sios, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
Ceann gaibhre, a's eubag,
Rotach gleadhraich, a's faladair gear.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann griomach a bhagair,
Suil mhìogach nam praban,
Beul biogach nan eagar 's nam breug.
Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghabhaidh,
Nis mu ais-cridh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stairneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
Is ionadh biadh nach do chleuchd e,
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar cheud,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, puinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mhnaoi aige fein.
Dh-fhas e stailceinich, &c.

Tha mnathan naisl' anns a' mhachair,
O na chual iad mar thachair,
Chuid bu stuanna an clenchdaibh 's am beus.
Tha mnathan naisl' &c.

A bhiodh deonach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnothuch coir anns na cairtean,
Bheircadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh deonach, &c.

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ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIIC EAGLAINN

[Te dhaibh air tighinn dachaigh a' sgoill,
agus gun speis aice nis, na 's a' f' o 'n du-
thach; agus an te eile, nach do b' ann o 'n
bhalte, a' moladh na du-thach.]

CIA b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhid se e gu brath,
Dhol do 'n dheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlainn';
Pairt de m' acain, braigheach Mheirceinn,
'S aig gun mharcaid e.
Ach spairt a's copraich, 's ba-theach fos-
gailt',
'S graine shòp ri lar.

Cha 'n 'eil seomar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Carn,

Oir tha e uagnidheach do ghruagaich,
 'S nì e fuaim 'nuair 's aill;
 Fèur a's coille, bla a's duille,
 'S iad fo iomadh neul,
 Is ise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
 Seirm gach seis a 's fearr.

Cha b' aite comhnuidh leam air Dhomhnach,
 A bli 'n roig no 'n earn,
 Oir, mur robh strìanach ann air bhliadna,
 Cha robh riamh ni b' fhearr;
 Fuaim na beinne, 's grunna a' ghlinne,
 'S fuathach leam a' ghair;
 O! eradh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
 An t-ait an tìghe 'n fearr.

Cìod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
 Da na brachaibh ar?
 Nach fhaic thu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
 Gur feumail iad le 'n al?
 Cha chradh cridhe, air larach shuidhe,
 Fuaim na lighe lain,
 Do 'n gnath bhì clagach roimh a h-aghaidh,
 Is fear na deighidh a' fas.

Na bhà frinnach dheth t-amhran,
 'N fhad 's bhà 'n samhradh blath.
 Rinn e tionndadh oidhech-Shamhna,
 'S bheir an gearhadh 'shar;
 Duille shuidhich' barr an fhiodha,
 Dh-fas i buidhe-bhun,
 'S tha mais' 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,
 Le steall de chuthadh lair.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun a. t-samhraidh,
 Sin a chrann e 'n drasd,
 Beath a's calltunn latha bealltuinn,
 Gealltanach air fas;
 Bidh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
 'S teirgidh 'r. caithheadh-lair,
 Nach grunn an stealladh, glinn a' stealladh,
 Laoigh, a's bainne, 's barr!

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
 Air na rinn sibh chais;
 Dhol do shlabh, gun chur, gun ehliathadh,
 'S nach robh biadh a' fas;
 B' fhear bhì folluisach an Goll-thaobh,
 Na bhì 'n comunn ghraigs,
 Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
 Laimh ri bolle fail.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "*Iain Mac-Fachumh*,") one of them returned from the town of Thurso, where she had been sent to school, and the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement. The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry.

MARBHIRAN IAIN GIÈRE.

ROGHAIKD.

[Agus e air cnochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe do dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

Tha rogairean aortnealach, trom,
 'N taobh bhos agus tholl do na *Chrasg*.
 O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-cinnidh,
 Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt;
 Dh-aindeoin a dhreuchdan 's a chiall;
 Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
 Aon smid thuing m'ach air a bheul
 'S cha mho chreid e fein Rìgh nam feart.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh non ni cho laidir,
 'S an t-saoghal-s', ri bas, gu toirt teum;
 'N t-strac thug e an drasd' oirnn air aghairt,
 Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
 Tha Satan ro bhronach, 's cha 'n iognadh,
 Ged fhaightheadh e 'n t-non-sa dha fein,
 Air son nach 'eil fithast air sgeul nig'
 Fear a sheusas dha 'aite 'na dheigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,
 Gar teachdaire gruamach am baw;
 Gidheadh gu'm beil cuil bh'ann an daoch ris,
 Toirt rud-eigin guoil da n-drasd':
 Tha duil ac' an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,
 Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu brath,
 Air son gur h-e fein thug a' cheud char
 A fear thug cuig ceud car a each.

Sibhse tha mor agus mion,
 Sibhse tha seann 's a tha og,
 Thugaidh cheart air' air a' blas,
 'Nuair is beartaich' 's is laine bhur crog;
 Oir thug e mar mheirleach 's an oidhech',
 Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na boill;
 'S cha 'n fheadar a mhealladh le foill,
 'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan rog.

Rinn deamhnan is triucalrean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
 Co bu staraich', bu charaich', 's bu cheilgeich',
 'S a b' fhearr chuireadh lith air a' bhreig;
 B' e Satan am breitheamb bu shine,
 Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghrein;
 'S b' i 'bharaid nach fhaightheadh e leithid,
 Mur robh e 's na Greadhaich iad fein.

Bu mhath leam an ciontach a bhuaidh,
 'S cha b' aill leam duin' uasal a shealg;
 'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
 Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg;
 Tha Capitein Rob Gre air a dhuintadh,
 Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg;
 Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,
 Gu uails' agus duinealas ghang.

The breugan a's cuir air am fagail,
Do 'n fhear a 's fear talann g' an inns';
Cha cheadaich a' chuis e do Bhatair,
Tha onoir a's ardan 'n a ghrìd;
Ge comasach Iain a bhrathair,
Cha 'n fhaigh e an dràs' i chion aois;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Satain,
Ceart comb-luath 's is bas do fhear Chra-
oich.

MARBHRANN,

ULLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n uir,
Gur tearc againn suil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chocair,
No 'mhathan da 'n nos bhì ri spreidh;
Cha mhodha na clumhain a's gaothair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dheigh;
Air soh gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach eireag dhaibh fein.

'S glan a tha 'n talamhs-s' 'n a fhasach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bas o cheann mios;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhag thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-aitse 'n an, dios;
'S ann a tha acuinn do cheairde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an claraibh 's an diosg;
An t-ord a's am balg ris an teine,
An rusg, a's an t-innein, 's an t-ìosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhurachd,
Gu innseadh do chliu mar is coir;
Ge minig a dheare mi do chruinn-leum
Do 'n aito 'm bu chinntich' do lon;
Sgiathan do chota fo t-achlais,
Ia neul an tombac' air do shroin;
Bhìodh gaor aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus nùr air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhorn.

Air fhad 's a theid cliu ort a leantuinn,
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantainn gu lcoir;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriath-
radh,
'S tu dh-ìtheadh, 's a dh-ìrarradh an corr;
'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthan a chlisgeadh,
'Nuair ghabhadh na h-uisgean gu 'lon:
Bu choltach ri rapas na seilcheig,
An easgann mu thimcheall do pheoil.

Cha'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talm-
hainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhannt, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann
Oir shìubhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair;
Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
Tha rud-eigiu smal air daoin' uails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac 's a' mhachair,
A ghlanas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

MARBHRANN,

DO THRIUIR SHEANN FHEARSAOCH.

[CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FONN—"Latha 'siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N an laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thìodhlale sinn an triuir,
Bha fàillein, laidir, imtinneach,
'Nuair d' inntig a' bhliadhn' ur;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich latha dh'i o thus;—
Cìod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Nì 's braise na ar duil?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dìthls diubh,
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn,
Bha iad 'n an da chomrad,
O choinnich iad 'n ann cloinn;
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,
Ach ghearr e snaith'n na beath-s' ac',
Gun dail ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n tainig iad,
Na braithrean ud a chuidh,
Bha an aon bheatha thimeil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chloinn;
Mu 'n aon uir a bhasaich iad,
'S bha 'n nadur d' an aon bhuidh;
Chaidh 'n aon sìubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sìneadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
Le fiosrachadh do chach;
'S cha mho a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gras;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-fhas—
Chaidh strac de 'n t-saoghal tharais orr',
'S mu dheireadh fhuas iad bas.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
Ris gach aon neach againn beo?
Gu h-araidh ris na seann daoine,
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phoad';
Nach gabh na tha 'nan dheasanas,
A dhacasachadh no lon,
Ach caomhnadh nì gu falair dhaibh,
S a' falach an cuid oir.

Cha chaith iad fein na rinn iad,
Agus oighreachan cha dean,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadhach chon a's eun;
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìtheadh,
Fo nach robh, 'nach bì mi fein,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-or ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tos 's a' mheinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhag a pairt de bhuidhean gann,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall;

C' arson nach tugta porsan,
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach am,
Do bhòchdan an Tì dheanaicheadh,
An corr a chur 'na cheann?

An de,gh na rinn mì rusgadh dhuibh,
Tha duil agam gan lochd,
'S a liuthad facl firinneach
A dhirich mì 'n ur n-uehd,
Tha eagal orm nach eisd 'ibh,
Gu bhì feumail do na bhòchd;*
Nì 's mo na rinn na feasgach ud,
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

Note.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An duin' usal, aig an do thogadh am bard,
'n a theaghlach, o 'n bha e 'n a bhalachan og;
agus bu dala' e a chòlainn a leithid a chliu, o a
lueth-eolais air fad, 'a gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu
'n robh am marbhrann so gun mhearachd, agus
gu h-àraidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth,
'a gu 'n sbradh gach neach mar an ceudna a
chluinneadh am marbhrann, agus d' am b' col
Iain Mac-Eachainn' gu 'n robh e ceart.]

Iain Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-cug thu,
C' ait an teid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,
An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.
'S nì thèicinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n al og e,
'S tearc tha beo fear a chi e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S bi'dh buidhean eile 'g an sgaoileadh;
Bhios iad fein air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
Ach "Seall sibh fearann a dhaer iad."

Tha iad laghail gu litreil,
'S 'n an deibhtearan gearra,
Is iad a' pàidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhios ac' air a cheile;

Ach an corr, theid a thasgaidh,
Gur cruaidh a chellinn o 'n fheile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an suilean,
Cheart cho duint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na cladan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bhì fo fhiachan,
Fud aig Dia na aig daoine;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dìteadh,
"C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhòchd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhuraighdinn
Do chliu-s' chur an ordugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-al og air;
Oir tha t-lomradh-s' cho feumail,
Do 'n neach a theid ann do roidean.
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainn' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Mà 's aill leat alla tha fùghail,
So an tim mu do choinneamh,
An eoir dhut greimeachadh dlu ris;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhais,
A thug an t-armunn-s' do 'n uir uainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'ollig,
'S mo lamh-s' gu 'n cothaich i cliu dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaid,
Air an neach a tha falaidh,
'S i mo bharail-s' gur achdaidh
Bu choir an achiung so iarraidh;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
Nì chuid a's sine dhinn ciallach
Nach dean sinn iobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son tri fichead do bhliadh-rach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
A chuir thu 'n stoc' le do dheilig,
Agus bath-g'hiollan gorach,
Thionail eolas le t-eisdeachd;
Dearbh cha 'm aithne dhomh son neach,
Mach o umaidhnean spreidhe,
Nach 'eil an intinn fo oadhrom,
Air son do chuid, no do cheile.

Fhir nach d' ith mir le taitneas,
Na 'm b' col dut acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhir a chitheadh am feumach,
Gun an eigh' aig' a chluinntinn;
B' fhearr leat punnnd dheth do chuid bhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throm air t-inntinn;
Thig thu t-aran 's na h-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shlochd lomadh-fill' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach usal,
'S e lan gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phocaid,
Air an taigh-òsda dol seachad;

Chi mi bhantrach bhochd, dheurach,
Chi 'n deireach lan acrais,
Chi mi 'n dille 'dan ruisgte
Le e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceol-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibhitean chion cleachdaich,
Chi mi feunach chion comhairl',
'S call a ghnothuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhuarachd,
Ciod e is ciall do 'n mhór acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu leir rium:—
"Och! nach d' eug Iain Mac-Eachuinn!"

Chi mi 'n t-ìomadaidh sìuaigh so,
'N an calaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beo
thu,
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,
Chi mi buannachd nan olach;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna.
Ìomadh biadhach nach b' eol domh,
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,
An deigh do 'n ghrian a dhòl fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na duthcaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'n a steach annt' 'n a bhruchdan
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don Ti tha cumail nan duilean,
Cha do luaidh mu 'n duine-s',
Ach buaidh a channa' mo shuil air.

MARBHRANN EOGHAINN.

LWINNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada, gu leoir,
O 'n l'a bha thu' fo sheac-thinn,
Gur aon ag acain do bhroin;
Ma tha 'n tim air dol seachad,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdadh air choir,
Ged nach dail d' ach seachdain,
Dean drogh fhasan a leon.

'S tric thu, Bhais, cur an ceill dhuinn,
Bhl sior eigheachd ar cobhrach;
'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,
Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag a's mor leat;
'S ann o mheadhon an fhoghair,
Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh-fhoghnadh,
Le do leum as na cuirtean,
Do na chuil am beil Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creidead. sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 'soghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon do ahloich Adhaimh,
Air an tar aill leat cromadh;

'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
Gur ard 's gur ìosal do shealladh; *
Thug thu Pelham a morachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eoghann 's a' Pholladh?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'n air an t-scors' ud,
Mu 'm beil bron dhaoine mora,
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinntear bhi coine;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
'Tha saor fathast o dhoghruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caitiris,
Eadar Pelham a's Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuirt duinn,
Mar gu 'm buailt' ind le peicair,
Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,
Ann ar cluasan mar fharum;
Fhir a 's lugha measg moran,
An cual thu Eoghann fo ghalar?
Fhir a 's mo anns na h-aitcan-s',
An cual thu bas mhaighstir Pelham?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach a chuidheschd mo chridhe,
Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh!
Sinn mar choinneil an lannair,
'S an da cheann a' sior chaitheamh;
C'ait an robh anns an t-saoghal,
Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar-s'?
'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,
Ach an rìgh bh' air a chathair.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Note.—Among Rob Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Marbhrann Eoghainn*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Rob Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr. Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful; but judging, as a sportsman can on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loch Erribol, that he might be the more nigh to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr. Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrast-

* "Fallida mors sequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres."—*Hor. Carmin, lib. i. Carmin, iv.*

ed with this individual's state, set G R author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for himself, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and a mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered though we acknowledge not poetically,—

"Among men's sons where could be found
One lowly, poor, like thee?
And where in all this earth's wide round,
But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's cholera. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, "*Solitur acris hiems*," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede*," &c. *—*Memoir*, 1829.

*Regarding this elegy, an anecdote is recorded, which exhibits the estimation in which it was held by the author's countrymen best able to judge of poetic merit. Mr. Mackay (*Jahn Mac Eachainn*) happened to be on a visit to Mr. Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Inverness, when on a Sabbath morning the weather became so very boisterous that Mr. Macdonald expressed doubts whether it were proper to go to church, or to detain the people by the usual length of service—express-

ing a fear, at the same time, that if once begun, he might forget himself, and detain them long. His guest urged the propriety of not detaining the people—"But I will tell you," said he, "what you had better do; just go to church, and sing to them, '*Marbhramn Eoghain*.'—It will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give." Mr. Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

R A N N.

[A rinn am bard, air mudainn, ann an taigh ministeair 'Shleibhte, air an turas bha e san eilean-sgiatharach. Thadhig bard de mhulaintir an Ellein de thalgh a' mhulisteair, agus iad ri 'm bhìadh maldne. Dh-furr am ministeair air rain a dheanamh air:—"Sglath eugaidh, im, nua, plomb thombaca, agus Sagart." Rinn am bard Sglathanach so, mar chlitheair; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, "'S bochd dh-fing thu 'n Sagart.'" agus ann an tiota rinn e-fein a'u rann na d'heil-readh.]

THUIRT AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhìadh,
'S an sgiath mar bhord,
'S an Sagart nach ithedh an t-im,
Sparraim a' phìob 'n a thoin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuc;
An targaid air a luimh chli,
A's pìob-thombaca 'n a phluic!

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Ban nan oran* was born at Druimliaghart, in Glenorchay, on the 20th March, 1724. He spent the early part of his life in fishing and fowling, in which he always took the greatest pleasure. Although he discovered an early inclination to poetry, he produced nothing worthy of being preserved till after the memorable battle of Falkirk, in which he fought, under the command of Colonel Campbell, of Carwhin, on the 17th of January, 1746. He engaged as the substitute of a Mr. Fletcher, of Glenorchay, for the sum of 300 marks, Scots, to be paid on his return. Mr. Fletcher gave him his sword, which he unfortunately lost, or rather threw away, in the retreat; and as he returned without it, he was refused the stipulated pay. It was then, and for that reason, that he composed his poem, entitled "The Battle of Falkirk," in which he has given a minute and admirable description of what passed under his eye; and especially of the sword *Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir.*)

He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known everywhere, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr. Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which recoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Breadalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinndorain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll, in *Buachaill Eite*. In these situations he invoked the rural muse, on the scenes of his delightful sports, when he described them in the celebrated poems, entitled "*Beinndorain*," and "*Coire-Cheathaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of *Morag*, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow, in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the

period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr. M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hang; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognized. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in the army used to tell him about the Greek poets; and Piudar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb; the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description everything assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *inpromptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the inimitable panegyric of John Campbell of the bank, he waited on that gentleman, repeated the poem, and demanded a bard's gift. "No;" replied Mr. Campbell, "what reward do you deserve for telling

the truth? You must confess that you could say no less of me; and, moreover, I doubt that you are the author; of that you are to convince me; let us hear how you can dispraise me, and then I shall know if you have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Mairi Bhan og." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq., of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr. Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.*

AIR FOKK—"Alasdair a Gleanna Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-armait aig a chluigse,
Thachair iad oirne na reubail,
'S bu neo-eibhinn leinn a chuideachd;
'Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirnn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtheadh,
'S mur de'namaid feum le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne srad le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shunndach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cuis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sreadh;
'Nuair a bhuail iad air a cheile,
'S ard a leumamaid a pilleadh,
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san liinne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan eideadh,
Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na gheill sinn,
Gur sinn fein a bhite 'g iomain;
Mar gu'n rachadh cu ri caoirich,
'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoilleadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

* This is the author's first song.

Sin 'nuair thainig each 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbh dhuinn dol nan cuideachd;
Se'n trup Ghallda g'an robh chall sin,
Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cuid diubh:
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Domhnuill,
Chum iad comhail air an uchdan,
Dh-fhag iad creuchdan air an reubadh,
'S cha leighisicadh leigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu cruithreach, srianach,
Girteach, iallach, flamhach, trupach;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, foghlumit',
Air an sonrachadh gu murta.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sleibh',
Is moran feum againn air furtach,
Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',
'S bha sinn bronach nu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-olrich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,
'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad;
Bha Prionns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad:
Cha d' fhuair sinn facal comand'
A dh-iarraidh ar naimhdean a sgathadh;
Ach comas sgaoilleadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaectain fhathasd.

Sin 'nuair thainig mise dhachaigh
 Dh-iorasuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chrannaich,
 'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fhiata,
 Rì broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh;
 Bha e duilich ann san am sin,
 Nach robh ball nigè r'a tharruinn,
 'S mor an diubhail na bha dhi air,
 Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheamar.

Moran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
 Gu'm be sud aogas a chlaidheimh;
 'Se gu lubach, leunnach, bearnach,
 'S bha car cam ann, ann san amhaich;
 Dh-fhag e mo chruachainse bruite
 Bhi 'ga ghiulan feadh an rathaid,
 'S e cho trom ri cabur fearna,
 'S maing a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan
 'N la sin air sliabh na h-englais,
 Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,
 'S ann daibh fein a b' eigin teicheadh;
 Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
 Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair;
 Claidheamh bearnach a mhi-fhortain,
 'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
 Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dleasach;
 'S beag an diubhail leam r'a chunnadh,
 Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fheasgar,
 An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgrudh,
 'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh;
 'S beag a b'fhuir e 's e air lubadh,
 'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

A. claidheamh braoisgeach, bh'aig na daoine,
 Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug buillean,
 Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,
 'S maing a shaornich leis an cuimeasg;
 An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-aimh-
 leas,
 Gu'n chrios, gun chrannbait, gun duille,
 Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart
 'S maing a tharladh leis an cunnart.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
 'S b'ole an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
 Bhi ga ghiulan ar mo shlasaid,
 'S maing mi riamh a thug o'n bhail' e;
 Cha toir e stobadh no sathadh,
 'S cha robh e laidir gu gearradh;
 Gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill airn e,
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghaeill,
 Armaitt laidir de *Mhalisi*,
 'S chaidh iad mu choinneamh phrionns' Tear-
 lach,
 'S duil aca r'a champ a bhristeadh;
 'S ioma fear a bh' ann san ait ud
 Nach robh sabhailt mar bha mise,
 A'mheud sa dh-fhag sinn ann san araich,
 Latha blar na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

AIR FOKN—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
 Thigh'n air na fearaibh,
 Is theag' gu'n gab iad gaol
 Air an te nach faigh iad;
 Thug mi ficead bliadhna
 Do'n chiad te ghabh mi,
 Is chuir i rithis eul rium,
 Is bla' mi falamh.

Is thainig mi Dhun-cideann
 A dh-larraidh leannain,
 Is thuir an Capiain Cairbeul,
 'S e 'n gear'da bhaile,
 Gu'm b'athine dha bantrach
 Ann aite falaich,
 'S gu'n deanadh e aird
 Air a cur a'n' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist
 Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,
 Thug e dhomh air laimh i,
 'S am paigheadh mar ri;
 Is ge b'e bhi 's a feoraich
 A h-ainm no sloinneadh,
 Their iad rithe Seonaid,
 'S b'e Deorsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairce,
 Gun ghruaim, gun smalan,
 Is i cho ard an uaisle
 Rì mnaoi san fhearann;
 Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
 O'n tha mar rium,
 Is mor an t-aobhar smuaircin
 Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhìom Nic-coiseam
 Ged' tha i maireann,
 Is leig mi na daimh chrocaich
 An taobh bha 'n aire,
 Is thaobh mi ris an og mhnao
 'S ann leam nach aithreach
 Cha n'eil mi gu'n storas
 O'n phos mi 'n ainneir.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhriathar
 Gum beil i ro mhath,
 Is nach d'aithnich mi riamh cirro
 Cron am falach,
 Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,
 Direach, fallain,
 Is i gu'n ghaoid gu'n, ghiomh,
 Gu'n char fìar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiulan,
 'S gur math an aithidh,
 Ni mi fhein a sgrudh
 Gu math 's a giasadh;
 Chuirinn ri an t-uilleadh
 Ga cumail ceanalt,
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shuil i,
 'S cha diult i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an storais
Air daoine ganna,
Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dhcorsa
Mo phoca falamh ;
Cumaidh i rium ol
Ann 's na taighean leanna,
'S paidhidh i gach stopan
A ni mi cheannach.

Ni i mar bu mhiann leam
A h-uille car dhomh,
Cha 'n innis i breug dhomh,
No sgeula mearachd ;
Cumaidh i mo theaghlach
Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
Ge nach dean mi sòthair
No obair shalach.

Sgithich mi ri gnìomh,
Ged' nach d'rinn mi earras,
Thug mi boid nach b' fhiach leam,
Bhi ann a'm sgalaidh ;
Sgairidh mi g'am phianadh,
O'n thug mi 'n aire,
Gur h-e'n duine diomhain
Is faide mhaireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
Nach dean mo mhealladh,
Foghnaidh i dhomh daonnau
A dheanamh arain ;
Cha bhi failinn aodaich
Orm no anart,
'S chaidh curam an t-saoghail
A nis as m'aire !

MOLADH BEINN-DORAINN.

AIR FOMN—" *Piobaireachd.* "

Urlar.

AN t-urram thar gach beinn
Aig Beinn-dorain i
Na chunnaic mi fo 'n ghrein,
Si bu bhoiche leam ;
Monadh fada, reidh,
Cuile 'm faighte feidh,
Sollleireachd an t-sleibhe
Bha mi sonnrachadh ;
Doireachan nan geng,
Coill' anns am bi fear,
'S foineasach an spreidh,
Bhios a chomhnaidh ann ;
Greadhainn bu gheal ceir,
Faoghaid air an deigh,
'S laghach leam an areud
A bha aroiniseach.
'S aigeannach fear cutrom,
Gun mhorchuis,
Theid fasanda na cìceadh,
Neo-sporeail ;

The mhanntal uime fein,
Còidhtiche nach treig,
Bratach dhearg mar cheir
Bhios mar chomhdach air ;
'S ouluidh g'a chuir eug,
Duin' a dheanadh teuchd,
Gunna bu mhath gleus,
An glac ogansaich ;
Spor anns am biodh bearn,
Tarran air a ceann,
Snap a bhuileadh teann
Ris na h-ordaibh i ;
Ochd-shlìneach gun fheall,
Stoc de'n fhìodh gun mheang.
Lotadh an damh seang,
A's a leonadh e.
'S fear a bhìodh mar cheaird,
Riu' sonnraichte,
Dh-fhodhuadh dhaibh gun taing,
Le chuid seolaidhean ;
Gheibhte sud ri am
Padruig anns a' ghleann,
Gillean a's coln sheang,
'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh ;
Peileirean nan deann,
Teine g'an cuir ann,
Eilid nam beann ard,
Theid a leonadh leo.

Stubhal.

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
Bu ghuiniche sràonadh,
Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
A sireadh na gaoithe,
Gasganach, speireach,
Feadh ohreachainn na beinne,
Le eagal ro' theine,
Cha teirinn i 'n t-sonach ;
Ge d', theid i na cabhaig,
Cha ghearain i maothan ;
Bha sinnsreachd fallain,
'Nuair a chineadh i h-anail,
'S toil-sinntian leam tannag,
Ga' lasgan a chluinntinn,
'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
'N am darraidh le caoineas,
'S e damh a chinn allaidh
Bu gheal-cheireach fèman,
Gu caparach, ceannard,
A b' fharamach raiceandh,
'S e chomhnuidh 'n Beinn-dorain,
'S e colach m'a fraoinibh.
'S ann am Beinn-dorain
Bu mhor dhomh r'a inneadh
A liuthad damh ceannard,
The sanntuinn san fàrith ud ;
Eilid chaol, eangach,
'S a laoighean 'ga leantuin,
Le 'n gasgana geala,
Ri bealach a dìreadh,
Ri fraoidh Choire-chruithair,
A chuideachda phiceach ;
'Nuair o shìneas i h-iongan
'S a theid i na' deannaibh,

Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan Inean,
 Co b'urraim g'a teantuin,
 A dh-fhearsaibh na rioghaich?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A choisridh nach fhanadh
 Gne smal air an inntin,
 Ach caochlaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir trum' orra,
 Mulad no mi-ghean;
 'Se shlanaich an culaidh,
 Feoi' hais, agus mhuineil,
 Bhi tu dhachid am bunailt,
 An cuile na frithe;
 Le aillean a fuireach,
 Air fiasach 'nan grunna,
 'Si 'n asainn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na eiche,
 Ris na laoih bhreaca, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na siaantan,
 Le 'n eridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cioba,
 Griscanach, cangach,
 Le 'n girteagan geula,
 Le 'n corpannan glaina,
 Le fallaineachd fìor-uisg;
 Le farum gun ghearán,
 Feadh ghleannan na millteich;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aitreabh,
 'S e lag a Choir'-altrum
 Bhios aca g'an didean:
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlaeagan diomhair,
 Le 'n leapaichean faguch
 An taic Eas-an-t-sithan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
 Mar bu choir dh'i bhi,
 Far am faigh i millteach
 Glan-feirneanach;
 Bruchorachd a's ciob,
 Lusan am bi brigh,
 Chuireadh sult a's igh
 Air a loineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Biolaire gun dith,
 'S mille lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n oladh i;
 Cuiseagan a's riag,
 Chinneas air an t-slabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhiadh
 Na na foghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tìr
 A bha soghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's cala-bhi
 'S barra neoinéan;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhin,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lointean far an cinn
 I'na mothraichean;
 Sud am porsan bidh

Mhendaicheadh an cìl
 Bheireadh iad a nìos
 Rì am do-licheinn;
 Chuireadh air an druim
 Brata suille cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lodail.
 B' e sin an-caidreamh grinn
 Mu thra-neoine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghlonuinn;
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fagadh bhun an tuim
 B' aite combhnuigh dhaibh;
 Leapaichean nam fadh,
 Far an robh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mor-mhonadh.
 'S iud bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daith' am bian,
 'S cha b'i 'n airo am miann,
 Ach òinn-dorain.

Siubhal.

A bhein lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, lientach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Crìosdachd;
 'S ro-neonach tha miso,
 Le bolchead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eil coir aic' an ciste
 Air tiotal na rioghaich;
 'S i air dubladh le gihltean,
 'S air luisreadh le miosan,
 Nach 'eil bichiont' a' bristeadh
 Air phrìseanaibh tìre;
 Ian trusgan gun deireas,
 Le usgraichean coille,
 Barr-guc air gach doire,
 Gun choir' ort r'a inneadh;
 Far an uchd-ardaich coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh loinneil,
 'S eoin bhuchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n'ceileiribh lionmhor.
 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgiobalt' air grine,
 Gu'n sgiorrachd, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,
 Crodhanadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fnoich ags frìch,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barrach
 Gu'm b' araidenach inntinn,
 Ann an ìosal gach feadain,
 'S air airde gach creagain
 Gu mìreanach, beiceasach,
 Easgonach, sinteach;
 'Nuair a theid o 'na bhoile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,
 Air dheireadh cha bhi e;
 Leis an eangaig bu chaoile
 'S e b' eutruime sìnseag,

Mu ohnocaibh donna
 Le ruith dara-tomain.
 'S e togairt an coinneamh
 Bean-chomulna o's 'n losal.
 Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhrannga
 Sa' ghleannan a chorhinnidh,
 'S i fuireach san fhireach
 Le minnoinean oga ;
 Cluas bhlorach gu claisteachd,
 Suil chorrach gu falcinn,
 'S i earbsach 'na casan
 Chur seachad na mointich :
 Ged' thig Caoilte 's Cuchullainn,
 'S gach duine de'n t-seors' ud,
 'N tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachuibh,
 A' fasta righ Deorsa,
 Nan tearnadh i craiceann
 O luaidhe 's o lasair,
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n fhac i
 Na ghlacadh r'a beo i ;
 'S i grad-charach, fàl-chasach,
 Algeannach, neonach,
 Geal-choireach, gsgannach,
 Gealtach roi' mhadadh,
 Air chaisead na leachdainn
 Cha saltradh i comhnard :
 Si nolgeannach, groigeanach
 Gog-cheannach, sornach ;
 Bior-shuilleach, agur-shuilleach,
 Frionasach, furaichair,
 A fuireach ea' mhunnadh,
 'Sna thuinich a seorsa.

Urlar.

Bi sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,
 Feadh oganan ;
 Biolaichean nam bruach
 'S aite-comhnuidh dh'i,
 Duilleagan nan craobh,
 Bileagan an fhraoich
 Criomagan a gaoil,
 Cha b'e 'm fotrus.
 A h-aigheadh eutrom suairc,
 Aobhach ait gun ghruaim,
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuaaiche.
 Ghorsaiche :
 A' chre bu cheanalt' stuaim,
 Chalaich i gu buan
 An gleann a' bharraich uaine
 Bu nosaire.
 'S tric a ghabh i cluain
 Sa' chreig mhoir,
 O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan
 A's a Dhomhnach ann ;
 Pris an dean i suain
 Bichionta mu'n cuairt,
 A bhristeas a' ghaoth tuath,
 'S nach leig deo oirre,
 Am fagadh doire-chro,
 An taice ris an t-sroin,
 Am measg nam faillean oga
 'S nan coggan.
 Masgadh 'n fhuarsain mhoir,
 'S e pailite gu leoir,
 'S blaada le' na'm beor

Gu bhi poit orra.

Deoch do'n t-sruthan uasal
 R'a ol aice,
 Dh' fhagas fallain,
 Fuasgailteach, oigeil i :
 Grad-charach ri uair,
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt.
 'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,
 'S a bhiodh toir oirre.
 'S mao-bhuidh daith' a sruagh,
 Deurg a dreach sa tuar,
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh
 Tha mar chodadh oirr' ;
 Fulangach air fuachd,
 Is i gun chum' air luath's ;
 Urram claisteachd ohluas
 Na Rinn-corpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn learn am pannaal
 A' taruinn an ordugh,
 A' direadh le farum
 Ri carrraig na Sroine ;
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
 Ru bhliadhchar greidh cheannard
 Nach ceannaich am porsan ;
 Da thaobh choire-rannoch
 Mu sgeith sin a' bhealaich,
 Coiro reidh Beinn-Aohuladair,
 A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon :
 Air Iurgain na Laoidhre
 Bu ghreadhnach a' choiari,
 Mu larach-na-Feinne
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dheigh sin,
 Far an cruinnich na h-eildean
 Bu neo-speiseal mu'n fhoghlach :
 'S gu'm b'e 'n aighcar a's an eibhnea
 Bhi faicheachd air reidhleoin,
 'A comh-mhaonas r'a cheile,
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mointich ;
 Ann am pollachaibh daimseir
 Le sodradh gu meannach,
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
 Ain-fheasach gorach.
 'S cha bhiodh iot air an teangaidh
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,
 Le fion-uillt na h-Annaid,
 Blas meala r'a ol air ;
 Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,
 'S e siothladh tor 'a ghaineamh,
 'S e 's millse na'n canical,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirne e ;
 Sud an' ioc-shlainnte mhaireannu,
 A thig a iochdar an talaimh,
 Gheibhte lionmhoireachd math dh'i
 Gu'n a cheannach' le storas ;
 Air faruinn na beinne
 Is daicheala scalladh,
 A dh' fhas anns a' chaitreamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-corpa :
 Le gloinead a h-uisge,
 Gu mao-bhlast a brisg-gheal,
 Caoin, cuomhail, glan, miosail,
 Neo-mhisgeach ri poit' air :

Le fuarainibh grinne
Am bun gruamach no biolair,
Colneach uaine mu'n iomall,
A's iomadhach seorsa :
Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
Gu neo-bhuairneasach millis,
Tigh'n 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal
Air slinncein Beinn-dorain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
Le mais' air a comhdach,
'S am fuidh-choirean creagach
'Na shesamh g'a choir sin,
Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, crapanach,
Caiteanach, romach ;
Pasganach, hadanach,
Bachlagach, boidheach
A h-aiscirine corrach,
'Nam fasraichsan mollach,
'Si b'asadh dhomh inhalladh,
Bha sonas gu leoir oirr' :
Cluigeannach, gucagach,
Uchd-nach, couhnard.
Le dithean glan, ruiteach,
Breac, misleanach, sultmhor :
Tha 'n fhrith air a busgadh
San trusgan bu choir dh'i.

Urlar.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
Gheach, sronagach :
Lag a' Choire-fhraoich
Cuid bu bhoiche dhieth ;
Sin am fearann caoin
Air an d'fhas an aoidh,
Far am bi na laoiigh
'S na daimh chrocach ;
A's e deisearach ri grein,
Seasgairneachd g'a reir,
'S neo-bheag na' an eildeig
Bhi chomhnaidh ann.
'S glan fallain a cre,
Is banail i 'na beus ;
Cha robh h-annail breun,
Ge b'e phogadh i.
'S e 'n coire choisinn gaol
A h-uil' oganaich,
A chunna' risam a thaobh,
'S a ghabh eolas air :
'S lionmhor feadan eol
Air an cirich gaoh,
Far am bi na laoch
Cumail codhulach ;
Bruthaichean nan learg
Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
Ceann-uighe nach sealg
Fad am beo-shlainnt' ;
A's e lan do'n h-uile maoin,
A thig amach le braon,
Faille nan suth-chraobh,
A's nan rosann an.
Gheibte tachdar eisg
Air a corsa,
A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
Anns na mor-shruthan ;

Mordha cumhann geur,
Le chrann giublais feiu,
Alg fir shubhach, threubhach
'Nan dornaibh :
Bu sholasach a' leum'
Bric air buinne reidh,
A' ceapadh chulleag eutrom
'Nan dorlaichean ;
Cha 'n'eil muir no tir
Am beil tuille brigh,
'S tha feadh do eirich'
Air a h-ordachadh.

An Cruinluath.

Tha 'n eilid anns a ghleannan so,
Cha 'n amadan gu'n colas
A leanadh i mar b'aitline dha
Tig'n farasda na codhail,
Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-earalas,
Tig'n' am faigse dh'i mu'n earaich i,
Gu faicilleach, gle earraigeach,
Mu'n fairich i ga coir e ;
Feadh shlochd, a's ghloè, a's chamhanan,
A's ehlach a dheanadh falach air,
Bhi beachdail air an tulamh,
'S air a' char a thig na neoil air :
'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
Cho macanta 's a b'aitline dha,
Gu'n glacadh e ga h-aidceoin i
Le h-anabharra seoltaich ;
Le tur, gun ghainne baralach,
An t-suil a chuir gu danara,
A' stiuirceadh' na du'-bannaiche,
'S a h-aire ri fear-croice ;
Bhiodh rudan air an tarruinn
Leis an lubt' an t-iarrunn-earra,
Bheireadh ionnsa' nach bi'dh mearachdach
Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seoladh ;
Spor ur an deis a teannachadh,
Buil' uird a' sgaileach daingean ris,
Cha diult an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i
Do'n deannaigh a bha neonach :
Se 'm fular tioram tean-abaich
Air chul an asgairt ghreannasach,
Cuir smuid ri acuinn mheallanaich
A baraille Nic-Coiseam.
B'ionmhuinn le fir cheanalta,
Nach b'ainealach mu sporsta,
Bhi timcheall air na bealaichean
Le fearalachd na h-oige :
Far am bi na feidh gu farumach,
'S na fir 'nan deigh gu caithriseach,
Le gunna bu mhath barrandas
Thoirteingil 'nuair bu choir dh'i ;
S le cuilean foirmeal togarrach,
'G am biodh a stiuir air bhogadan,
'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
'S nach ob e dol 'nan codhail ;
'Na shurbuidh laidir, cosgarrach,
Ro iantinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-casgaidh,
San obair bh'aig a sheorsa ;
'S a fhriogan cuilg a' togail air,
Gu maildheach, gruamach, doichealach,
'S a gheanachan cruasaichd fogsailt.'

'Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgornan,
 Gu'm b' araideach a' charachd ud,
 'S bu chabhagach i 'n coimhuidh,
 'Nuair a shineadh iad na h-ionannan
 Le h-athgholrid na mointich ;
 Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean
 Gu'm freagrath iad mac-talla dhut,
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
 Aig farum a' choim romaich :
 'Gan tearnadh as na mullaichean
 Gu linnichean nach grunnaich iad,
 'S ann a bh' th' s iad feadh na tuinne ;
 Anns an luinoinich 's iad lointio
 'S na culleinean gu fulasgach
 'G an cumail air na munolaidh,
 'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
 Ach fuireach, 's blii gun deo annt',
 'S g' do thuir mi began riu,
 Mu'n Innsinn uil' an dleasnas orra,
 Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreiclich mi
 Le deisimearachd chomraidh.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

Sa Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siubhlach,
 An coire runach, is urar fonn,
 Gu lurach, miadh-fheurach, min-gheal,
 sughar,
 Gach lusan siuar bu chubhradh leam ;
 Gu molach du-ghorm, torrach luisreagach,
 Corrach pluireanach, dlu-ghlan grunn ;
 Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, cannach, mis-
 leanach,
 Gleann a' mhilltich, 'san lionmhor maig.

Tha falluinn dhuinte, ga daingean, dubait',
 A mhaireas uinne, mu'n ruig i lom,
 Do'n fheur iscul-fhine dh' fhas na h-urach,
 'S a bharr air lubadh le driuchda trom,
 Mu choire guanaich nan dorran uaine,
 A' bheil luibh a' luachair a suas g'a cheann ;
 'S an fasach guamaich an cas a bhuanadh,
 Nam b' aite oruidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim.

Tha trusgan fhoilidh air cruith an aonaich,
 Chuir suit is aoidh air gach taobh a d' chom,
 Min-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhraonan,
 'S gach lus a dh' fheadadh bhi 'n aodainn
 thom,
 M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
 A chunnaic daoine an taobh so 'n Fhrainc ;
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear
 saoghailt'
 Do ghillean aotrom bhi daonnan ann.

'S ann ma'n Ruadh-sisrigh dh' fhas na cuair-
 tagan,
 Clithar, cuacheanach, canannar, ard,
 Na h-uile clusineag 's am barr air luasgadh,
 'S a ghaoth 'g an sguabhadh a null 'sa nall ;
 Bun na oipe is bar a' mhilltich,
 A chuiseg dhireach, 's an fhiteag cham ;

Muran brioghar, 's an grunnasg lionmhor,
 M' an chuilidh dhiomhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sllabh na lairig an fobh mac-Bhaidi,
 'Na mhothar fasmich, 's na strachda trom ;
 Slios na ban-leachdaim, cha 'n i is taire,
 'S gur tric a dh' araich i 'n lan darr, donn ;
 'S na h-aighean dara nach teid a 'n bha-thaigh.
 A bhios le 'n alach gu h-ard 'nan grunn,
 'S na laogh gu h-uiscil a in 'sa dh'oidhele,
 'S na h-uiread cruinn diubh air druim Clach-
 fionn.

Do leanan chaoimhneil gu dearcaoh, braoil-
 eanach,
 Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
 'N creamh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidh-
 richean,
 Am bearnan-bride, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
 S an cannach min-ghenail, 's an misleam ann ;
 'S a h-uile mir dheth, o'n bhun is isle
 Gu h-ionad cirean na orich' is aird'.

'S rimheach cota na craige moire,
 'S cha 'n eil am folach a' d' choir 'san am.
 Ach meunan coinntich, o 's e bu nosaire,
 Air a chomhdachadh bhos a's thall ;
 Na lagain chomhnard am bun nan sronag,
 Am bi na soghraichean, milis, roineagach,
 Molach, romach, gach seors' a th' ann.

Tha mala ghruamaich, de'n bhiolar uaine,
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' ann san fhonn ;
 Is doire shealbag aig bun nan garbh-chlael,
 'S grinneal ga nbheich' gu meabh-ghenail,
 pronn ;

'Na ghlugaibh plumbach air ghoil gun aon teas,
 Ach coilcach buirn tighin' a grunnud cas lom.
 Gach struthan usal 'na chuanail cul-ghorm.
 A' ruith na sputaibh, 's na lubaibh stool.

Tha bradan tarra-ghenail sa choire gharbhlaich,
 Tha tig'n o'n fhainge bu ghailbheach tonn,
 Le luinneis mheannach a' ceapa' mheanbh-
 chuilcag,

Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom :
 Air bhunne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
 'Na eideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
 Le shoilsean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreach
 Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, carr-ghenail siom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear priseil,
 'S an t-aite rioghail mu'm bidht' a' sealg,
 Is bidh feidh air ghluail le lannach fudair,
 A' cur luaidhe dhu'-ghorm gu dlu nan calg :
 An gunna gleusda, s' an cuilean eutrom,
 Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, garg,
 A ruith gu siubhlach, a gearradh shurdag,
 'S a dol g'a dhulan ri cursan dearg.

Gheibhte daonnan mu d' ghlaicibh faoine,
 Na h-aighean maola, na laogh, 's na maing.
 Sud bu mhiann leinn 'am madainn ghrianaich,
 Bhi dol g' an an iarraidh, 's a' fadhach
 bheann,

Ged thigeadh sìontan oirnn' uisg a's dile,
Bha seol g'ar didean mu'n chrìch san am,
An creagan losal am bun na frithe,
'S an leubaidh dhìona, 's mi m' shìneadh ann.

Sa'mhadainn chluin-ghil, an am dhomh dus-
gadh,

Aig bun na stuice be 'n sugradh leam ;
A' chearo le sgiuic an' gabhail tuchain,
'S an coltach cuirteil a durdail crom ;
An dreathan surdail, 's a ribheid chiuil aige,
A' our nan smuid deth gu lughor binn ;
An druid 's am bru-dhearg, le moran uinica,
Ri ceileir sunnach bu shiubhlach rann.

Bha coin an t-sleibhe 'nan caitain gle-ghloin,
A' gabhail bhensan air gheig sa' choill,
An uisgeach cheutach, 's a luinneag fein aice,
Feadan speiseil gu reidh a seinn :
A' chunach, 'sa smeorach, an bar nan ogan,
A' gabhail orain gu ceolmhor binn :
'Nuair ghoir an euannal gu loinneil, gnanach,
'S e 'g gloin' a chualas an fuaime sa' ghleann.

'Nuair thig iad comhla' na bheil a' d' choirse
De'n h-uile seora bu choir bhì ann ;
Dainh na croice air srath na mointich,
'S e gabhail cronain le dreocam ard ;
A' dol san fhèithe gu bras le h-èibhneas,
A' mìre-leunnaich ri eildeig dhuinn ;
Bì sin an ribhin a dh'fhas gu mìleanta,
Foinneamh, fìnealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mhaoiseach chul-bhuir air feadh na dus-
luing

Aig bun nam fìran 'gan rusga' lom,
'S am boc gu h-utluidh ri leaba chuirteil,
'S e 'ga burach le rudan crom ;
'S am mìrean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fìadhaich ceann,
'Na chadal guamach an lagan uaigneach,
Fo bharr na luachrach na chuairteig chruinn.

Is lionmhor eunasachd a bha mu'n cuairt dut,
Ri an am buain gum bu luaineach clann,
Ri tional guamach, gu fearail suairec,
'S a' roinn gu h-unsal na fhuair iad ann ;
Ceir-bheach na cnuacaibh, an nead nach uair-
teig,

'S a mhìl 'ga buannachd air cruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n cronan ciannal is fiata srann.

Bha cus ra' fhaotainn de chnothan caoine,
'S cha b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann,
Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,
A' toirt brìgh a laoghan na maoth-shlaid fann :
Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,
'S na phreasaidh caola, lan chraobh a's
mheang ;

Na gallain ura, 's na faillein dhlutha,
'S am barrach duinte mu chul nan crann.

Gach aite tìneheall nam fàsach lomlan,
Mam a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuim ga choir :
Meall-tiorail laimh ris, gu molach, tìnthall,
B'e chulaidh dh'arach an alaich oig ;
Na dainh 's na h-eildean a'm madainn choitein
Gu moch ag eirigh air reidhleis feoir ;
Greidhein dhearg dhlù air tuobh gach leargain,
Mu 'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an ainm an Cko.

ORAN DO'N GHUNNA.

GA 'N AINN NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muldach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi dìreachd bhean a's uchdanan,
B' uil leam thu bhì cuidir rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghulainn.*

'Nuair chaidh mi do Ghleann-Locha,
'Sa cheannaich mi Nic-Coiseam,
'S mise nach robh gorchach,
'Nuair chuir mi 'n t-or g' fuaiglaibh.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-cheatha'ch thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhein a taghaidh ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
Na dainh 's na h-aidhean rùadha.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaisill thu,
'S do'n fhasach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Mam a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuaran.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dorain,
An cinne na daimb chrocach,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri cronan,
Bu bhoidheach leam an nuallan
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-ehruiteir thu,
O's aite griannach thusail e,
Gu b'iachar, fìarach, lusnach,
Bhiodh spuir ann aig daoin'-uaille.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghulain mi Ghleann-eite thu,
Thog mi ris na creisean thu,
Se mhèud 'sa thug mi speis dut
A dh'fhag mo cheum cho luaineach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'S math am Meall-a-bhuiridh thu,
Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrulaist thu,

'S trio a loig mi fudar leat,
An Coire-chul-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Laigir-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir-altrum l,
'S na feidh a deannamh leapaichean
Air Creachuinn ghlas a bhuaichail.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu do'n fhas-ghlale
'Sa Ghleann ain bi na lan-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an arach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuarneir
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Chaidh mi do dh'Fheadha-chaorainn,
Le aighear Choire-chaolain,
Far an robh na daoine,
A bha 'n gaol air a ghreidh uallaich.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach th',
Shireadh bhoc a's mhaoiseach,
Cha b'eagal gun am faotainn,
'S la' daonna 'san Torr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'Nuair thoid mi ris a mhunadh,
'S tu m'orghainn de na gunnathan,
O'n fhuair thu fein an t-urram sin,
Co nis a chumas bhuit e?
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ged' tha mi gann a storas,
Gu suidhe leis na poitearan,
Ged' theid mi do 'n taigh-osa,
Cha 'n ol mi ann an cuicich thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUNNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.
Direadh a bhealach le chelle;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.*

'S mi tearnadh a Coire cheathaich,
'S mor mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe re an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe nach d'rinn feum dhomh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Ged tha bacadh air na h-armaich,
Ghleidh mi 'n spainteach thun na seilge,
Ge do rinn i orm de chearbaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-eilde.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'Nuair a dh'eirich mi sa' mhadaoin,
Chuir mi innte fudar Ghiasach,
Peulair teann a's tri puist Shasmach,
Cuisean asgairt air a dhegh sin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bha 'n spor ur an deighe breacadh,
Chuir mi ulle ris an acuin,
Eagal drinich bha mudan oralcainn
Cumall fassgaidh air mo cheile.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Laidh an eild air an fhuaran,
Chaidh mi farasda mu'n cuairt d'i,
Leig mi 'n deannal ul m'a tuairmse,
Leam is cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i eiridh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Rainig mise tuobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe;
'S 'nuair a shuol mi l bhi buailte,
Sin an uair a b' airt' a leum l.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S muladach bhi siubhal frithe,
Ri na gaoith', a's uisg', a's dile,
'S ordugh teann ag jarraidh sithne,
Gair nan giomanach 'nan eigin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

'S mithich tearnadh do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathach duinte nu na meallaibh,
A' cuir dalladh air ar leirsinn.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bi' sinn beo an dochas ro-mhath,
Gu'm bi chuis ni's fhearr an ath la',
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's grin, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sleibhteann.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bithidh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal reidh aig conaibh seanga;
'S an damh donn a silcadh fala,
'S abhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.
Chunna' mi, &c.

C E A D - D E I R E A N N A C H .

NAM BEANN.

BHA mi'n do* 'm Beinn-doraìn,
'S na coir cha robh mi aineolach,
Chunna mi gleanntan
'S na beannaichean a b'aithne dhomh;
Be sin an sealla' h eibhinn
Bhi 'g imeachd air na sleibhtibh,
'Nuair bhiodh a ghrian ag eiridh.
'Sa bhiodh na feidh a langanaich.

'S aobhach a ghréidh uallach,
'Nuair ghluaiséadh iad gu farumach,
'S na h-eildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuannar na loigh bhallach ann ;
Na maoisicéan 's an ruadh-bhuic,
Na coilich dhubh a's ruidha,
'S e'n ceol bu bhinne chualas
'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn
Gu scalgairéachd nam heallaicéan,
Dol 'mach a dhireadh garbhlaich,
'S gu'm b'ann-mooh tigh'n'n gu baile mi ;
An t-uisge glan san t-aile
Thar mullach nam bean arda,
Chuidich e gu fas mi ;
'Se rinn domh slaint a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am' arach
Air airdhean a b' aithne dhomh,
Ri cluiche, 's mire 's maran,
An caoimhneas blath nan caileagan ;
Bu chuist an aghaidh na duir
Gu'm maireadh sin an drast aunn,
'Se b' eigin bhí da'm fagall
'Nuair thainig trath dhuinn denlachadh.

'Nis e'n bhuaill an aois mi,
Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
Rinn milleadh air mo dhéadach,
'S mo leirsinn air a dalladh orm ;
Cha'n urraim ná bhí treubhach,
Ged' a chuirinn féum air,
'S ged' bhíodh an ruaig am' dheigh-sa,
Cha dean mi ceum ro chabhagach.

Ged' tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'S mo chiabhagan air tanacladh,
'S tric a leag mi mial-chu,
Ri fear fiadhaich ceannartaich ;
Ged' bu toigh leam riamh iad,
'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
Cha teid mi 'nis ga'n iarraidh
O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri am dol anns a bhuireadh,
Bu durachdach a leanainn iad,
'S bhíodh uair aig slugh na d'utheas,
'Toirt orain ura 's rannachd dhaibh :
Greis eile mar ri cairdeas,
'Nuair bha sinn anns na Campan,
Bu chridheil anns an am sinn ;
'S cha bhíodh an dram oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toiseach m' oige,
'S i ghoraich a chum falamh mi ;
'S e fortan tha cuir oirne
Gach aon ní coir a' ghealladh dhuina ;
Ged' tha mi gann a storas,
Tha m' inntinn lan de sholas,
O'n tha mi ann an dochas
Gu'n d'rinn nigh'n Dheors' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n de 'san aonach,
'S bha smaointean mor air m' aire-sa,
Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoll a b'abhaist
Bhí slubhal fasalach mar rium ann,
'Sa bheinn is beag a shaoil mi,
Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh ;
O'n tha l' n'is fo chaoirich,
'S am thug an saoghad car asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhíom,
Cha'n fhaodainn gu bhí smalanach,
O'n theirig coil' a's fraoch ann,
S na daoine bl'ann, cha mhaireann iad ;
Cha 'n 'eil fiadh r'a sheulg ann,
Cha'n 'eil eun no earb ann,
'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,
O's míobhallteach, na beannaibh iad,
Le biolair uainne a's fíor-uisge,
Deoch nasal rimheach, cheumalta,
Na bharran a tha príséil,
'S na fásaichean tha líonmhor,
O's ait a leag mi dhíom iad,
Gu brath mo mhíle beannaich leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICH.

S DUILLIC leam an earadh
Th' air coire gorm an fhasaich,
An robh mi greis da'm' arach
'S a bhraidhe so thall ;
S iomadh fear a bharr orm,
A thaitneadh e r'a nadur,
Na 'm biodh e mar a bha e,
'Nuair dh' fhag mi e nall ;
Gunnairéachd a's lámhaich
Spúirt a s aobhar ghaire,
Chleachd bhí aig na h-armuinn
A b'abhaist bhí sa' ghleann ;
Rinn na fir ud fhagall—
'S Muc-Eoghainn t'ann a 'drasta,
Mar chloich an ionnadh cabalg
An aite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol am faillín,
Ged' itheay thun a bhlaire e,
Gun duinn' aig am beil cas deth
Mun ait ann san am ;
Na feidh a bh' ann air fhagail,
Cha d' fhuirich gin air aruinn,
'S cha 'n eil an aite-tamha
Mar bha e sa' ghleann.
Tha 'm Baran air a sharach'
Is dh'artlaich air an tuladh,
Gun sgí aig air an nadur
Ged' thainig e ann ;
B' fhearr dha bhí mar b' abhaist,
Os ceann an t-soithich chatha,
'Sa lámhan a bhí lan d'i,
Ga fagadh gu teann.

Se mughadh air an t-saoghal
 An coire laghad gaolach,
 A dhol anis air faoin-tragh,
 'S am maor a theachd ann :
 'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riadh dhut,
 Bhi trusa nan ceano biata,
 Gur tric a rinn iad siathnail,
 Le piannadh do lamh.
 Is iad na 'm baidribh riabhach,
 Mu-amhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-fhlaclan san ain :
 Bu ghlobach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar-nach b'e do mhisinn
 Bhi cuir bhian air an staing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bhraighe,
 Cha chompanach le each thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tair ort
 O'n thainig thu ann ;
 'S eigin dut am fagail
 Ni 's measa na mar thainig
 Can taintinn thu ri 'n nadur
 Le omamhan, 's le cairnt :
 Ged' fhuicadh tu ghreidh uallach,
 'Nuair rach a tu mun-uairt daibh,
 Cha dean thu aoh am fuadachadh
 Suas feadh nam beann :
 Leis a ghunna nach robh bua'char,
 'S a mheig air a toll chaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,
 An cusille dubh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an deis-lainh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fheidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig am beil speis diubh,
 Ni feum air an oul ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gleidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a cheile,
 'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta
 Seach reidhlean nan lub.
 Cha 'n 'eil pris an ruadh-bhuic,
 An oille na air staran,
 Nach b' eigin da bhi gluasad
 Le ruaig feadh na duthch' ;
 'S cha' n' eil a nis' mun uairt da,
 Aon spuir a dheanadh snairceas,
 No thaitneadh ri duin-nasal
 Ged' fhuasgladh e chu.

Tha choille bh' ann san fhrith ud,
 Na cuislean fada, direach
 Air tuiteam a's air crionaadh
 Sios as an rusg ;
 Na preasan a bha brioghar
 Na dosaibh tiugha lionmhor,
 Air seachda' mar gu'n spiont' iad
 A nios as an uir ;
 Na failleanan bu bhoiche,
 Na slatan a's na b-ogain,
 'S an t-ait am biodh am sineorach,
 Gu modhar a seinn oiull ;

Tha iad uil' air caochladh,
 Cha d' fhuirich fiodh no fraoch ann ;
 Tha mullach bharr gach craoibhe,
 'S am maor 'ga thoirt diu.

Tha uisge srath na dige,
 Na shruthladh dubh gun sioladh
 Le barraig uaine liogh-ghlais
 Gu mi-bhlusda grunnid ;
 Feur-lochain is tachair
 An cinn an duileag-bhaite
 Cha 'n 'eil gne tuille fas
 An san ait' ud san am ;
 Glumagan a chathair,
 Na ghluagibh domhain, samhach,
 Cho tigh ri sughan catha,
 'Na lathaich 's na phlam ;
 Seun bharn salach ruadhain
 Cha ghloinne grunnid na uachdar,
 Gur coslach ri muir ruaidh e,
 Na ruaimle feadh stannig.

Tha 'n t-ait an robh na fuarain
 Air fas na chroitean cruaidhe,
 Gun sobhrach gu'n sail-chuaich,
 Gun lus uasal air carn
 An sliabh an robh na h-eilcan,
 An aite laidhe 's eiridh
 Cho lom ri cabhsair foille,
 'S am fear chinn e gann :
 Chuir Alasdair le gheisgeil
 A ghraidh ud as a cheile,
 'S air leam gur mor an eucoir
 An fheadail a chall ;
 Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mio-thlachd
 Am fear a chleachd bhi tiorail,
 A' tearnadh a's a direadh
 Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phadruig
 A theid a nis do'n nite,
 'S gu 'n cuir e as a laraich
 An tach-ran a th' ann ;
 Bi'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
 Bi'dh laoigh is aighean dar ann,
 Bi'dh daimh a dol san damhair,
 Air fasach nam beann ;
 Bi' buic a'na badain blatha,
 Na brie san abhainn laimh riu,
 'S na feidh an srath na laige
 Ag' arach na mang ;
 Thig gach uile ni g'a abhaist,
 Le aighear a's le abhachd,
 'Nuair gheibh am Baran bairliun,
 Sud fhagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A Mairi bhan gur barrail thu,
 'S gur barruicht' air gach seol thu,
 Gu'n tling mi gaol cho daingean dut,
 'S mi t'fharraid anns gach codhail:
 'S eurbuach mi a'd' cheanaltas,
 'S mi fhuair mi chean' ad' chomhradh,
 Nach urrainn each do mhealladh uam
 'N deis do ghealladh dhomh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
 Mu'n darach, gur fiodh corr e:—
 "'S gur geinn' dheth 'hein' ga theannachadh
 A spealtadh e 'na ordalbh:"
 'S mi 'n duil, a reir na h-ealaidh sin,
 Gur math leat mi bhi d' sheorsa,
 Nach treig thu mi, 's gu 'm faigh mi thu
 Le bannaibh daingean phosda.

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
 An speis a ghabh mi og dhìot;
 Bha smaointean tric air m' airese
 Mu'n ainneir is fhearr foghlun:
 Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a aireamh ort,
 O' d' bharr gu sail do bhroige,
 Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fabharach,
 Air fiamh a ghair' an comhnuidh.

'S do chul daithe lan-mhaiseach
 Mu'n cuairt a'd' bhraigh' an ordugh,
 Air sniamh, mar theudan clarsaiche,
 Na fhaincachan glan nosar:
 Gu lidh-dhonn, pleatach, sar-chleachdach,
 Gu dosach, fasmhor, domhall,
 Gu lubach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
 Snasmhor, cauchach, or-bhuidh.

Tha t-agbaidh narach bhanail,
 Da chaol mhala mar ite soin ort;
 Rogan reidhe, fallaine
 'S da shuil ghorm, mheallach, rathar:
 Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,
 A thug barrachd air na rosan;
 Do dheud geal, dreachmhor, meachair, grunn,
 'S do bheul, o'm binn thig oran.

Tha do phog mar ubhlán garaidh,
 'S tha do bhraigh mar an neoiaine;
 Do chiochan liontach, mulanach,
 'S an siod' g an cumail comhnard:
 Corp seang, goal, gneadhail, furanach,
 Deagh-chumachdail, neo-sporsail;
 Do chalpa cruinne lughara,
 'S an troigh nach lub am feoirnean.

'S e m fath mu'n biodh tu talach orm,
 Gur ro-bheag leat mo storas;
 'Bha da-rud-dheug a' tarruinn uam
 Na thionail mi de phorsan:
 Bhiodh ol, a's feisd, a's banais ann;
 Bha ceol, a's beus, a's ceannaichean,
 N' fheill, 's na g'ithean leannachd,
 An amaideachd 's an oige.

'S a nis nam fuighinn mar' rium thu,
 Cha leanainn air an t-seol sin;
 Dheanainn aiteach fearainn,
 A's crodh-bainne chur mu chro dhut;
 Mharbhainn isg na mara dhut,
 'S am fiadh sa' bhealach cheothar.
 Le gunna caol nach mearachdaich,
 'S a mhealladh fear na croice.

'S mor an gaol a ghabh mi ort
 Le ro bheagan a dh-eolas,
 S mi 'n duil gur tu bu leannan domh,
 'S nach mealladh tu mi n' dhochas:
 Ge d' bhiodh am bas an carabh dhomh,
 Gu'n bharail ri tigh'n beo uait,
 'S e dh'fhagadh slan mi n' riblunn mhald,
 Mairi bhan o Loch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil
 An nighean donn og;
 Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh,
 Cha bhithinn fo' bhron.
 'S i nighean mo ghaoil
 An nighean donn og.

'S i Mairi Nic Neachdainn
 Is daicheile pearsa,
 Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort
 Ri neach a tha beo.
 'S i nighean, &c.

'Nuair sheallas mi t-uodainn,
 'S mi 'n coinneamh ri t-fhaotainn,
 Gur math leam nam faodainn
 Bhi daonann a'd' choir.
 'S i nighean, &c.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
 'S ann dutsa nach uithreachl,
 'S cha'n' fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhliadh'n'
 A'd' bhana-raich bho.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha teid thu do'n bhuaile,
 A bhleothan cruidd ghnuillfhionn;
 Cha chuir thu ort cunan,
 'S gur uallach do bhrog.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha 'n f'hoghnadh le m' chruinneig,
 A' bhuaich no chuinneag,
 'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
 Cuman a'd' dhorn.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha d' theid thu Bhad-odhar
 A lèigeadh nan gobhar,
 'S minn bheag as an deudhaigh
 'G an deothal mu'n chro.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhreach
Thoirte a' cruaidh as an innis
Air eagal na gillean
Bhi a' sreadh do phoig
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh thu duin'-uasal
'S cha 'n aill leat am bùachaill,
'S cha 'n fhearde fear-fuadainn
Bhi cruaidh air do thoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh i fear idir,
Air eagal mo thrioblaid;
'S cha toilich te mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i ribhinn a bhaile,
Tha sir thigh'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi sto'.
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-eideann
A dh'ionnsacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n fhag mi thu t-eigin,
Ri spreidh an fhir-mhoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidinn ort tuailcas;
O'n a tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath leam do sheol.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaol ort
Gu'n d' fhas thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadh tu daonnan
Cho aotrom 's na h-coin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bithinn a' taghall
'S an taigh am bi 'n t-ol.
'S i nighean, &c.

Gu'm b' fhearrde daoin'-uaisle
'N am thionnda' nan cuach thu,
A thoirte luinneagan-lua, 'n dhaibh
Mu'n cuairt air an stop.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S leat urram an damhsaidh,
'S an fhidheal 'na teann-rùith;
Bu chridheil san am thu,
'S an dram air a' bhord.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu fhreagrach gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fìleanta,
Ruith-leumach ceol.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a theid thu air m'hire,
Le d' chelleirean binne,
'S se grinneas do bheoil,
'S i nighean, &c.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanainn riut cleasachd
A's beadrach gu leoir:
'S i nighean, &c.

Dheanainn riut furan
Am bliadh'n a's an uiridh;
Bu docha nan t-uireasbluidh,
Tuill' a's a' choir.
'S i nighean, &c.

ORAN D' A CHEILLE.

NUADH-POSDA.

A MHAIRI bhan og,
'S tu 'n oigh th'air m'aire,
Ri'm bheo bhi far am bithinn fhein;
O'n fhuair mi ort coir
Cho mor 's bu mhath leam,
Le posadh ceangailt' o'n chleir,
Le cumhnanta teann
'S le banntaibh daingean,
'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach treig;
'S e bhòtain air lalmh
Le gach caraid
Rinn sinnte mhaircann a'm chre.

'Nuair bha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n cinnséal leannain,
Gun chinnt co theannaigh rium fein,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n oigh
Air bord taigh-leanna,
'S bu mhothar ceanalt' a beus;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n ghrugaigh bhanail bhi 'm reir;
'S mise bha aobhach
T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S crobh laoigh a' Bharain a'd' dheigh.

Madainn Di-luain,
Ge buan an t-slighe,
'Nuair ghluais mi, rùithinn mar ghaoth,
A dh-fhalcinn mo luaidh
'S rud bhuainn n-ar dithis
Nach dual da rithist gu'n sgacil;
Thug mi l' n' nalgneas
Uair a bhruidhinn,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaoil,
A's chluinneadh mo chluas
Am fuaim a bhitheadh
Aig luathas mo chridhe ri 'm thaobh.

Sin 'nuair chuir *Cupid*
 An t-uiden a'm' bhroilleach,
 G'a shaighdeán corraach caol,
 A dhruidh air mo ctuislean,
 Chuir luchd air mo choluinn,
 Leis thuit mi ge b'oil lean a's dh'aoin
 Dh'innis mi sgeul
 Do'n te rinn m' ncaim,
 Nach leigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid;
 'Se leighis gach creuchd
 I fhein le feartan
 Theachd reidh a'm' ghlaicibh mar shaoil.

Bheirna mo phog
 Do'n og-mhaol shomult'
 A dh-fhas gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mileant, comhard,
 Seocail, foinnidh,
 Do chomhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
 'Tha mi air sheol
 Gu leoir a'd' chomain,
 A mhoid 'sa chur thu gu faoin
 De m' smaointean gorach,
 Prols nam boireannach,
 'S coir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Cuaidh mi do'n choill'
 An robh croinn a's gallain,
 Bu bhoisgell sealladh mu'n cuairt,
 'S bha mianan mo shul
 Do dh'fhiuran barruicht'
 An dlu's nam meanganan shuas;
 Geug fo bhlath
 O barr gu talamh,
 A lub mi farrasda nuas:
 Bu duilich do chach
 Gu brath a gearradh,
 'S e 'n dan domh 'm faillean a bhuaim.

Shuidhich mi 'lion
 Air fìor-uig tana,
 'S mi stri 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
 'J thug mi le sgrìob
 Air tìr a ghealag,
 'S a lìth mar ca' air a' chuan;
 'S toilicht' a dh'fhag
 E 'n là sin m' aigreadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair;
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhna'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo cheile cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamh
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceanall mna-uails';
 Gu pairteach, baigheal,
 Blath, gun' choire,
 Gun ghloimh, gun ghoinne, gun chruas,
 Gu deirceach, daonntach,
 Faoilidh, farrasd',
 Ri daoin fanna, bochd, truagh;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheol,
 An dhas ro-mhath,
 Gur lon do t-anam do dhuais.

Chuir mi air 'thus ort
 Iuil a's aithne,
 Le sugradh ceanalta, suaire,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlu,
 Bu churaidh t' anail
 No ubhlan reuda 'gam buain:
 Cha bhiodh sgeul ruin,
 A b'uil domh aithris,
 A b' fhiu, nach mealladh i bhuan;
 Nan cuirtheadh i cul rium
 'S diulta' baileach,
 Bu chuis domh anart a's uaigh.

Do bhriodal blath
 'S do mharan mtis,
 Do nadur grinneas gach uair,
 Gu beulchair, gaireach,
 Aluinn, coinceil,
 Gun chas a thoille' dhut fuath;
 Chuir i guin bhais
 Fad raith' am mhulneal
 Dh'fhag lañ mi mhulad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thar mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghrad spar i 'n cunnart ud bhuan.

'S ann thog e mi 'm pris
 O'n tìm so 'n uiridh,
 An ni 'sann urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ire
 Fhìor-ghìoin chruineachd,
 An sìol is urramaich buaidh;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rimheich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunaitteach, buan:
 Lionadh do sgiamhachd
 Miann gach duine,
 An dreach, fiamh, an cumachd, 's an sruagh.

Do chuach-fhalt ban
 Air fas cho barrail,
 'S a bharr lan chamag a's dhual;
 T-aghaldh ghlan, mhalda,
 Narach, bhanail,
 Do dha chaol mhala gun ghruaim;
 Suil ghorm, Ìor tach,
 Mhin-rosg, mheallach,
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann ad' ghruadh,
 Deud gheal iobhraidh
 Dionach, daingean,
 Beul bìdh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiubhladh tu fasach
 Airidh glinne
 'San ait an cinneadh an spraidh,
 G' am bleothan mu chro,
 'S bhi choir na h-ianis,
 Laoigh og a' mìreadh 's a' leum;
 Cha mhiosa do lamb
 'S tu laimh ri colnail
 No 'n seomar sòilleir ri grein,
 A' fuaidheal 's a' faicheam
 Bhanq a's phonar,
 An am chur grinnis air greus.

Do chneas mar an eiteag
 Gle ghlan, fallain,
 Corp seang mar chanach an t-sleibh ;
 Do bhraigh co-mhin,
 'S do ohiochan corrach
 S iad liontach, soluis le cheil :
 Gaoirdein tha geal
 Lamhna h-ainnir,
 Caol mheoir, glao thana, bas reidh ;
 Calpa deas ur,
 Troigh dhlu 'm broig chumair
 Is lughar innealta eorum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin
 Aig taobh Mham-charraidh.
 'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm cheill ;
 Bha cridhe dhomh saor,
 'Nuair dh'fhoad mi tharruinn,
 Cha b'fhaoin domh bharail bhi d' reir
 'S ioma' fuil usal,
 Uaibhreach, fharumach,
 Suas ri d' oheann-aghaidh fheir,
 Gad' chumail am pris
 An Rìgh 's Mac-Cuillein
 'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sleibht'.

'Nam faighinn an drast
 Do charadh daingean
 An site falzich o'n eug ;
 Ge d' thigendh e d' dhail,
 A's m' fhagail falamh.
 Cha b' aill leam bean eil' a'd' dheigh :
 Cha toir mi gu brath dhut
 Drannan teallaich,
 Mu'n ardaich alleng do ohleibh,
 Ach rogha' gach marain,
 Gradh a's furan,
 Cho blath 'sa b' urrain mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,
 A's crann, a's t-carrach,
 An am chur ghearran an eill,
 A's dheanainn mar chach
 Air traigh na mara,
 Chur aird air mealladh an eisg :
 Mharbhainn dut geoidh,
 A's roin, a's eala,
 'S na h-eoin bharran nan geug ;
 'S cha bhi thu ri d' bheo
 Gun seol air aran,
 'S mi chomhnuidh far am bi feidh.

O R A N

DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ISEBAL og
 An or-fhuil bhuidh,
 De ghruaidh mar ros,
 'S do phog mar ubhal,
 Do bheul dreachmhor,
 Meachair, grinna,
 O'm faighte na h-orain
 Cheol-mhor bhinn.

'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiche
 Bhanailo snuadh,
 Gur deirge na'n t-suthag
 An rucadh tha d' ghruaidh,
 Do mhin rosg liontach,
 Siobhailt, suniro,
 Gnais mhalda, narach,
 Lan de stualm.

'S e cosail na h-ainnir
 An eal' air an t-snainh,
 Do chneas mar an canach
 Co cheanalta thla,
 Do chiochan corrach
 Air bhroileach geal ban,
 Do bhraigh mar ghrian,
 'S do bhian mar chnaimh.

Do chuac-fhalt bachallach,
 Cas-bhuidh, dhlu,
 Gu h-amlagach, daite,
 Lan chaisreag a's lub,
 'Na ohicbhannaibh cleachd...
 Am pleata' gu dlu
 Air snlamh gu leir
 Mar theudan ciuil.

'S ioma' fuil usal
 Gun truaille', gun tair,
 Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh
 Suas ann ad' bharr,
 Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadail
 Fhuair buaigh suns gach blar,
 Gus an tain' an la suarach
 Thug bhuaht' an deas lamh.

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhireach
 An ribhinn dheas og,
 Cha strìochadh do dhilsean
 A luchd mi-ruin tha beo ;
 'S gach car tha dol diot...
 Ga d' shir-chur am moid,
 'S thu theaglach an Iarla
 Shliochd Dhiarmaid nan srol.

Tha Cinneadh do sheanamhar
 Mor ainmeil gu leoir,
 Na Cam-shronaich mheamnach
 Bu gharg air an toir ;
 'S iomadha sit anns' na dhearbh iad
 Le fearra-ghleus an dorn,
 Bhi marbhtach le'n armachd
 Air dearganaich Dheors'.

'S 'n ainneir bu taitnich'
 A bh' ac' ann a s'tir,
 A thachair bhi gam
 'Ga h-altrom le cich ;
 'Nuair a sheacas i fathast
 Air fuidhir an rìgh,
 Bidh ioma' fear fearainn
 A' faraid,—“Co i?”

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
 Shuilleir gu leoir.

'S i fualta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sceop ;
Calpa uenas cosail,
A choisichheadh rod.
Troigh chuinir, shocair
Nach dochuinn a' bhrog.

'S math thig dhut 'san fhasan
Gun daithe de'n t-srol,
Le staidhs 'ga theannadh
Chp daingean 's bu choir
Fainneachan daoimein
Air roinn gach meoir,
Bidh *rufles* a's ribein
Air Iscabail oig.

ORAN DO'N T-SEANN

FHREICEADAN U. M.

Droch Slaint' an Fhreiceadain,
'S aill leinn gun cheist i,
Si an fhaillte nach beag oirnn
Dhol deisil ar oleibh,
Cha'n fhag sinn am fead i,
O'n tha sinn cho dléanach,
Do na h-armuinn bu sheirceilo
Sheasadh an sreud ;
Na curraidhnean calma,
G'am buineadh bhi 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhonainean garbhlaich
A' sealg air na feidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhi'dh an oitcheanan tarbhach
Le marbhadh' an eisg.

Buaidh gu brath air na Fheasgaich,
Fhuar an arach am Breatunn,
Chaidh air sail' o cheann ghreis uainn,
Dhol am freasdal ri feum,
An loingean laidir thug leis iad,
Nach saraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garrach gan greasa'
'S i fréagrachd dhaibh fein,
Chuir gach lamh mar bu deise,
Buill de'n chorcaich bu treise,
Ri bar' nan crann seasmhachia
Leth-taobh gach breid,
'S 'g imeachd air chusaintibh,
'Nuair a da' eirich gaoth tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath 's i,
'S i gluasad gu reidh.

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-armuinn
Air tir ann an *Flinnkraas*,
'S iad fada bho'm parti,
'S o'n aiteachan fein,
Bha onoir nan Gael
An carba r'an tabhachd,
Bha ain mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhaillion fo'n ghrein

Tha urram an drasd
Aig gach tir anns an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an abhaist,
An naduir 'sam beus,
Bhi dileas d'an cairdean,
Cur sios air gach namhaid,
'S iomadh rioghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlatl air an fheur.

'S la *Fontenoi*
Thug onoir gu leoir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'S a thoisich an streup ;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaigeach an ordugh,
Na lasgaircan oga,
Chaidh deonach na dheigh,
Na gleachdaircan comhraig
Is fearr th'aig' Righ Deorsa,
A fhuair fasan a's foghlum
A's colas ga reir ;
'S duil am bheil mise
'Nam rusgadh na triobla'd,
Gun tugadh a' fheachd dhlá
Briscadh a ceud.

Fir aigeannach mheamnach,
Le glas-lann an ceanna-bheart,
'S i sgaiteach gu barra-dheis,
'S i ana-barrach geur,
An taice ri targaid,
Crios breac nam ball airgeid,
'S an dag nach robh oearbach
Gan tearmunn nan seigh,
Le'n gunnacha glana,
Nach diultadh dhaibh aingeal,
Spoir ur air an teannadh
Gu daingean nan gleus,
Gu cuinnsearach, biodagach,
Fudarach, misarach,
Adharcach, missail,
Gu misneachail treun.

Na spealpan gun athadh
A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,
Nach seachnadh dol fhat'iasd
An rathad sin fhein,
An t-asard a ghabhail
'S an ocartas a thaghaich,
Tri-chlaisneach na'n lamhan
Leis an caitheadh iad heum
Dol madainn gu mathas
Cha 'n iarradh iad aithis,
Gu deire an latha
'S am laidhe do'n ghrein ;
'S deas fhaclach an labhairt
Le caisimeachd chatha,
'S e 'n calsteal a'n claidheamb,
Ga'n gleidheadh bho bheud.

Fir scuinneach armach,
Le'm brats'ichean balla-bhreac,
Bu tlaodhmhor an armait' iad,
'S b' ainmeil am feum ;

Sliochd altrom nan garbh-chrìoch,
Am feachd a tha earbsach,
Nach caisgear an ain' eas
Gu'n dearbh ind nach geill.
Leinn is fad' o'n a dh'fhalbh sibh
Air astar do'n *Ghearmailt*,
Chur as do gach *Algair*
Chuir fearg oirbh fein,
An glacadh 'sa marbhadh,
'S an sgapadh mar mheanbh-ohrodh,
'S na madaidh ga'n leanmhainn
Air leargainn an t-sleibh.

Sliochd fìneachan usal
A gin o 'na tuathaich,
'S an iomairt bu dual dhaibh
Dol suas air gach ceum,
Gach cas mar bu luaithe,
'S gach laimh mar bu ohruaidhe,
'S an ardan an nachdar
A' buailadh nan speic;
Bu gnath le'n luochd fuatha,
Bhi 'san arach gun ghluasad,
'S a phairt dhiubh dh'fhalbh uatha,
Bhiodh an ruag air an deigh;
Le lambach nan gillean,
'S le lannan-geur biorach,
Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomsin
A' silleadh nan creuchd.

Bu oliutach na lasgair. a
Ura deas gasda,
Miann sul iad ri'm faicinn
Do gach neach leis an leir,
Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
Le'n comhdacha dreachmhor,
Le 'n osanan breaca,
'S le'm breacana 'n fheil:
Tha mo dhuil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
Gun an uin' a bhi fada,
Le cumhnanta ceartais
Fir Shasuinn gu leir,
Le stiùireadh an aigeil,
Muir dhu-ghorm ohur seachad,
'S nach cum an oian farsuinn
Orr' bacadh, no eis.

'Nuair a thainig an triobloid,
'S i a *Dha-san-da-fhichead*,
Bha dana le misneach,
'S le mìos orra fein,
Bras, ardanaoh, fiosrach,
Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
'S cuid araidh ga'n gibhtean'
Bhi'n gliocas 's an ceill;
Tha talannan trio'
Aig a phairtì ud bithohlonnt,
'S na h-uil' ait' anns an tig iad,
No idir a theid.
Co an drast a their mise,
Thig an aird ribh a chllige?
Mar fag sibh e nis'
Aig an t-sliochd thig n'ar deigh.

42d Regiment.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHAIIDH.

Mu'n tig ceann: bliadhna tuille,
Cha bhi sinn uilo 'n Tora-mhuillt:
Theid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
Do'n fhearann an robh 'n tìus:
Far am beil ar dilèan,
Ann san tìr am beil ar cuid;
'S an t-ait an cor dhuinn crìochnachadh!
'S an tiodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Diseirt,
Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh,
Suidhe 'n eaglais mhiorbhuileach,
An *dasg* bu rimheach cur;
Ag' eiseachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
Am fear bu shìobhailt guth;
Is e toirt sgeul a Bhiobail duinn,
'S a bhrìgh a'tig'n gu buil.

Gleannan blath na tìoralachd,
An ro-mhath 'n cinn an diugh,
Far am beil na h-innseagan,
Am beil an sìol an cur:
Cinnidh arbhac craobhach ann
Cho caoin gheal ris a ghìruth,
Gu reachdmhar, biadhehar, brioghar,
Trom, torach, lìontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhi sa' gheamhradh ann,
Air bainnean gheibhte spuir;
Fonn cheol roidh na piobaireachd,
'S cha bhiodh sgìos mu sgur:
Fuaim nan tend aig fìdheileirean,
A sheinneadh sìos na cuir;
'S an luinneag fein aig nìonagan,
Bu bhinne mhìllse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uig ann,
A dìreadh ris gach sruth;
Eoin an t-sleibh gu lìonmhor,
'S na mìlltean coilceach dubh;
Earba bheag an sgrìobain,
'N' minnein chrìon 's na buic,
'S a gheann am beil na frìtheachan,
'S na gìomanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thainig mi do'n fhearann so,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi pris an coin,
'S cha 'n 'eil fath bhi bruidhinn
Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bi 'n croc:
Cha b'ionnan 's bhi mar b'abhaist domh,
Aig braigh doire-ohro,
Far am bi' na lan-daimh,
Ni 'n damhair ann sa cheo.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
Nan tulchan glasa feoir,
Far am beil na sealgairan,
'S a fhuair iad ainm bhi corr;
A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
Am biodh greidh dhearg-na's leoir
'S bhiodh gillean trom le callachan
A dh'fhagadh tarbhach bord.

'S an uair a thigte dhachaigh leo,
Gu'm b'fhasanta blur seol,
A suidhe 'san taigh-thairne,
'S bhi damhsa mar ri ceol;
Cridhealas r'a cheile,
'S na bein a bhi 'ga'n ol;
'S cha 'n fhaicte cùis 'na h-eigin
An am eigheach air an stop.

MOLADH DHUN-EIDEANN.

'S e baile mor Dhun-eideann,
A b'eibhinn leam bhi ann,
Aite falaidh farsuinn,
A bha tlachdmhor anns gach ball;
Gearasdain a's bataraidh,
A's rampairean gu teann,
Taighean mor a's caisteal,
Anns an tric a stad an camp.

'S tric a bha camp Rìoghail ann,
'S bu rimheach an luch-dreuchd;
Trup' nan srann-cach lionmhor,
Gu dileas air a gheard:
Bhiodh gach fear cho eolach
'S na h-uile seol a b'fharr,
Na fheasgaich bu mhath foghlum
A dhol an ordugh blair.

'S iomadh fleasgach uasal ann,
A bha gu suairce grinn,
Fudar air an gruagan,
A suas gu barr ann cinn;
Leadainn dhonna, dhualach
Na chuachagan air sniomh;
Barr dosach mar an sioda,
'Nuair liogadh e 'le cir.

'S mor a tha do bhain-tighearnan
A null 'sa nall an t-sraid,
Guntaichean de'n t-sioda orr',
Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhlar;
Stoise air na h-ainnrean
Ga'n teannachadh gu h-ard.
Bull mhais air eudainn bhoidheach,
Mar thuilleadh sporsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile te mar thigeadh dh'i,
Gu measail a' measg chaich,
Uallach, rimheach', ribeanach,
Cruinn, min-geal, giobach, tle;
Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
Ga'n comhdachadh gu lar;
Brog bhiorach, dhionach, chothromach,
'S bu chorrach leam a sail.

'Nuair chaidh m' staigh do'n Abailte,
Gu'm b'ait an sealladh sul
Bhi 'g amharc air na dealbhanan,
Rìgh *Fearghas* ann air thus;
A nis o'n rinn iad falbh usainn,
Tha Alba gun an Crun:
'Se sin a dh'fhag na garbh-chrìochan
'S an aimsir so a cuirt.

Bi lochrainn ann de ghloineachan,
A's colnneal anns gach ait,
A meudachadh an soillearachd,
Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh:
Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar eibhneis,
Cluig-chiuil ga'n eisdeachd ann,
S gur binne na chuach cheitein iad,
Le'n toragan eibhinn ard.

Bi farrum air na *coitiseachan*,
Na'n trotan a's na'n deann,
Eich nan cruaidh cheum socrach,
Cha bhiodh an coiseachd mall;
Cursain mbeamnach, mhìreanach,
A b'airde binneach ceann;
Cha'n e am fraoch a b'innis daibh,
Na fìrichean nam beann.

Is ann an *dous* na *Parlamaid*
A chi mi thall an t-each,
Na sheasamh mar a b'abhaist da,
Air lom a chabhsair chlach;
Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
'S e'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaic,
Ga'n robh coir na rìoghachd so,
Ge d' dhiobair iad a mhac*:

Tha taigh mor na *Parlamaid*
Air ardachadh le tlachd,
Aig daoin-uailse ciallach,
Nach tug riamh ach a bhreith cheart:
Tha breitheanas air thalamb ann,
A mhaireas 's nach teid as,
Chum na thoill a chrochadh,
'S thig na neo-chiontaich a mach.

A's chunna' mi taigh-leigheas ann
Aig leighichean ri feum,
A dheanadh slan gach dochartas
A bhiodh 'an corp no'n cre;
Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slainnte,
No'n freaclal ris an leigh,
Be sin an t-aite dheasannach,
Gu theasairginn o'n eug.

Tha Dun-eidean boidheach
Air iomadh seol na dha,
Gu'n bhaile anns an rìoghachd so
Nach deanadh strìochda dha;
A liuthad fear a dh'innisinn ann
A bheireadh cis de chach,
Daoin' uailse casg an iota,
A g' ol air fion na *Spainnt*.

Ge mor a tha de dh' astar
Eadar Glascho agus Peairt,
Is cinnteach mi ged' fhaicinn
Na tha dh'aitreabh ann air fad,
Nach 'eil ann is taitniche
Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
Na taighean mora rimheach,
'Am bu choir an Rìgh bhi stad.

* King James VII was the brother of Charles II whose statue is here described.

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoirionn o ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn o ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn o hi-ri-uo,
'S i mo dhuthaich a dh'fhag mi.*

Ged' a tha mi car tamaill,
A tamh measg na Gallaibh,
Tha mo dhuthaich air m'aire,
'S cha mhath leam a h-aicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is eiginn dhulnn gabhail
Leis gach ni thig 'san rathad,
Gu'm b'fhearr na na srathan,
Bhi taghaich 'sa bhraidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is comhnard na sraidean,
'S mor a b'fhearr bhi air airidh,
Am frith nam Beann arda,
'S nam fasaichean blatha.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
Bhi labhairt na Gaelig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is cliuteach a Mhachair,
Le cunnradh 's le fasan,
Be air durachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar cairdean:
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A faicinn air dillsean,
Gum b'ait leinn an tìr sin,
O'n a 's i rinn air 'n arach.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoine ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghail,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhraithrean.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N am suidhe 's taigh-osa,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhinn ar cuid oran,
'S bhi 'g-ol nan deoch-slainnte.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhireadh nan stuicean,
Le'n gunnathan du-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fudar,
Ri uclaiche lan-daimb.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

S e bu mhiann leis na macaibh,
Bhi triall leis na slatan,

A chuir srian ris a bhradan,
Cha be fhasan am fagail.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fadhach a mhunaidh,
No dh' iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gnìomh a ni duin
'S mor urram nan Gael.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

ORAN

DO DH'-IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FÒNN—"An Tailear Acuinneach."

DEOCH-slainnt' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r caramh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn lan i,
Gu'm fag sinn falamh i;
'Nuair thig i oirne
Gu'm bi sinn ceolmhor,
'S gu'n gabh sinn urain
Ga h-qi gu farumach.

'S e'n t-armunz suaice
A ghluais a Bealach leinn,
'S na sar dhaoin-uaisle
R'a,ghualainn mar ris ann;
O'n dh'eirich sluagh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A reir do dhualchais
B'ìdh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fìuran
Air thus nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu curam
Ro ghnuis nan aineolach;
Led' chomblain-ura
'S thu fein ga'n stiireadh,
A's fir do dhuthcha
Ri d' chul mar bharantas.

'S tu ceann na riaghailt
Tha ciallach, carthanach,
Na daoine a thriall leat
Gu'r briagh am pannal iad;
'S tu thog na ciadan
A shliochd nam Fianntan,
'S an am a ghnìomha,
Bu dian 'sa charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich
A nall do'n fhearann so,
Bheir sinn trath dhaibh
Clon-fath an aithreachais
Theid cuid gu' bas dhuibh,
'S cuid eile bhathadh,
Mu'm fàigh iad bata,
'S mu'm fag iad tharais sinn.

O'n fhuair sinn gunnachan
 Gu'r ullamh, ealamh iad,
 'S cha 'n'eil gin uile dhiubh
 Nach freagair singeal dhuinn,
 Cha'n fhaic na curraidhean
 Dol sios na chunnart dhaibh
 'S gur rioghail urramach
 A dhìoladh falachd iad.

'Nuair theid gach treun-fhear
 Na cìdhdh ceannardach,
 Le'n armaibh gheusda
 Cho geur 's bu mhath leinn iad
 Bithidh iomadh breuchdan
 Le'm buillean beunach,
 Cha leigheas leigh iad,
 'S cha ghleidh e'n t-anam riu.

'S f' sin a garbh bhratach,
 A dh' fhalbh o'n bhàile leinn,
 'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann
 Gu dearbh a leannas i,
 F'ir ura, chalma,
 A tha lughmor, meannach,
 Ma dhuigear fearg orra,
 'S mairg a bheanas dhaibh.

Tha connspuinn araidh
 A braigh ghlinn-fallach leinn,
 A fhuair buaidh-larach
 'S gach ait 'n do tharruinn iad,
 Le luchd an lamhaich
 Ri uehd an namhaid,
 Bithidh cuirp 'san araidh
 Air lar gun charachadh.

Cuid eil' an phairtl,
 Gu dan le fearalachd,
 Theid lionmhor, luidir
 'S an ait a gheallas iad;
 F'ir shunndach dhuicheil,
 A grunn'd Earr-Gael,
 Nach diult 's na blaraibh
 Le lamhach caithriseach.

Na h-Urrachaich cìreachdail
 Le'n urachair sgallanta,
 Cuir suas nam peileirean
 Nach cualas mearachdach,
 'S iad bungar iomairteach
 'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,
 'S an ruaig cha philleadh iad,
 'S gur cruaidh le'n lannan iad.

Na h-unislea Eileanach,
 'S ann uain nach fannadh iad,
 'S fir chuirteach beinn' iad,
 'S air chuan, na'm maraichean;
 Luchd bhualadh bhuillean iad
 'S a fhuair an t-urram sin,
 A's fuaim an gunnaireachd
 Cho luath ri dealanaich.

'S ann tha air naimhdean
 'S an am so amaideach,
 'S a mhiseach ard
 Tha 'nar ceann, 's a dh'fhannas ann;
 Tha 'n Rìgh ag earbsadh
 Gu'n dlol sinn argamaid,
 Le stri na h-armuilt
 Mar dhearbh ar 'n-athraichean.

'Nuair thog iad srol
 'S na f'ir mhora tarruinn ris.
 'S o'n fhuair iad colas
 Air foghlum cabhagach.
 Cha'n fhuicear co-ladh
 De ghaisgich oga,
 Am feachd Rìgh Deorsa,
 Aon phor thug barrachd orr'.

Tha'n Samhradh blath ann
 O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sinn,
 Ma ni sinn camp
 'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd:
 Tha ni air gleanntaibh
 Cha bhì sinn gann dhuu,
 'S gur lionmhor Gall
 Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail intinn
 Cho grinn 'sa b'aithne dhomh,
 Bhi'n cuir an Rìgh
 Gu'n bhi stri ri sgagalachd;
 Cha dean sinn feoraich
 Air tuille stòrais,
 'S cha teirg lon dhuinn
 Ru'r beo air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' bhanca,
 Gu'm faiceam thu slan,
 Fhir a chumail na duimh,
 'Gam buineadh bhi mor:
 Le d' chridhe fal, fearail,
 A thug barrachd air cach,
 An iomadaibh cas
 A thuilleadh nan slogh.
 Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
 A measg Bhreatainneach,
 Bane ra oir bhi fo d' sgod,
 Ann an coir dhleasannach;
 Na th' ann, cha 'n e 'm beagan
 Is e 'm freasda ri d' stait,
 Fo leagadh do lamh
 'S gu freagradh do bheoil.

S' tu marcach nan srann-each,
 Is farramaich ceum,
 Le 'm fallaireachd fein
 Gu farasda, foil:

Air dhìollaid nan cursan
 Bu dubailte sreìn,
 'S tu bhuidhneadh gach reil,
 A shìubhladh an rod.
 Na h-eich bhearcasach, chalma,
 Bhìodh garbh, cumachdail,
 Is iad gu h-anmàdail, meannach,
 Le 'm falbh gurilleumach,
 Cruidheach, dìu-thairgneach,
 Mear, ainceasach, fuasgailteach,
 Ceannardach, cluas-bhìorach,
 Uallach gu leoir.

B'e do roghainn a dh'armachd,
 An targaid chruinn ur,
 Gu meanbh-bhallach dìu,
 Buidh' tairgneach cruaidh seolt;
 Is claidheamh chinn airgeid,
 Cruaidh, calma, nach lub,
 Lann thana, gheur-chuil,
 Gu daingean a'd dhorn;
 Mar ri dag ullamh, grad,
 A bhìodh a snap freasdalach,
 Nach blodh stad air a sraid
 Ach bhì 'mach freagarach;
 Fudar cruaidh, ageiceara,
 'M feadan gle dhìreach,
 A'd lamhan geal, mine,
 'S cuileabhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
 An am gaisgidh no f'eam,
 Fhìr mhìsneachail, th' ein
 A b' fhiosrach 's gach seol;
 A fhuair foglum, a's fasan,
 Is aiteas g'a reir,
 Tur pailte le ceill
 A' cur aignidh am moid.
 An am suidhe na cuirte,
 No dubladh an t-scìsein,
 An uchd bearraidh no binne,
 'S i t-fhìrinn a sheasadh:
 Deag theang-fhear gu *deasput*,
 Bu f'breagarach cainnt,
 A bhì idhneadh gach geall
 'S a chumadh a choir.

'S e do shugradh bha earailteach,
 Ceann-*ta*, suaire,
 An am tional nan uaislean
 Mar riut a dh-ol;
 Gu failteachail, furanach,
 A cuireadh a suas,
 Gach duine de'n t-sluagh,
 G'am buineadh bhì d' choir:
 Na diucan bu rimhiche,
 A chit' ann am Breatunn,
 Is bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Le frinn 's le teistean,
 Fhìr gheadhnaich bu sheirceile
 Sheasadh air blar,
 Fo 'n deise bhìodh lan.
 De lastanan oir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
 An ad a's a ghruag,
 Air an deasachadh suas
 An fasan an t-sloigh
 Gu canagach, daithte,
 Lan chaisreag a's chuach,
 Gu bachlach mu'n cuairt,
 Le maise ro-mhor:
 Tha gach ciabh mar do mhlann,
 Air an snìomh cumachdail,
 Fiamh dhonn, torrach, trom,
 Gu'n non bhonn uireasbhuidh,
 Amlagach, cleachdadh,
 Cruinne cas-bhuidh tla,
 Cho gasda ri barr,
 Th' air mac san Roinn-corp';

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
 Bha cnoicil ro suaire,
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Sull mheallach bu bhoidheh';
 Gnuis aillidh mar chanach,
 Bu cheanalta, snagh,
 Mip, cannach, do ghruaidh,
 Mar bharran nan ros.
 Cha 'n 'eil ailleachd air each,
 Nach tug pairt urram dhut;
 Foinnidh, finealta, dìreach,
 Deas fir chumachdail,
 Calpa chruinn, cothronach,
 Corrach, gu d' shail,
 Gun chron ort a' fas,
 O mhulach gu broig.

Do smaointeana glice,
 Le misnich 's le ceill,
 Do thuigse ghlan, gheur,
 'S deagh thuiteamas beoil;
 Gun tuirsneadh, gun bhriestadh,
 Gun trioblaid, fo'n ghreinn,
 A b' fhiosrach mi fein,
 Is misd thu bhì d' choir.
 'S ioma gibht' a tha 'nis,
 Lionmhor tric minig ort,
 Tuil a's fìos, muirn a's mìos,
 Flur a' measg fìnnich thu,
 An uaisle le spiorad,
 Air mhìreadh a' d' chail,
 'S tu iriosal, baigheil,
 Cinneadail, coir.

Gheibhte sud ann ad' thalla,
 Fìon geal is math tuar,
 Deoch thana gun druaid,
 'S i fallain gu poit;
 Bhìodh sunnd agus farum
 Air aire an t-sluagh,
 Deadh ghean ann san uair,
 A teannaidh r'a h-ol;
 Ann san taigh bu mhor seadh,
 Leis nach dragh aithnichean,
 Muirn a's caoin, a bhios air fheadh,
 Cupa 's gloin, canachan,

Coinnleirean aigeid,
'S dreos dhealrach o cheir,
Feadh t-aitreamh gu leir,
'S iad pailte gu leoir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
P'ìob sgalanta, chruaidh,
Le caithream: cho luath,
'S a ghearradh na meoir ;
Puirt shiulacha, mbeara,
Is fìor allail our suas,
Ann an talla nam buadh
Bu bharrail mu'n stor
Cruite ciuil, torman ur,
Is e gu dlu ruith-leumach,
Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn,
Thogadh fonn m'ireanach,
Clarsach le grinneas,
Bu bhlinn-fhaclach fuaim,
'S cha pilladh tu 'n duais,
'Nuair a shireadh tu ocol.

'S iomadh ait am beil do charaid,
A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
An deas a's an tuath,
Cho dheas nach 's bu choir ;
Diuc Farraghalach ainmeil,
Ceann arnaid' nam buagh,
Leis na dhearbhadh lamh chruaidh,
Is ris an d'earbadh gu leoir :
An t-Iarla cluichteach g'an duthchas
Bhi 'n Tur Bhcalaidh,
A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh.
Air na fuar Ghallaich ;
Morair Loudon nan seang-each,
Ard sheanalar calmp,
Fhuair urram comann,
Far na bhuidhin na seoid.

Tha iomadh cas eile
Nach ceilinn san uair,
Tha tarraim ort buaidh,
A mhaireas ri d' bheo ;
Fuil rioghail air lasadh
Amach ann ad' ghruaidh,
Cuir t-aigneadh a suas
Le aiteas ro-mhor ;
Tha bunntam a's leirsinn,
Gu leir ann ad' phearsa.
Fhir shunntaich na foile,
Sgeul eibhinn a b' ait leam,
Na 'm faicinn a'maireach
Le abhachd 's le muirn,
Bhi 'd charadh fo 'n chrùn
An aite rìgh Deors'.

CUMHADH IARLA

BHRÀID-ALBANN.

UAGH r'a eisdeachd an sgeul
A nuair mi fein tuille 's luath ;
Rinn an t-eug ceann na ceille
'S nam beus a thoirt usainn :

Cha'n 'eil leigh tha fo 'n ghrèin,
Dheanadh feum dhut 's an uair :
'S bochd a'd' dheigh sinn gu leir,
'S cha 'n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean laidir, liomhor
Auns gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt ;
So na dh-fhag an aigneadh isal,
Do chorp prìseil bhi 'san uaigh ;
Is iad mar loingens gun bhi dionach,
Fad o thìr air druim a' chuain ;
'S tusa b'urraim an toirt sabhailt,
Ge do bhiodh an gabhadh cruaidh.

'S ann an diugh a chaidh do charadh
'An ciste chlar 's ad leabaidh fhuair ;
Is muldach a'd' dheigh an trathas'
A' chuid is airde do d' dhaoin' uails.
Tha gach duin' agad fo phramh,
'S goirt an ons am bheil an tuath :
'S iad do bhochdan a tha craitreach ;
Thugadh an taic' laidir uath'.

'S iomadh dilleachdan og falamh
Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shuagh,
Seann daoine 's banitrichean fanna
Bha factainn beathachaidh uair :
'S ann bu truagh a' ghaic a bh'aca,
'S deoir gu frasach air an gruaidh,
Caoinendh oruaidh, a's bualadh bhassan,
'S bhi toirt pairt do 'm falt a nuas.

'S muldach an nochd do dhuthaich,
'S dubhach tursach tha do shluagh ;
Cha 'n loghadh sin, 's mor an diubhail
An tionndadh so thig, 'n oirn cho luath,
Am fear a b'abhaist bhi le durachd
Gabhail curam dhiubh gach uair,
Dh'fhag iad 'na laidhe 'san uir e
Far nach duisg e gu La-luain.

'S ann an trathaibh na Feill-brìde
Thainig crioch air saoidh nam buadh.
'S lom a thug an t-oug an sgrìob oirn,
Och ! mo dhith cha deic a luath's,
Bhuail an gath air fath na firinn
Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach cruas :
'S goirid leinn do re 'san aite,
Ged' their each gu'n robh thu buan.

Cha do sheall thu riamh gu h-isal
Air ni chuireadh sìos an tuath :
Bu chul-taic dhaibh anns gach ait thu,
'S tu bha ghnath 'gan cumail suas.
Cha bu mhiann leat togail ulaimh ;
Sin a' chuis d'an tug thu fuath :
Bha thu factainn gaol gach duine,
'S ghleidh thu'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu leirsinneach le suaireas ;
Dh-fhas a'd' chom an uaisle mhor ;
Ciall a's misneach mar ri cruadal,
Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheora'.
Bha thu fìorach, glie, neo-luaineach ;
Bha t-intinn buan anns a' choir.

O'n a thog I'd air ghiulan stuaign thu,
'S aobhar sin a luathaich deuir.

Chan'eil aobneas ann am Bealach,
Cha'n'eil farum ann, no ceol;
Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,
A's iad gun ealaidh ach ann bron;
O'n a chaidh do ghiulan dachaigh
O'n mhachair air mhuthadh seoil.
'N alt' an eildidh sin a ohleachd thu,
Ciste, 's leine, 's brat do'n t-sroi.

'Nam bu daoine bhreathd dhinn thu,
Dh'eireadh milltean air an toir,
O bheul Tatha gu Lathuir-leohdraoh,
Sin fo chis dut agus cor:
Far an d'fhas na gallain fhior-ghlan,
A's iad lionmhór ann gu leoir,
A rachadh togarrach gud' dhioladh,
Nach obadh dol síos le deoin.

'S ann tha chuis mi's fearr mar tha i,
Dochar laidir thu bhi beo
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Pharras,
Ann an gairdeachas ro-mhór:
Gur e'n Tí a ghlaic air laimh thu,
'Thug 'san aite sin dhut coir,
Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhag thu,
'An aros aghmór Rìgh na gloir.

Ge'd tha 'm fear a thig a' t-aite
Thall an trath's tharr chuainteán mòr,
Guidheam dhu gu'n tig e sabhalt
(Soirbheas ar ri o'ul gach seoll)
A dh' fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibheas,
'S air an oighreachd sin bu choir;
A ghabhall ouram ga chuid fearainn,
'S ga chuid daoine sean a's og.

CUMHA' CHAILEIN

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air 'n aighe,
Dh' fhag orm smuinean, 's a'airsgeul,
An am gluasad am leabaidh,
Cha chadal ach duisg;
Tha mo ghrunaghean air seacadh,
Gun dìon uair air mo rasgan,
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
A ghluais a chaismeachd ud dhuinn',
Fear Ghlinn-iubhair a dbith oirnn,
Le putar luchd mi-ruin,
Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh
Thu bhi d' shineadh 'san uir;
'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean,
O'n a chaidh do chorp prìseil,
An ciste chuthainn, chaoil, dhìonaich,
'S ann an lion-anart ur.

B'e sinn an corp aluinn,
'Nuair bha thu roimhe so d' shlainnte,

Gun chion cumachd no fas ort,
Gu foinni lù, daicheil deas ur;
Sunroce, foisinneach, fallteach,
Uasal, iorasal baidheil,
Caolmhneil, cinneadail, cairdeil,
Gun chroin r'a rait' air a chul;
Lan do ghillocas, 's do leirsinn,
Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
Gach nit an sirte gu feum thu,
'S ann leat a dh'eireadh gach cuis;
B'e do choimeas an dreagan,
No 'n t-sothag 's na speuraidh,
Co bu choltach r'a cheile
Ach iad fein agus thu ?

'S ernaidh an teachdair a thainig,
'S truagh mar thachair an drasta,
Nach do sheuchainn thu 'n t-aite,
'N do ghlaic am bas thu air thus;
Suas o chachaille gharaidh,
Fhuair thu 'n taoid a chraidh mi,
'S gun do thaic a bhi laimh riut,
'Nuair ghabh iad fath ort o d' chul,
Air do thaobh 's thu gun chomhradh,
S'an am 'n do chaochail an deo bhunt,
T-fhuil chruabhach, dhearg, bhoidheach
A gabhall dortadh 'na bruchd,
Le gnìomh an amadain ghoraich,
A bha gun nithne gun eolas,
A reic anam air stòras,
Nach do chuir an trocair a dhuil.

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun deisein,
Gun adh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh.
A chuir lùmh a'd' mhillendh gun reusan.
Le cion ceill' sguis tuir;
'S e glac mar ohomharl' an eucoir,
'S boe an gnothaich mar dh'eirich,
Dh-fhag e sinne fo en-slainnt,
Is e fein 'na fhear-cuirn;
'S ge nach samhach a leabaidh,
Le eagal a ghlacadh,
Cha 'n e tha mi 'g aenain,
Ach mar a thachair do'n chuis;
An t-armunn deas, thachdmhor,
A tha 'n drast' an Arcl-chatain,
An deigh a charadh an tagaidh,
An aite cadail nach duisg.

'S e do chadal gu siorruidh,
A dh'fhag m' aigne cho tiomhaidh,
'S tric smaointeana diomhain;
A tigh'n gu dian orm as ur,
'S trom a dh'fhas orm an iargainn,
Is goirte tarsa nam fiabhras,
Mo chomh-alt aluinn, deas, ciatnach,
An deigh's a riabadh gu dlu;
Mìle mallachd do'n laimh sin,
A ghabh cothrom is fath ort,
A thug an comas do'n lamhach,
'Nuair chuir e 'n spainteach r'a shuil;
Sgeula soilleir a b' ail leam,
Gu'n cluinnt' am follais aig each,
E bhi dol ri ormmaig le faradh,
Gus am mìosa dha-sa na dhuinn.

Ge b'e neach a rinn plot ort,
 Le droch dhurachd o thoiseach,
 Bu dhana chuis dha tigh'n ort-sa,
 Na do lotadh as ur;
 Bha 'na run bhí gu h-olò dhut,
 'S gu'n a chrídh' aig aodlann a nochadh,
 'S ann a thain' e samhach mu'n chnocan,
 'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chul.
 'S e mo dlíubhail a thachair,
 An an do'n fhudar ud lasadh,
 Nach robh ad' chairdean an tale riut,
 Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh;
 'S a liuthad fíuran dens, tlachdmhor,
 Nach gabhadh curam ro' bhagna,
 A chuireadh smuid ris an Apuinn,
 A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.

'S trom a phlaigh sinn an íobairt,
 A chuir ar namhaid a dhíth oirn,
 Ged' tha 'n aicmhail gu'n díoladh,
 Thig fhathasd líontan mu'n chuis,
 Chulreas each an staid íosal,
 Air son an ailleagaln phriseil,
 Bh' ann san aite mar fhrean,
 A chleachd frinn a's cilu :
 'S bocht an naidheacht r'a aireamh,
 Gur ann an nasgaidh a tha thu,
 Nach tainig fhathasd mu'n ehas ud,
 Na dheanadh abhacht thoirt duinn;
 Aeh air fhad 's gan bí dail ann,
 Cheart cho fíor 's tha mí 'g raithe,
 Bídh an falachd ud paighte,
 Mu'n d' teid an ganhlás air chul.

'S iad na fíneachan laidir,
 Bu mhath a gabhail do phairtí,
 An rígh, a's díuc Farraghaol,
 Nach fháiceadh fáilinn a'd' chuis;
 Iarla dlígeach Bhraid-Albann,
 Air thus a tighinn gu'n chearbaich,
 'S gur íomá' fear armach,
 A sheasadh calma r'a chul;
 Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leanmhuinn,
 Leis an eireadh súinn nach bu leanbaídh,
 Na íoich bhuidheach, mhór, mheamnach,
 Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cuil;
 Mac-Dhomhnuil duibh, 's Cloinn-Chamroin,
 S gu leoir a thighearnan ainmeil;
 S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanochas,
 Gu'n do dhearb iad an cilu.

S ghabh thu aite le ordugh,
 Air pairt do Shráth-locha,
 'S cha b' ann air ghaol stórais,
 'Na los am pórsan thoirt diubh;
 Aeh a sheasamh an corach,
 Le meud do cheisd air an t-seors' ud,
 'S an oidhre díleasnach air fogra,
 G'am bu choir bhí 'sa chúirt;
 'S ge do theireadh luchd fáineachd,
 Gun robh t-aire-sa daonnan,
 Bhí sgainneart nan daoín ud,
 Na 'n leigeadh sgaolteach air chul;
 Chíte fhathasd a chaochladh,
 N'am faighe tu saoghal,

Gur e bhí tarraínn luchd gaíll ort,
 As gach taobh, a bha d' run.

Bu tu orídh na fóile,
 Dh' fhás gu tighearnail, ceatach.
 An lathair brítheamh Dhun-eideann,
 'S tric a reitíoch thu cuis;
 'S oil leam caradh do cheud-mhána,
 'S og a bhanntrach a'd' dheigh lí,
 Líon campar gu leir lí,
 O'n dh'eug a ceillídh dens, ur;
 Fhuair mí 'n sealladh nach b'eibhinn,
 An uaigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga reiteach,
 'S truaigh gach commún thug speis dhut,
 O'n chaidh tu féin anns an uir,
 'S gun duíl a nís rí thu dh-eirídh,
 'S e dh'fhag mise fo eu-slainnt,
 Bhí 'n díugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
 'S much tig thu dh-eisdeachd mo chlu.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

'NUAIR thig an Sambrá' geugach oirn,
 Theid siann mun speur o'n ghruamaiche,
 Thig thus a's blas a's aobhneas—
 Theid gach ní g'a roir an buadhalachd.
 Thig fear le neart na grein' oirn,
 Ní 'n suoghal gu leir a chuartaich;
 Thig tens o síos 'nuair dh'eireas í
 Ní feum, 's cha treigear uainne e.

Bídh por ann an tír ghraiscleann,
 Chur síl ann san tím ghnathaichte;
 A' toirt brídh as an uir nadurra,
 O'n bhlar g'a bharr a ghluaisneas o:
 Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fháilleach,
 Trom-chuinnleannach, garbh-ghraíneannach
 Gu diasach, riabhach, oailleanach,
 Gu bíadhchar, lan, 'nuair bhuaiccar e.

'S glan fáileadh nan geug líobhána,
 Mu gharadh dan seud líonmhóra.
 Am bíodh aileagain gle ríomhacha
 Le blath's a' sír chur snuadh orra;
 Gu h-ubhlach, peurach, físeach,
 Glan, bríghmhór, díomhair, guamaiseach
 Gach smíd is aillídh gríneachan,
 Mar Phealas rígh ra'n cuartaichadh.

'S ro-ghreannar gach gleann síor-mhonaídh,
 Cur íomhuigh ghriinn an uachdar air;
 Gach lus le bharr cho mhíor'ailteach,
 A' fas fo mhíle suaicheantas;
 Gu duilleach, luraich, dítheanach,
 Glan, rímheach, líonmhór, cuaicheanach,
 Gu ropach, dosach, míleannach,
 Gu mílteachail, mín uain-nealach.

Bídh fonn air gach neach nadurra,
 Bhíodh sealltainn gach ní guathaichte,

Am blar lom a' cur dreach fasaich air,
Gach la cur strac neo-thruaillidh air,
Gu molach, torach blath-mhaiseach,
'S na craobhan lan de chruasachdan
Gu h-urair, du'-ghorm, aileanta,
Le frasan blatha, bruidleanach.

Bi'dh gach frith gu lionntach, feurach ;
'S theid na feidh 'nan eideadh suaicheanta,
Gu h-allaich, binneach, ceumannach,
Grad-leumanach, bior-chluaisneach ;
Gu crocach, cabrach, ceir-ghealach,
Gu manngach, eangach, eildeagach,
'Gan grianadh sa' mhios cheiteanach,
Air slios an t-sleibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bi'dh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
'Nan laidhe mar is coir dhaibh ; bi'dh
Gach damh a's manng cho aighhearach,
'Nuair thig Fìll-leathain roid orra :
Bu tuille loin a's saoghail,
Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,
Bhi tric ag amharo caol orra
'S a 'g eisdeachd gaoid an cronanaich.

Bi'dh maòiseach a chinn ghvanaich,
A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh
A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre
O'n thainig blathas an t-Samhraidh oirnn,
Cuiridh si manntal ruadh oirre,
S tha inntinn ghriana g'a reir aice,
Gu fallain, feitheach, fuasgailteach.

Bi'dh am minnein urar meanbh-bhallach,
Gros tioran air a ghnuis bu sgeinneile ;
Gu mireineach, lughor, anmadail,
Ri slinnean na h-carb an guilleachan.
Bu chlis feadh phreas mu an-moch iad,
Gu tric fo iochd nam mean'-chuilg,
Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
An sliochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bi'dh gach crentair fàillineach,
A bha greis an cas na fuaraluchd,
A togail an cinn gu h-abhachdach,
O'n a thainig blath's le buaidh orra :
Na h-coin sa' phong a b'abhaist daibh,
Gu ceolmhar, fonnmhor, failteachail,
Feadh phreas a's thom ri gairdeachas,
Gun chas a dh'fhagadh truailidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am por lionmhor ud,
'S gur speiseil grunn a ghluaisneas iad ;
Le'm beus a 'seinn mar fhileirean,
Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlusna iad ;
'S glan luinneagach, fior-inntinneach,
A' chanain chinn thig uatha-san ;
'S iad gobach, sgiathach, cireineach
Gu h-iteach, dìonach, cluaineisach.

Bi'dh an coilcach le thorman tuchanach,
Air ehnocanaibh gorm a durdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiublacha,
Le ribheid dlu chur seol orra ;
Gob crom nam pongan lugh'ora,
'S a chneas le dreach air a dhublachadh,
Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ur-bhallach,
'S da chire a sugradh boidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' mhios cheitein oirn,
'S bidh riabhag 'na seuchdan comhladh ri,
'S an dreathan a gleusadh sheannsairean
Air a gheig is aird a mhothaicheas e.
Bidh choill' gu leir 's na gleanntaichean,
Air chrathadh le h-aoibneas canntaireachd,
Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsalach.
Feadh phreas, a'a chrann, a's oganan.

Na doireachan coill' bu dìonhaire,
'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeorachiean
Theid gach oraobh an ciataichead,
Bi'dh caochladh fiamh a's neoil orra ;
Gu meanganach, dìreach sniomhanach,
Theid eridhe nam fiamh an soghaireachd,
Le trusgan ur g'a mhiadachadh,
Bar-guc air mhiaraibh nozara.

Bi'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fìuranach,
Gu faileanach, slatach, ur-fhàsach ;
Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druisealachd,
Bidh duilleach a's rusg mar chomhdach air :
Le bruthainn theid brìgh na duslain ann
Am barrach dlu nan oganan'
Gu pluireineach, caoin, maoth-bhlada,
Mo roghainn de shnaoisean sroine e.

'S a bhìolair luidneach, sliom-chlunach,
Ghlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoin, ghorm-
neulach,
Is i fas glan, uchd-ard, gilmeineach,
Fo barr-geal, iomlan, sonraichte ;
Air ghlaic, bu taitneach cearmonta,
Le scamragan 's le neoinean ;
'S gach lus a dh'fheudain ainneachaidh,
Cuir ar-bharra dhreach boichead air.

Gur badanach, caoinil, mìleanta,
Cruinna, mopach, min chruth, inngoineach.
Frach groganach, du'-dhonn, gris-dearg,
Barr-cluigeanaich, sinnteach, gorm-bhileach ;
Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
Gu cluthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;
'S a mha 'na fudar grunige dha,
'Ga chumail suas an sporsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rimhich i,
'S mor a brìgh 'is lionmhor buaidh oirre,
Coir-bheach nan sgeap a cinntinn oirr' ;
Seillein breac fèadh tuim 'ga chruasachd sud ;
Gu cianail, tiamhaidh, srann aige,
Air bharr nam meas a' dranndanaich,
Bhiodh miann bhann-og a's bhain-tighearnan
Na fhardaich ghreannar, ghuamaisich.

Is e gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannaich,
Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.

Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
Ri gníomh gu dian mar thuathanach;
Gu surdail, grunn-dail, dianadaoh,
Neo-dhiomhanach 'na uaireanan;
'S e fáille lusan fiadhaiche
Bhí's aige bhíadh 'sa thuarasdal.

Gach tain is airde chruinnicheas
Do'n airidh uile ghluaiseas ind;
Thig bliochd a's dair gun uireasbhuidh,
Craobh ard air cuman gruagaiche;
Na h-aighean is oige láidre,
Nach d'fhiosraich trath na buaraichean;
Bí'dh luinneng aig ribhinn: shul-duinn dhaibh,
'Gam bridéal eiuin le duanagan.

'S fíor ionmhuinn mu thrath noine
Na laeigh oga choir na buaile sin,
Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bhreac, botainneach,
Sgiuthach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn,
guail-inneach;
Is iad gu lith-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, caraideach,
Buidh, gris-fhionn, era'-dhearg, suaichionta
Seang, shios'ra díreach, sar-chumpach,
Cas, baehlach, barr an suaioche.

Bí'dh fóirm a's colg air creatairean,
Gu stoirmeil, gleust' 'g ath-nuadhachadh;
Le forgan torchuirt feodalach,
An treud, 's an spreidh, 's am buachaile:
An gleann, barrach, bileach, reidhleanach,
Creabh, rainneach, reisg a's luachaireach,
'S e caoin, cannach, ceutach, min chruthach,
Fireach, sleibhteach, fearach, fuananach.

Bí'dh mionntain, eamohil, 's soghraichean,
Gur bhileneh, lonach, luasganach,
Cathair thalmhanta, 's carbhinn ehroc-chean-
nach,
Gharg, amlach, romach, chluas-bhíorach,
Suthan-lair, 's fáille ghroiscidean;
Lan lílth' 's rosa cuaicheanach,
Is clann-bheag a trusa leolaichean,
Buain chorr an eos nam bruchagan.

Bí'dh 'm blar fo strachd le uraireachd.
Oidlich inchair bhruinneach, cheo-banach,
Gach srabh 'sa barr air lubadh orra
Le cudthrom an dríochd 's le lodalacht,
'Na phaideirean lionn, cuirneineach,
Gu briogmhór, sughmhór sohsach,
Cuiridh ghrian gu'dian 'na smuidean e,
Le fíamh a gnúis 's an og-mhadainn.

'Nuair a dhearsas a gnúis bhaoisgeil,
Gu fíal, fíathail fíamh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
Thig mathas a's gníomh le saibhiríeachd,
Chuir loirí air an Roinn-corpa se;
Le aoibneas greine soilleseachadh,
Air an speur ga reidh a spaoileas i,
Cuir an geil gaoh feum a rinn i dhuinn,
G'a fhoillseseachadh 's g'a mhoideachadh.

O'AN NA BRIOGSA

AIR FÓN—“*Sean' Triuthais Uilleachan.*”

'So tha na briogais liath-glas
Am bliadhna cuir m'ulaid oirnn,
'S e'n rud nach fhacas riamh oirnn;
'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn
'S na'm bithean-aid uile dileas
Do'n righ bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,
A stríochda do'n chulaidh so.

'S o'c an seol duinn, am Prionns og
A bhí fò mhóran duilichinn,
A's Righ Deorsa a bhí chomhnaidh,
Far 'm bu choir dha tuineachas;
Tha luchd-eolais a toirt sgeoil duinn
Nach robh coir air Lunnainn aige,
'S e Hanobhar an robh sheorsa,
'S eogreach oirnn an duine siu—
'S e'n Righ sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
Rinn di'-mheas na dunach oirnn,
Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,
B' e'n t-am dol a chumasg ris;
Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-thachd,
A mhi-thlachd, a's a dh' aimhreic,
Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n taing dhinn,
Le ain-neart a chumail ruinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's o'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
Gur neo-mbiosail leinn a chulaidh ud,
Ga'n teanadh ma na h-íosganann,
Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad;
'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
'S na breacain fò na cíosán oirnn,
Ged' tha sinn am bíchiontas
A nis a' cuir nan sumag oirnn:
'S air leam gur h-ole an duais
Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
An eudaichean thoirt unpa
Ge do bhuadhraich Diuc Uilleam leo:
Cha'n fhaod sinn bhí suig-artach,
O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,
Cha'n aithnich sinn a cheile
La-féile no cruinneachaidh.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal
Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,
Briogais air son adaidh,
'S neo-oidheil air duine i;
'S ged' tha mí deanamh uis deth,
Cha d'rinn mí bonn sulas
Ris an deise nach robh daimheil,
Do'n phairtí ga'm buinnin-sa;
'S neo-sheannsar a chulaidh i,
Ger grannda leinn umainn i,
Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
'S nach b'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i;
Bídh putanan na gluinean,
A's bucalan ga'n dunadh,
'S a bhriogais air a dubladh,
Mu chul-thaobh a h-uile fir.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
A's casagan cho shliogta,
'S a mhinicheadh muillean iad;
Ged' chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,
Cha'n fhag e sinn cho uallach,
'S gu'n toillich e ar n-uaislean,
Ar tuath no ar cummanta;
Cha taitinn e gu brath ruinn,
A eboiseachd nan gleann-fasuidh,
'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' airidh,
No dh' ait 'm biodh cruinneagan:
Se *Deors* a rinn an eucoir,
'S ro dhiombach tha mi fein deth,
O'n thug e dhinn ar n' eideadh,
'S gach eudach a bhuineadh dhuinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Pharlamaid
Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,
'Nuair chuir iad air na Caimbeulaich
Teaundach nam briogaisean;
'S gu'r h-ìad a rinn am feum dhaibh
A bh'adhl'n a thain' an streupag,
A h-uile h-aon diubh dh'eiridh
Gu leir 'ar *Miiti* dhaibh;
'S bu cheannsaich duineil iad,
'S an am an robh 'n eumag ann,
Aoh 's gann daibh gu'n cluinnear iad,
A champacha tuille leis;
O'n thug e dhinn an t-eudach,
'S a dh' fhag e sinn cho-fhaontra'ch,
'S ann rinn e oirn na dh' fheadh e,
Shaoileadh e ciuir m'uid oirn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S ann a nis tha fos againn
An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
'Nuair a dh' fhag e sinn mar phrìosanaich,
Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnachan,
Gun chlaidhe, gun chrìos tarsuinn oirn,
Cha'n fhaigh sinn pris nan dagachan;
Tha comand aig Sasunn oirn,
O smachdaich iad gu buileach sinn—
Tha angar a's duilibhinn
'S an am so air iomadh fear
Bha'n Campa Dhuic Uilleam,
A's nach fheadh iad gu'n bhuithinn e;
Na'n tigeach oirne TEARLACH,
'S gu'n eireamaid 'na champa,
Gheibhte breagan chairneit,
'S bhiodh aird air na Gunnachan.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

ORAN. DO'N EIDEADH GHAEALACH.

Fhuair mi naidheachd as ur,
Tha taitinn ri run roo cridh
Gu faigheamaid fasan na duthoh
A chleachd sin. an tus ar tim.

O'n tha sinn le glaineachan lan,
A' bruidhinn air maran bin,
So i deoch-slainnte Mhontrinn,
A sheasamh a choir so dhuinn.

Chunna' mi 'n diugh an Dun-eideann,
Comunn na feile cruinn,
Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,
Air toiseach an eibhnis dhuinn.
Piob gu loinneil an gleus,
Air soilleireachd reidh an tuim;
Thug sinn am follais ar 'n eideadh,
A's co a their reubail ruinn?

Deich bliadhna ficead a's corr,
Bha casag de'n chlo m'ar druim,
Fhuair sinn ad agus cleoc,
'S cha bhuineadh an seors' ud dhuinn:
Buenil a' dunadh ar brog,
'S e 'm barr-iall bu bhoice leinn;
Rinn an droch fhasn a bh'oirn',
Na bodaich d'ar 'n oigrìdh ghrinn.

Mhill e pairt d'ar cumachd
O'n bhlar, gu mullach ar oirn:
Bha sinn cho lan de mhulad,
'S gu'n d'fhas gach duine gu tinn;
'S ann a bha 'n cas cho duilich,
'S a thainig uile ri'm linn,
'Nuair a rinn pairti Lunnainn,
Gach ait a's urram thoirt dhinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chall,
Is fasan nan Gall oirn dlu,
Cota ruigeadh an t-sail,
Cha tigeadh e daicheil dhuinn:
B'eigin do'n bhrìgis bhì ann.
'Nuair a chaidh ar comand cho ciuin
'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach finne nan trail,
'S gach fireannach fhagail ruisg'.

Tha sinn anis mar as math leinn,
'S gur h-ard ar caraid 'sa chuir,
A chuir air na daoine' am fasan,
Rinn parlamaid Shasuinn thoirt' diu':
Beannachd gu brath do'n mharcus,
A thagair an drast ar cuis;
Fhuair e gach dlìge air ais dhuinn,
Le ceartas an rìgh 'sa chrìr.

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm,
A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stuc,
'S a ghleidheadh ar daoine 'sa champ,
Le fagail an naimhdean bruit.
Thogadh e misneach nan *Clann*,
Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
Piob, a's bratach ri crann,
'S i caiseamachd ard mo ruin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an drast,
A thoilicheas gradh gach duthoh',
Comas ar culaidh chur oiran,
Gun fharaid de phor nan lub:
Tha sinn a nis mar is oir,
A's taitnidh an sool r'ar suil;

Chuir sinn' a bhrigis air iar,
'S cha tig i gu brath a cuil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,
Bhios nallach, freagarach, dhuinn,
Breacan an fheile phreasach,
A's peiteag de'n eudach ur ;
Cot' a chadadh nam ball,
An bitheadh a' charnaid dlu,
Osan nach ceangail ar eum,
'S nach ruigeadh mar reis an glun.

Togaidh na Gacil an ceann,
Cha bhi iad an fannr ni's mo,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann
Thug orra bhi'nall gun lugh :
Siubhlaidh iad fir ach nam beanna,
A dh'iarraidh dhamh seann le'n cu ;
S eutrom theid iad a dhamhsa,
Fregraidh iadsrann gach cuil.

Tha sinn an comain an uasail
A choisinn le chruadal eilu,
Chuir e le teomachd laidir,
Faoinachd dhaich air cul,
Oighre cinu-fadhna nan Gramach,
'S ioma fuil ard na ghnuis :
'S ann tha marcus an aidh
Am mac thig an ait an diuc.

ORAN A BHOTAIL.

'NUIRE a shuidheas sinn socrach
'S a dh-olas sinn botal,
Cha'n aithnich ar stoc bhra'sinn
Na chuireas sinn ann ;
Thig onoir a's fortan
Le sonas a' chopain,
Ga'r son nach bi deoch oirnn
Mu'n tug sinn ar ceann ?
Bheir an stuth grunn oirnn
Seinn gu fleanta,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn
Binneas n'ar cainnt,
Chaisg i ar 'n iota
'N fhior dheoch mhillis,
Bu mhuladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch slainnte nan gae-gaich
Nan Gaelibh gasda,
Ga'm b' abhaist mar fhasan,
Bhi poit air an dram,
Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlasda,
'S air dhaoirid an lacha,
Nach'caomhnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'ean am
Fear g'am beil ni
Gheibh-e na shireas e,
Fear a tha crionda

Fanadh e thall ;
Fear a tha mi'or
Cha'n fhuilig sinn' idir e,
'S am fear a bheil grinneas
Theid iomain a nall.

'S ro rioghai an-obair
Sruth briogar na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogaicheas
Cridhe tha gann :
'S e chuireadh an sodan
Air fear a bhiodh togarrach,
'S chuireadh e 'm bodach
A' fearr a bhiodh teann,
Cha 'n 'eil e 'san tir,
Uasal no cumanta,
Nach 'eil air thi
Gach urram a th'ann,
Ge do bhiodh stri
Mu thogail na muirichinn,
Cia mar is urrainn sinn
Fuireach bho'n dram ?

Tha e fonnar do'n chreabhaig
A h-uile la greine
Thig teas o na speuraibh
Thar sleibhtean nam beann,
'S e math ri la reota
Chuir blath's ann am poraibh
An fhir theid g'a dheoin
An taigh-osda na dheann.
Cuiridh e sunnd
Air muinntir eireachdail,
Timcheall a bhuid
S oid eile dhiubh damhs' :
Thogamaid fonn neo-throm
A's oileirin,
'S freagarrach shinneas sinn
Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-ol sinn na bh'-againn,
'S i choir dol a chadal
O'n thainig an t-am,
Cha'n fhoghnadh ach pailiteas
Thoir solas ga' n' aigneadh,
Deoch mhor anns a mhadainn
Gu leigheas ar ceann.
Am fear tha gun ohli,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann.
Togaidh e eri
Gach fir a tha fann,
Theid am f. ar tinn
Gu grunn air mhirreadh ;
'S e leigheas gach tinnis,
Deoch mhillis an dram.

ORAN A BHRANNDAL.

LUINNEAG.

*Di-haal-lum, Di-haal-lum,
Di-é-il-é'il, hanndan,
Di-dir-ir i-hal-hi'-il-lum
Di-dir-ir-i hal haoi-rum;
Di-é'il-hal dir-ir-i,
Ha-ri-hu'al-haoi-rum,
Di-é'il-haal-dil-il-é'il,
Dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.*

Tha fortan ann bi deoch againn,
Na biodh an copan gann oirn,
Tha pailteas anns na botlaibh,
Cha'n 'eil an stoc air chall oirn;
'S feairde sinn an toiseach e,
Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte,
Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn.
'S e 's docha leinn an. *Branndai.*
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S e sinn an sruthan mireanach,
An tobair millis scannsail,
Tha binneas mar ri grinneas
A chuir spiorad am fear fann ann;
'S feairde sinn na shireas sinn,
Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e;
'S ro mhath 'n seise muineil
Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir anns am beil cridhealas,
Nach 'eil an eridhe gann ac,
Companaich na dibhe,
A ni suidhe leis an dram iad;
Iarraidh iad a rithiad e,
Mu bhitheas beagan ann deth,
Nuair chluinneas iad an fhidheall,
Bi' iad fighearach gu damhsa.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barrailean,
Na 's math leinn fa'r comannda,
Na cupain a tha falamb
Bhi le searraig a cuir annta;
Gach caraid bhios a taitneadh ruinn,
Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinn,
Nuair thig a ghloinne bhasdalach,
Air bhlas an t-siucair-*channdai.*
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
Tha seileir anns an Fhraing dheth;
Cha'n eil eagal gainne
Air na loingeas thug a nall e;
Their sinne on bu toigh leinn e,
Nach dean a choire call oirn;
Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireach ris,
Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.
Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir a tha na 'n sgrubairean,
Nach caith an cuid 's an am so,

Cha'n imir iad bhi cuidirinn,
Na'n tubaisdean le ganntar;
Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,
A's cha'n larr a chuideachd ann iad;
Mar cuir am burn am paghadh dhiubh,
Cha'n fhaigheadh iad am *Branudai.*
Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stop
Ann an sraid a chuil.
Sin an duine coir
Air am beil mo run.*

'S COMA leat an siola,
B'annsa leat an stop,
Cha'n e sin bu dochadh
Ach am botal mor.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Theid thu do'n taigh-osa,
'S olaidh tu gu fial;
Cha robh gainne storais
Air do phoca riamh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Bha thu greis dheth t-aimsir
Ann an arm an Rìgh,
Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
'S fhearra dhut e na ni.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Gheibheadh tu led' cheanal
Leannan anns gach tìr,
Ged' a bhiodh tu falamb
Cha bhiodh bean a'd' dhi'.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Tha thu math air faire,
'S tric thu marbhadh eisg,
Cas a shiubhal garbhlaich,
Theid thu shealg an fheidh.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

Ged' thuir Callum breac
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,
Co a chreideadh sin
Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

'Nuair a theid mi Ghlascho
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
Ann an taigh mo charaid
Alasdair nan stop.
Alasdair nan stop, &c.

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINÉACH.

AIR FÓN—“*Cuir a chinn dileas.*”

CUIR nighean dubh Raineach
Orn farran a's míoithlachd,
Nach cuir mi dhíom
Le cabhaig an drast,
Ghoid i mo sporán,
'S na dollair gu líonmhor,
Bh' agam fos n-íosal
Feitheamh ri m' laimh.

Nam biodh a chail' ud
Gu daingeann am príosán,
Rachainn g'a díteadh
Dh'ionnsaidh a bhais;
A chionn gu'n do ghoidh i
'N rud beag bha sa chluadan,
Bh' agam sa' chuil
Nach d' innis mi chach.

'S muladach mise
Gun fhios ciod a ni mi,
O'n a tha mi,
Gun searrach, gun lair,
Gun chaora, gun oisg,
Gun ghabhar, gun mhiseach.
Gun a mart min
A chrimeas am blar.

Cha robh mi gun airgead
Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mi-mhail,
Leis an te chríon
Nach d'amhaire air mo chas;
Rinn i mo chreachdadh
'S bu pheacach an ni dh'i
Mise chuir síos,
Gun i fein chuir an aird.

Cia mar a cheanaincheas mi
Camraig na síde?
Na 'n leig mi dhíom e
Tuilleadh gu brath?
Ged' thug a marsant
Le phaca do'n tír,
Cha 'n fhaigh sinn aon síon
Bhios aige air dail.

Bha mo chuid stórais
Am phoca cho uallach,
'S ged a bhíodh buaile mhart
Air mo sgath;
'S i rinn an eucóir
A bheisd a thug tam e,
'S tha mi fo glíruaim
'O mhádáinn Dí-mairt.

A rígh nach robh mearlaich
Na cearna so'n ríoghachd,
Anns a mhuir íosail,
Fada bho thraigh;
Is calle dhubh Raineach
'S an fheumain an íochdar,
Chuideacha bídh
Do phartan nan spag.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUNNA' mi 'n díugh a chlach bhuaghach,
'S an leug aluinn,
Ceangluichean de'n or mu'n cuairt dh'i
Na chruinn mháilleadh;
Bannan tha daingeann air suaicheantas
Mo chairdean,
A lean gramail ra'n seann dualchas
Mar a b' abhaist.

Inneal gu imeachd roimh chruadal,
Le sluaigh laidir,
Fir nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
Le fuaim lamhaich;
Fine is minig a ghluais
Ann an ruaig namhaid,
Nach síreadh pílleadh gun bhuanachd,
No buaidh íarach.

Bha síbh uair gu grinn a scoladh
Air tuinn saile,
Chaidh tarrunn a aon de bhorda
Druim a bhata,
Leis a chabhaig sparr e 'n ordag
Síos na h-aite,
'S bhuaile e gu teann leis an ord i,
'S ceann dh'i fhagail.

An onoir a fhuair an saor Sleibhteach,
Leis gach treun'tas dh'fhas ann,
Ghleidheadh fathasd ga shliochd fein i,
A dh'aideoin eucorach gach namhaid;
Na h-airm ghaisce, ghasda, ghleusda,
Dh' orduigh an Rígh gu feum dhasan,
Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threun
sin,
Sliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spaintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's lámh duin'-uasail
Le crois-taraidh,
Íoláirean lé 'n sgiathan luatha,
Gu cruas gabhaidh,
Long ag imeachd air druim chuaintean
Le stuil arda,
Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chrua-
chan,
Aonaich uachdrach Earraghael.

Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,
Sgíobairean calma, neo-sgathach;
Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
'S íomadh armait 'am beil pairt dhíu';
Thug iad gaol do shíubhal garbhlaich,
Moch a's anmoch a sealg fasaich:
Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan dadín' uaisle,
'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri aiteach.

'S ríoghail eachdraidh na chualas
Riamh mu'd phairtí,
'S líonmhor an tale, na tha suas dhiubh,
Na'm biodh cas ort;
Tha gach buaidh eile ga' reir sin,
An Gleann-Nodha fein an tábhadh,

Pìob a's bratach a's neairt aig Seumas,
An Ceann-cinnidh nach treig gu brath
sinn.

ORAN LUaidH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathasd,
Ho ro i-o mu'n teid mi laidhe;
Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathasd.*

Togamaid fonn air luadh a' chlolain;
Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's orain mhathu.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clo bhi choir nan gruagach,
A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cleith e,
Chluinnte fuaim gach to dhiubh labhairt.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhilse,
Aig na ribhinnean 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Luinneag ac' air luadh an endaich,
Sunnach, saothrachail ri mathas.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogamaid fonn gu ceol-mhor, aotrom,
Air a' ehlo bu daoire dathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clo brionnach, ballach, citach
Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

An clo taitneach, basach, boisgeil,
Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathunn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm bu slan a bhios na caoraich
Air an d' fhas an t-aodach flathail.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shnìomh e,
'S i rinn gnìomh na deag bhean-taighe:
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

S ann is coltach ris an t-sìod' e,
Dh' fhag i min e, 's rinn i mach e;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Snath cho rithinn ris na teudan,
'S e choreidh 'sa dh' fheudta spnaitheadh:
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
No giog ehuol, no sllasaid reamhar.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a theid an clo a'n mhargadh,
'S e ni 'n t-airgead air an rathad.
Ho ro gu' togainn, &c.

Cha bhl slat a sìos o chrùn deth,
Miann gach sul e unns an fhaidhir.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi suirighlich' anns an duthach
Nach bi 'n duil ri pairt deth fhaighiun.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-inntinn aodaich
Aig na daoine' a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogainn am fonn a dh'iarradh poitear,
A's luaidhinn an clo bu mhiann le mnathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ole an obair luadh no fùcadh,
Ma bhios tuchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Chulreadh e sunnt air muinntir oga,
Suidheadh mu bhord ag ol gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Puinnse le gloineacha' lana,
Deochana-slinhte 'gar gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fion, a's greis air branndal,
Greis air dram de'n uisge-bheatha;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Greis air cauntaireachd 's air aighear.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair theid stairn an aird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-am do dhaoine laidhe.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

AOIR AN TAILEIR.

A DROMHNUILL Bhain Mhìc O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nadur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnathach thu 'n ceartas,
Gus am basaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maig ait anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn grainell an sgaitheachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn grainell; &c.

Fhìr a thoisich ri ealaidh,
Bha thu gorach a d' bharail,
'Ga seoladh am' churabh,
'S gu'n mì t-fheoraich, no t-fharaid,
Chuir thu sgleo dhìot a's fanaid,
Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
Tha mi 'n dochas gu'm faigh thu do leoir,
Tha mi 'n dochas, &c.

Dhomhsa b'nithne do bhetsan;
Tha thu ain-eòlach, beunnach,
Is do theangaidh mar reusar,
Le taincid 's le geireid,
Thug thu deannal dhomh fhein d'ì,
O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,
Com' nach paighinn thu 'n cirig de sgeoil,
Com' nach paighinn, &c.

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crionadh,
Lan mosgainn, a's fhionag,
A dh'fhàs croganach, iosal,
Goirid, crotach, neo-dhreach,
Stoc thu toigair na ghriosaich,
A thoill do losgadh mar iobairt,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air di-chuimhn' gu
mor,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, &c.

Bu bheag an diubhail e thachairt
An la thurtha na faicail,
Da phunnd agus cairteal
De dh'fhudar cruaidh, sgairteal,
A bhì a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
'S bhì 'gad' sgainéadh le maitse
Gas am fasadh tu t-àblach gun deo,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

'S blionach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
Ge do bhiththeadh tu 'm feithe,
Coin is fithich a' d' theumadh,
Cha bhìodh an diol beidh ac'.
'S tric thu teann air 'na h-eibhlean,
Bhreach do shuimeir gu t-eislich,
Blath an tein' air do shleisdean gu mor,
Blath an tein', &c.

O' nach taileir is fhìu thu,
Chuir cùch as a chuir thu;
Bì'dh tu ghna anns na cuiltean,
A' caradh nan luireach,
Bu tu asuinn nan cluitean,
'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smuraich,
'Nuair a bhithinn' air cul fir nan croc,
'Nuair a bhithinn' &c.

'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,
Fear sop-chearnach, grimeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich; gun chirea'.
Lom uil' air a spionadh,
Car gu t'uillinn a sìos ort,
Strac na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu'd cheos,
Strac na dunach, &c.

'S iomadh ait anns na thachair,
An tuiler Mac-Neacainn,
Eadar Albainn a's Sasunn,
Balltean margaidh a's machair;
'S tric a sheulg thu air praisich,
O' nach d' fhalbh thu le clapa,
'Chaoidh' cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n
t-slogh,
'Chaoidh' cha mharbh, &c.

'S duine dona gun mhios thu,
Dh-fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun eomas gun bhriosgadh,
Chaill do spionnadh 's do mhiseach,
Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidsachd,
Bu tu 'n slaightire misgeach,
'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuipeadh mu'n ol,
'S cian o'n thoill thu, &c.

'S iomadh ceapaire romais,
Rinn thu ghlacadh na d' chrogan,
Is bhì 'a stailceadh le t-ordaig,
Ann an chab-dheudach sgornach,
'S reamhar farsuinn do sgornan,
Bru mar chuillean an otraich,
Fhuair thu urram nan geocach ri d'bheo,
Fhuair thu urram, &c.

Bì'dh na mnathan ag raite
'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n airdh
Gun tolladh tu'n t-aras
Ann 'sam bitheadh an caise;
'Nuair a dh'itheadh tu pairt deth,
'S a bhìodh tu air trasgadh,
Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n sparr thu do chrog,
Anns a' mhuidhe, &c.

'S tu 'n tollan onaimbteach,
Ge bu ghionach do mhaileid,
Tha do mhionach air t-fhagail,
Gu'n chrìoman deth lathair;
Cochall glogach ma t-aruinn,
Tha do sgamhan a's t-ainean
Lan galair, a's fasaich, a's chos,
Lan galair, &c.

Beul do chleibh air a thachdadh,
Air seideadh 's air hrachadh,
'S e gu h-cididh air malcadh,
'S mor t-fheum air a chartadh,
Gach son eugail a' d' phearsuinn,
Caitheamh, eitich, a's casdach,
Gus an d' eirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' eirich, &c.

Tha do chreuchdan, 's do chuislean,
Lan eucail a's trusdair,
'S thu feumach air furtach,
Tha 'n deideadh a' d' phluicean,
'S thu t-eiginn le clupaid,
T-anail bhreun, gu trom, murtaidh,
'S maìrg a dh'fheuchadh dhìot moch-thra
do thoich,
'S maìrg a dh'fheuchadh, &c.

Do dheud sgrob-bhearnach, cabach,
Am beil na sgorr-fhiaclan glasa,
Mosgain, cossacha, sgealpac,
Luibte, granna, cam, feachdte,
A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,
Cuid diubh caillt' air dol asad,
'S nam beil ann diubh air spagadh do bheoil,
'S nam beil ann diubh, &c.

Bi'Jh na ronnan gu silteach,
'N an tonnaibh gorm, ruithteach,
A ghabhail toinneamh o d' liopan,
Thar cromadh do smige;
'S dorcha, doilleir, do chlisneach,
Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
Uchd na curra ort, ceann clre, 's gob geoidh,
Uchd na curra, &c.

Do mhaol chruacach air failleadh,
Gun chluasan, gun fhaillean;
Tha thu uain-nealach, tana,
Cho cruaidh ris an darrach;
'S tu gun staineach, gu'n anart,
'S aobhar truais thu ri d' ghearan,
'S gur fuair thu na gaillean an recot',
'S gur fuair, &c.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stuic ort,
Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giugach,
Eudann brucannaich, grugaoh,
Sron phlucach, na muire.
Tha croit air do chul-thaobh,
'S moran lurcaich a'd' ghluinean,
Da choischama, chaol, chrubach, gun treoir,
Da chois chama, &c.

Cha 'n eil uiread nan sailtean,
Aig a phliutaire spagach,
Nach 'eil cuspac a's gagach,
Tha thu'd' chrioplach 's ad' chraigeach,
'S lionmhor tubaist an taileir,
Dh-f hag an saoghal, 'na thrall e,
'S maig a shaothraich air t-arach 's tu og,
'S maig a shaothraich, &c.

Ma tha thu de shliochd Adhamh,
Cha choslach ri each thu,
Aig olcas a dh' fhas thu,
O thoiseach do laithean;
Cha tig cobhair gu brath ort,
Gus am foghainn am bas dut,
'S do chorp odhar a charadh fo 'n fhod,
'S do chorp odhar, &c.

AOIR ANNA.

ANNA nigh'n Uilleam a'n Crompa,
Bean gun chonn 's i fhein air aimhreith,
'Nuair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
Cha'n e 'm fortan a'ghuir ann mi;
Bhruidhinn mise sibhailt, suaire,
Mar dhuin-ussal anns an am sin;

Thoisich ise mar chu croada,
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a draundail.

'S a'n aice tha beul an sgallais,
Gu fanaid a dheanamh air seann-duin',
Nach urrainn a dheanadh feum dh'i
Mar a bha i fein an geall air;
Chunna' mise latha ghluaisinn
Leis na gruagachean mar ohaitdeas,
Dh'aithnich i gun dh'fhalbh an uair sin,
'S chuir i uaithe mi le angar.

Innsidh mi dhuibh teistean Anna,
O'n is aithne dhomh 'san am i,
Bean a dh'ol a peighinn phisich,
Cha bheo idir gun an dram i;
Cha neonach leam i bhi misgeach,
'S i 'n comhnuidh a measg a Bhrannai,
'S trio a bha 'na broinn gu leoir dheth,
'S bha tuille 'sa choir 'na ceann deth.

Cha 'n eil a leannan r'a fhaotainn,
Cia mar dh'fhaodar e bhi ann d'i?
Breunag ris ann can' iad gaorsach,
A bha daonann anns na campan;
'Sa bha rithist fendh 'n t-saoghail
A giulan adhaircean aig ceardan;
Cha d'fhuair i 'n onoir a shaoil i,
'N t-urram fhaotainn air na bardan.

'S mor an treunntas le Anna,
Bhi cho gheur le sginneil chainnte,
'S maig air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
Aig am beil am beul gun fhaitheam;
'M fear a bheir ise dhachaigh,
'S ann air thig a chreach 'san calldach,
'Nuair shaoil e gum bu bhean cheart i,
'S ann thachair e ri bhana-mhaighistir.

A bhana-chleasiche gun ghrinneas,
'S maig fleasgach a theid na caramh,
'S tric i tuiteam leis na gillean,
Ceap tuislidh i do na fearaibh;
A bhean bhruidhneach, m' iageach, ghionach,
Ghlearach, lonach, shanntach, shallach,
Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,
Coltach ri gath geur na nathrach.

Comhdach nach falaich a craiceann,
Leomach gun seol air cuir leis ann,
Cha'n 'eil brogad slan mu' casan,
Cha'n 'eil cota 'n-aid mu lensaibh;
Oirre tha aogas na glaistig,
Neul an aoig 'na h-aodainn preasach,
Closach i air searga' lachdunn,
'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge!

Taigh tha lan de mhathan misgeach,
'S oic an t-ait an d'rinn mi tachairt,
Ged' thaine' mi ann gun fhios domh,
'S fhearr falbh trath na fuireach aca:
Bana-mhaighdir a chomunn bhristich
ANNA tha sinneil 'san eachdraidh;
Mu gheibh each i mar fhuair mis i,
Cha tig iad gu brath g'a faicinn.

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
A Chinn-taité,
Chunna mi daoin-uileo tlachdmhor,
Cacimhneil, pairteach;
Bha aon bhallach ann air banais,
A thug dhomh tamailt,
O 'n a bha e-san mar sin domh-sa,
'S ann mar so bhios mise dha-san.

'S ann an sin a thoisich Uisdean,
Mar a ni cu an droch nàluir,
Tabhunaich ri sluadh na duthcha,
'S be run gu'n gearradh e 'n sailtean
'S math an companach do'n chu e,
'S dona 'n companach le each e,
Cha chuideachd e bhard no phiobair,
Aig a mhiomhalachd 'sa dh'fhas e.

Aidich fhein nach 'eil thu 'd phlobair,
'S leig dhìot bhi 'm barail gur bard thu;
Daoiné cridheil iad le cheile,
'S bithidh iad gu leir a tair ort;
Fear ciuil gun bhinnas gun ghrinneas,
Fuadaichidh sinn as ar pairt e.
Mar a thilgeas iad cròbh chrionaich
O 'n fhionan a mach as a gharadh.

Mu chi tusa bard no flidh
No fear dana
Mu bhios aon diubh 'g iarraidh gille'
Ghiulan malaid,
Lean an duine sin le durachd,
Los gu'n siubhl' tu h-uil aite:
'S mor an glanadh air do dhuthaich,
I chuir cul riut 's thu g'a fagail.

No ma chi thu fear a sheinneas
Picu no clarsach,
Faodaidh tusa 'n t-inneal ciuil
A ghiulan da-san,
Gus am bi cròceann do dhroma'
Fas na bhallaibh loma, bana,
Mar a chi thu mille' srathrach
Air gearran a bhios ri a' each.

Cia mar a dheanadh e oran,
Gun eolas, gun tuigse naduir,
O nach deanadh e air dolg e,
'S ann bu choir dha fuircach sambach;
Bruidhinn ghlugach 's cuid di mabach,
Moran stadach ann a n pairt d'i,
Na ni e phlabartaich chomhradh,
Cha bheo na thuigeas a Ghaelg.

'S sgimealsair cheanna na'm bord thu,
Far am faigh thu'n t-ol gun phaigheadh;
Cia mar chunntas sinn na geasaich,
Mar bi Uisdean og 'san aireamh?
Cha robh do bhrù riann aig sìochadh,
Gus an lìonadh tu bhìadh chalc 1:
'S mor an t-ol na chaisgeadh t'-iotadh,
'Nuair chite thu 's do ghloc paitteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an otrach.
No'n cùl garaidh,
Bì do cheann air con-tom comhnard,
'S ro mhath 'n t-ait e;
Bìdh na coin ag iomlaidh t'fheòsalg,
A toirt dìot a bheoil 'sa chairdean,
Do chraos dreannmach toirt phog salach
A'd dhearbh bhraithrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a rucall,
Geoidh a's tunnagan a racail,
'S ann mar sin a bha piob Uisdean,
Bronach muladach a ranaich;
Muineal gun' aolmann air tucha,
'N ribheid cha'n fhead bhì laidir,
'S e call daonna air a chul-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu choir dol an 'sa mbala.

Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'
A'd chraos farsuinn,
'S culaidh sin a thogail plaigh
'S an enai' air malcaidh;
Rinn e t'anail salach breun,
Ma theid neach fo'n Ghreine an taio riut,
'S fhearr bhì eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamh air taobh an fhaga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean og dhuibh
Ceol gu damhsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth ronn
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannasair;
'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'inneas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhag e 'nis cho manntach
Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar
Barr na teanga.

Seididh Uisdean piob an ronngain,
'S mor a h-anntlachd,
Bithidh i coitach ri gaoir chonnsbeach
A bhìodh an onoc fraicich a dranndail;
An Circeapoll laimh ri Tonga,
A' baigearachd air muinntir bainnse,
Fhuair mise piobaire 'n rumpuill,
'S dh'fhag mi ann e.

AOIR IAIN FAOCHAIGH.

IAIN FAOCHAIGH* ann an Sasunn,
'S mor a mhaslach 'us a mhi-chliu,
Chail e na bh' aige de chairdeann,
'S tha 'naimhdean air cinntinn lionnabor,
Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
Chaidh a ghlaic' h, 's tha e cìosaicht;
Charaich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a phrìosain.

Tha e 'nis' an aite cumhann,
'S e 'n a chruban, dubhach, deurasach,
A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
'G a phianadh, a's e 'n a eigin.

* John Wilks.

B' fhasa dha 'bhi anns an fhiabhras
Na 'n larguin a tha 'n a chreubhaig ;
'S e 'n sin o cheann coir a's bliadhna,
A h-uile la ag iarraidh reite.

Ach, na'm faigheadh tusa reite
An eilig na rinn thu 'sheannachas,
B' aobhar-misnich do gach beist e
Gu'm faodadh iad fein do leannhainn ;
Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun reusan,
'S anns an eucoir a ta t-carbsa ;
Theann thu mach o aoidh na cleire,
'S thug thu boid nach eisd thu searmoin !

Thug thu di-meas air an Eaglais,
Air a chreideimh, 's air na h-aintean
Chuir thu breugan air an Trianaid
'S air na h-iarrrtasan a dh' fhag iad ;
Th' e 'nis' 'n a ghnothaich cosail,
'Reir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi chaisiun,
Gu'n do chuir thu cul ri sochuir
Na saors' a choisinn ar Slan'ear.

Chuir thu cul ri d' bhoidean-baistidh,
'S mor a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
Chail thu 'chuir' 'am boidh an ceartas,
Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a h-aite ;
Ghleidh thu 'n riaghalt 's an seol-stiuiridh
A bh'aig Iudas, do dhearbhb bhrathair ;
'S mor an sgairneal air do dhuthaich
Thusa, bhruid, gu'n d' rinn thu fas innt.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
Cha robh coille riamb gun chrionach,
'S tha fios aig an t-saoghal buileach
Nach bi 'choill uile cho direach :—
'S tusa 'chraobh 'tha 'n deigh seacadh,
Gun chairt, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
Gun snombach, gun sugh, gun duilleach,
Gun rusg, gun urad nam freumhan.

'S tu an t-eun a chaidh 's an deachamh,
'S e nead creacht' an deachaidh t-fhagail ;
'S tu 'm fithich nach d' rinn an ceartas,
A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n aire ;
'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiacalan,
'S maing a dh'iarraidh 'bhi mar tha thu,
'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na bizstan,
'S tha gach duin' a's fiach a' tair ort.

Cha-n iognadh leam thu 'bhi 'd bhalach,
'S 'bhi salach ann ad nadur,
O'n a thin thu ris an duthchas
A bh' aig na sgiursairean o'n tain' thu !
'S tu 'n t-isear a fhuair an t-amaidh
Ris an t-siurraich air na sraidean ;
'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog 'ad chloinn thu,
'S ann 'ad shloightire 'chaidh t-arach !

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-iseal
Air a' chrine 's air a' bhochdainn ;
'S e 'n donas thug dhut a bhí sporsail
'S ann bu choir dhut bhi 'gad chomadh,
'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhuthchas,
'Ad bhrathair a' bruich nam poitean,

A' cumail dibhe ris gach gruda'ir'
'Nuair a dhruigheadh ind na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhalgear,
'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairlean,
A bhi oidheche 's gach taigh a's duthaich,
A dhuraignidh cuid an trath' dhut ;
A mhead 's a bha de dh' ainmheich ortsa
Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' a phaidheadh :
Ciod 'e 'nis' a chuir an stoc thu
Ach an robaireachd 's a mheirle ?

Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh tr-achain,
(Bu mhasladh gu'm biadh i 'd thairgse)
Cead suidhe 'am parlamaid Bhreatuinn,
Gun chiall, gun cheartas, 'ad canchainn.
Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
Le comhradh tubaisleach, tuisleach,
'S le sir droch-thuiteamas cearbach.

Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,
Gun ni' gun staoile, gun airgid,
Gun bheus, gun chreidhimh, gun chreideas,
Gun ghin a chreideas a sheannachas ;
Duine misgeach, bristeach, brengach,
Burraidh tha na bheisd 's n'a ainmhidh,
'S trioblaid-intinn, le itheadh deisenach,
Gu trio a' teumadh a chridhe chealgach.

Tha thu sonraicht' ann ad chonan
A' togail conais 'am measg dhaoine,
Cha chualas roimhe do choimeas
A bhi dhonas air an t-saoghal,
Ach an nathair an garadh Edein,
A mheall Eubh aig bun na craoibhe,
A chomhairlich gu buain a mhios i,
A dh'fhag ris an cinne-daoine.

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach 's an eucoir
Ag innse bhreugan air righ Deoras,
Cha chreid duine bhuat an sgeul ud,
'S cha toir iad eisdeachd do d' chomhradh ;
'S beag a dhruigheas do dhroch-dhurachd,
Aig oighr' a' chruin a's na corach
'S a liuthad nearch a tha, gu toileach,
A' toirt onorachd' a mhorachd.

Ge beag ortsa Mòrair *Loudain*,
B' aithne dhomhs' an sonn o'n d' fhas e,
Duin-usal foisinneach, fonnar,
Cridhe connar, aigne arda :—
Seanalair, air thus na h-armailt,
A bha ainmeil anns san blaraidh ;—
Cha mbid e madadh air bheothal
A bhi tabhannaich an tras' ris.

'S gorach a labhair thu moran
Air cul Iarla Bhoid, an t-armunn,
Connspunn onorach, le frinn
A' seasamh na rioghachd gu laidir ;
'S e gu h-ard-arramach, priseil
Ann an cuirt an righ 's na ban-righ'n
A dh' aindecin na Faochais 's nam biseadan
Leis am 'fhiach del ann an pairt ris.

Bhruidhian thu gu leir mu Albainn,
 'S b'fhearr dhut gu'm fuidh tu samhach,
 N'a'n t-geadh tu 'n coir nan Garbh-chrioch,
 B'a mhaire a bhiodh ann ad aite;
 Bhiodh tu 'm prìosan ri do lathan
 'Dh 'a'ndeoin na ghabhadh do phairt-sa;
 'S an eirig na rìun thu 'dhròch-bheairt,
 Bheirteadh chroch mar ghalar-bais dhut.

Cha'n ioghnadh dhut bli fo mhulad,
 Fhàir thu diumb gach duin' an al so;
 'S e sin fein a bha thu 'cosnadh,
 'S creutair crosd thu o'n a dh' fhas thu;
 'S lionar mi-run ann ad chuldeachd,—
 Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' Phap ort!
 Mallachd an t-saoghail gu leir ort!
 'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri each ort!

RANN

A GHABHAS MAIGHDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

CHA 'n colas graidh dhut
 Uisge shraibh na shop,
 Ach gradh na fhir thig rint,
 Le blaths a tharruinn ort;
 Eirich moch Di-domhnuich
 Gu lic chomhnairt phlataich,
 'S thoir leat beannachd pobuill,
 Agus currachd sagairt;
 Tog sud air a ghnalain
 Agus sluasaid mhuide,
 Faigh naoi gasan ranaich,
 Air an gearradh, le tuaigh,
 A's trì chnaimhean seann-duine,
 Air an taruinn a uaigh;
 Loisg air teine crionaich e,
 Denn sud gu leir na luath,
 Suath sin ra gheula-bhroilleach,
 An aghaidh na gaoith tuath;
 'S theid mise 'n ra 's um barrantas,
 Nach falbh 'm fear ud bhunt.

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH TAR-
SAINN NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phadrug a sealg,
 'Am fireach nan learg air shlabh,
 Thug e ghleann Artanaig sgrìob,
 'S ann thachair e 'm frith nam fiadh.
 Leig e na shiubhal an eu,
 A bha luath, laidir, lughar, diann,
 Cha robh a leithid riamh san tìr;
 Ach bran a bh'aig rìgh nam Fian.

Gaodhar, bu gharg calg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, colgara, fuil a's malla,

Bu mhath dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidh bu gharg sa churaidh,
 Bheirteadh e 'm fiadh deurg a mullach,
 'S um Be -carb, a dluthas a bharrach,
 B'e fhasan bhì triall don mhunadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamh dhachaigh fallamh.

Culaidh lengadh nan damh doir,
 Air mullach na'n tom 's nan cne e,
 Namhaid n'am biasd dubh a's ruadh,
 'S ann air a bha buaidh nam broc,
 Bha mhaighleach tarsuinn na bheul,
 Thuit iad le cheil ann an lochd;
 Bha iad baite bonn ri bonn,
 A's muladach sin leam a nochd.

RANN CO'-DIRUNAIDH.

THA mise 'm shuidh air an uaigh,
 Tha 'n leaba' sin fuar gu leoir,
 Gu'n fhios agam cia fhad an tìm,
 Gus an 'caumar mi fhein da coir;
 Comhdach 'lainn 's leine lin,
 A's ciste diubh dhionach bhord,
 Air mheud 's gu 'n cruinnich mi nì,
 Sud na theid leam sios fo'n fhod.

'S beag ar curam ro 'n bhas,
 'M fad 'sa bhios sinn laidir og,
 Saoilidh sinn mu gheibh sinn dail,
 Gur e ar 'n aite fuireach beo;
 Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn air each,
 'S iad g'ar fagail gach aon lo,
 Gur nadurra dhuinne gach trath,
 Gun beil um bas a' teunnadh eirnn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro throm,
 'S muladach sin leam an drast;
 Tha mi smaoineacha' gu tric,
 Lìachad uair a bhrìst mi 'n aithn,
 Le miann mo dhroch inntinn fehn,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag lan;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras De,
 Le durachd am bheul n'am himh.

Ged' is mor mo pheaca gnìomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacaidh Adh'mh,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daer,
 A dhoirte sgaoilteach air a bhìar;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dochas foìn,
 Rì foehd fhaotainn air a sgath,
 Gu'n glaeir m'anam gv sith,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd an-hain :

Tha mo dhochas ann an Crìosd
 Nach diobalr e mi gu brath,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sios
 Ann an staid iosail fo'n bhìar;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rìoghachd nam buadh 's nan gras,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhìon
 Cois cathrach an Tì is aird.

Cha bhiodh m'eagal ro' an aog,
Ged' thigeadh e m' thaoibh gun dail,
N'am bithinn co pheaca saor,
'N deigh's a ghaoil a thug mi dha;
Tha mo dhùil anns an Dia beo,
Gu'n dean e trocair orm an drast,
Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dh'ionad naomh,
'N cuideachd Mhaois a's Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
Fagaidh mi aca na chnuasaich
Na stuagfian a bh'ann am' cheann;
'Los gu'n abair iad ra' eileite,
"Mar a leugh sinn fein gach rann,
Co air an d'heid sinn ga'n sirreadh?
'Nis cha'n 'eil am Filidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

Fuir tha 'd sheasamh air mo lic
Bha mise mar tha thu'n drast;
Si mo leaba 'n diugh an uaigh,
Cha'n'eil smior no smuais a'm' chnaimh:
Ged' tha thusa la'dir, og,
Cha mhair beo, ged' fhuair thu dail;
Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glie,
Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bas.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlanuigh'r,
Cuimhnich Pharras thar gach ait;
Gabh an eothrom gu bhi sabhal't
Ann an gairdeachas gu brath:
Ged' a thuit sinn anns a gharadh
Leis an fhailling a rinn Adh'mh,
Dh'eirich ar misneach as ur
'Nuair fhuair sinn Cumhant' nan Gras.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad,
Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile aithn',
O'se cumhachdan an ard righ
Rinn am fagail air da chlar;

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin libhairt do Mhaois;
Rinn Maois an libhairt do chach;
Nu'm b'urrain sinne ga'm freagradh,
Cha b'aobhar eagal am bas.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha blas,
Le beannachadh grasmhor, buan;
Gach neach a ni a chuid is fearr,
'S ma' t-ait am faigh e dhuais
Cha bhi'n t-anam ann an eas,
Ged' tha'n corp a' tamh's an uaigh,
Gus an latha'n tig am Brath
'S an eirich sliochd Adhaiml' suas.

Seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Cluinnear 's na h-uile ait' a fuaim;
Duisgear na mairbh as a h-lair
'N do charaich each iad 'nan suain;
'S mhead 'sa chailleadh le an-uaire,
No le annradh fuar a chuain;
Gu sliabh Shìoin theid an sluagh,
Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an siol,
A chinn lionmhor anns an fhonn;
Cuid deth dh'fhas gu fallain, direach,
'S cuid na charran losal crom;
Gleidhear a chuid a tha lionntach,
'Am beil brigh a's torrath trom;
Caillear a chuid a bhios aot:
'S leigear leis a ghaoith am

Cha'n'eil bean na duine beo,
Na lanain phòs't nach dealach;
Bha iad lionmhor sean a's og
Ar luchd-eolais nach 'eil maireann:
Cha b'e sin an t-aobhar broin
Bhi ga'n cuir fo'n fhod am falach,
Nu'm biodh am bas na blas glan,
Cha bu chas talamh air thalamh.

Ghabh mi 'nis mo chead do'n t-saoghal,
'S do na daoine dh'fhuirich ann;
Fhuair mi greis gu sunndach aotrom,
'S i'n aois a rinn m' fhuigail fann:
Tha mo thalantan air caochladh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an am:
'S e m' achanaich air sgath m' Fhear-
saoraidh,

Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thall.

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

MR. LAUCHLAN MACPHERSON, of Strathmasie, was born about the year 1723, and died in the latter end of the last century. He was a gentleman and a scholar; and gave his able assistance to Mr. James McPherson in his arduous and successful translations of Ossian's poems. His own works have not been printed in a collected form, and the most of them have, therefore, never been committed to press.* Mr. Macpherson was not a poet by profession; he invoked his muse only when an object of approbation or animadversion presented itself, and attracted his notice: his observations and remarks were made on the customs and manners of men; his humour was directed against, and his ridicule exposed, excesses. He had the felicity of expressing himself in terms most appropriate to the posture and light in which men stood, who exposed themselves to censure; and he never failed in placing them in a position in which no one would wish to be found, yet into which many often fall.

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA CHLUAINAIDH.

[AIR DIA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRAINIG.]

Gur lionmhor trioblaid sinte,
Ris an linn a ehi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plaigh, claidheamh 's mi-run ann,
Tha gaol na firinn aotrom ann,
Tha fear na-foille dìreadh ann,
Tha 'n cri-non-fhillt' a' tearnadh ann,
'S ma lassas eas' a rìreamh riu'
Gheibh daoine dìreach aomadh ann.

Ged dh'èirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air ghleus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mi gur h-e'n eu-coir e,
An ni choir gu'n eigh? am chealgair mi?
Ma ni sinn mar a's leir dhuinn
Cha bli rìgh na Grein cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoin' a's geir-breithich,
'S gur fad is eis air Alba sin.

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sar-bhuilleach,
A laodnich blar an cunntais oirn.

Thug Tearlach a's na fasaich an,
Chaill fuil an dail nan Stiùbhartach,
Nan eudal trom 's na h-araicheun,
'S a'n cul ri lar 's cha duisgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bas orra.
'S bha cuid dhiu dh'fhag an Dùthchannan.

Am fear a dh'fhag an dùthaich so,
Bu mhath air chul na Cruadiach e,
Be'n Gael sgaiteach, clùteach e,
'S bu dùthasach air Cluainidh e:
Be'n erann chuir croiseal dlùthalach
A dhruid a null thar chuainte an e;
Thug teistean fir thar cheudan leis,
"A chaoidh nach meud a bhuaidhaicheas."

Gu'm b'fhearail, smiorail, anmant e
Bu lasair fhearg 'nuair dhuisgeadh e
Bu bheo na fheol 's na mhealbhainn e,
Bu bhealach far am bruchdadh e,

* All the poems that we have ever heard or seen attributed to him are in the collection, with the exception of four: viz., *A Hunting Song*, in the form of a dialogue between the sportsman and the mountain deer, in which President Forbes's Unclothing Act is loudly declaimed against; *The Advice*, in which the poet labours to curb ambition, and to modify inordinate worldly desires; *An Amorous Piece*, and *Aoir nan Luch*. These last two we have captured in an old Manuscript, together with the song we have classed first in his section of this work. We have had considerable difficulty in deciphering it; but the Love ditty we found partly erased and partly unintelligible, and *Aoir nan Luch*, although not destitute of merit, is not much to our liking.

Mar thuinn ri carraig fhairenech e,
Mar fhaoilteach 's stoirm ga dubhlachadh,
Mar thein air fraocl nan gabhlaithean,
'S mar easraich gharbh an ur uisge.

Cha chuireadh failleas gruaimcan air
'S cha chuireadh fuathas campar air,
Cha bu raghainn tuasaid leis,
'S na b'fhendair dha bu luath-lamhaich,
Bha luim, a's greim, a's cruadal ann,
'S bu treun a' bualadh namhaid e,
Mar caitinn gheur fo'n fheur uain e
Gun gearrte sluagh san aimbreit leis.

Cha bu bhrais gun reusan e
'S cha mho bu leumach, gorach e,
Biodh lamh a easg na h-eu-corach
'S lamh eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
Bha tuas a's iochd ri fenuaich ann,
'S b'i sith a's reit a b'ordugh dha,
'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinn
No'n neach fo'n ghreim ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gorach e,
A chuireadh bosd a thruacantas
Mu nadur gu dearbh b'eolach mi,
Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'eireadh leis:
Mas buidheann ghasd an comhraig sibh.
Bidh na *Naoidh* an conaidh beusadh dhuilbh,
'S mas bratach thais an co-stri sibh,
Cha chluinnear beoil a' seis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na foirge dheth.
Bu mbalta tla mar mhaighdeim e,
Bu bhlat mar aiteal greim mhoich e,
Bu chiuin mar speur an anamoch e
Mar ghlaicair oigh fo ceud-bharra,
'S i tighinn gu reith gu caoinmheatachid.
Bha sean a's og cho speiseil dheth,
'S nach fac iad treun cho toillteannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruilleanach,
'S gluasad air luchd nathsaichean
'Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan.
Gun tamh le buail' a's bathaichean,
Thug Eobhon sgrìob thoirn fhasgladh dhuinn
'S ghlais e suas a Ghacldachd,
'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuaicheallan
'S an taobh-tuath ach na fasaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhuag e sinn.
'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-eacorach?
Ged fhaicte 'n choir ga sarachadh,
Gu'n chaill sinn lamh ar treundais,
Mo bheannachd suas do Pharraid leis,
Bho'n dh'fhill am bas na cideadh e,
'S a dh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
Rinn Rìgh nan grasan a site ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FEAR mo ghasoil an t-uisge-beatha,
Air am bi na daoine' a feitheamh!
'S tric a chuir e saoi 'na laidhe
Gun aon chlaideamb rusgadh.
Cìod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
Mur cuirteadh bean a's uinn e?

'Nuair chaisgeas gach sluagh am pathaill,
'S a theid mac nam buadh air ghabhail,
'S lionmhor unisle feadh an taighe
'S biasd nach caitheadh cuinneadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Cha b'e sud an comunn snarrach.
'S maing a dh'iarradh an taobh sluas daibh.
'S iad nach cromadh thua na fuaraig,
Ge bu dual daibh 'n luireach.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gheibht' an sin gach lamh bu chruaidhe,
'S co b'fhearr na clann na tuatha?
'M fear bhiodh aig an amar-fhuail,
Gu 'n buailtebh e aon triuir dhiubh!
Cìod eile, &c.

Bidh iad lan misnich is cruadail,
Gu h-aigeantach brisg 'san tuasaid.
Chuireadh aon fhlichead san uair sin
Tearlach Ròadh fo 'n eirun duim!
Cìod eile, &c.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun chluais iad,
Nan deannadh luinneag a's fuaim e;
Comunn teangach, cainnteach, coachach,
Dannhsach, suaire', neo-bharuideil.
Cìod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, olmhor, pairteil.
Pogach, dornach, sronach, gabhaidh,
Sporsail, eolmhor, cornach, gaireach,
Nach emir'eas gu suairein.
Cìod eile, &c.

Gar am paidhear an fheill-martuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh — mhathair,
Leanaidh iads' an ioc-shlainnt admhòr
Gus am fag an lughis iad.
Cìod eile, &c.

'M fear a chaidh choimhead na h-oidheche,
Leig a chasan air a dhruim e;
Thug e stuigh an rud nach d'rinn e,
'S b'oillteil a bha chultaobh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'eirich am fear a bha laimh ris
Theicheadh ro bhòladh an fhaidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhuighe-lagain,
'S mhìll a' chath a shuilean.
Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'eirich an treas fear gu daicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear baite,

Chuir e ghricasach as le mhásan,
 "S cota Spainneach ur air.

Cíod eile, &c.

'N sin dar dh'eirich iad níl
 Thuirte fear, " Gabhar greim do 'n duine,
 Fhuair e maslath, 's cha b'é munar :

Loisgeadh mu 'na ghlun e."

Cíod eile, &c.

Thuirte caraid an fhú . chaidh losgadh
 " Tha thu fíor bhreugach, a losgain.

Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n dorús fosgailt',
 Ogláich, lobhte dhuaisg so."

Cíod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fear a bhios aca
 Bídh lomh air gach eual' a's bata,
 Bídh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
 'S fear fo 'n easan ciurte.

Cíod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhragad,
 Stiúiridh é'm bróilleach a bhrathar
 Aran pronn, a's im a's eaise,

Brucach, blath, cur smuid dheth.

Cíod eile, &c.

Their bean-an-taighe go diblídh—
 " Dhúin', is ole an caradh bídh sin,
 'S mor a b'fhearr dhoinn agam fhin e,
 'S moid a phris a's duthaich."

Cíod eile, &c.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,
 Leigídh iad air ciníth caníth.
 Leasáidhídh fear eile an nollaig
 Le gleus ronnach urar.

Cíod eile, &c.

'Nuair dh'fhasas a' bhagaid goirid,
 Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheircadh,
 O nach faigh iad lan an goile,
 Goiridh iad gu diumach.

Cíod eile, &c.

Theid iálsan a nis anns sa cheile,
 'S ehi gach maig' e fein 'an deigh laimh,
 Bídh surd air na h-armaidh giousta,
 'S deu-laichean 'gan rusgadh.

Cíod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,
 Firun, farum, chon a's dhaoine,
 Clann a' ranaich, mnaí ri caoinn,
 'S baobhail crost' a' chuirte iad.

Cíod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
 'S mens' e na thuirte Callum Ruadh rium.
 'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar.
 'S bi' daoin' unisle muchta.

Cíod eile, &c.

A BHANNAIS BHIAN.

LUNNEAG.

*Mo run air a chomunn ud
 Cha somolla neo-thomadach,
 Mo dhuracht do 'n chomunn ud
 Gun bho gun bholla gann daibh.*

An euala' sibhs' a bhannais bhian,
 Bh'aig Eobhon Mac-Dhughail Di-mairt,
 Ann am Pac-ulla gu h-ard
 Aig na thrúigh iad ungar.

Mo run, &c.

'Nuair a thainig iad a nies
 Rinn iad achannich ri Brian
 Iad a bhi uillo cho liath,
 Re eabhag fhir na bainnse.

Mo run, &c.

Labhair fear na bainse fein
 Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir
 Cíod an cionn tha oirn' fo 'n ghrein
 Mar dean fear-beurra raun oirn'?

Mo run, &c.

Thuirte Padruig Mac-Mhuirich gu foil
 Agam-sa 'tha bhratach shroil
 Is mar sguir am hard d'a sgleo
 Mar tha mi beo theid sreang air.

Mo run, &c.

Labhair an Cleireach gu dan'
 Agam-sa ta ceart thar each;
 Theid am Ministear am' phairt
 'S gun teid an hard sa phrangas.

Mo run, &c.

Thuirte am Maighisdir-Sgoile liath
 Mu 'se gleus-air-mas a mhiann,
 Mo roghuinn-s' e th'air seachd eial
 'S i cheaird bha rianh cuir ann domh.

Mo run, &c.

Thuirte fear bu dáino na each
 Agam cha'n'eil speis d'ar dan,
 Eiribh 's cuimt' an t-urlar bla'
 'S gu'n lion mo lamh-sa dram dhuibh.

Mo run, &c.

Dh'eirich iad uil cho bhras
 'S ann an sud bha farum chas,
 Mar gu'm bitheadh an trup ghlas,
 Ag dol an baileal Frangach.

Mo run, &c.

Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu brath
 Gus an teid mi anns an lar
 Comunn ciar-dubh glas mo graidh
 A bha san tra so damhsadh.

Mo run, &c.

A BHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUINNEAG.

'S coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn,
B' annsa 'm feile-beag m breacan,
'S beag a ghabh mi 'riamh de thlachd,
De 'n fhasan a bh' aig clann nan Gall.

CHA Chleirichean 's cha 'n Easbuigean,
Chum a bharr an t-seisein mi ;
Ach a bhrigis leibideach,
Nach deanadh anns na preasan clann !
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged tha bhrigis miotlachdar,
Gur feumail anns na crìochan i,
Gach fear a bhios ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fearr a laidheas i,
Gur sgiobalt' air feadh taigho i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am fàghinn innt a dan's'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'n eisdachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radh ri cheile,
Gu 'n b' fhearr leo orra fhein i,
Na bhi ceadadh an fhir chaim !
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fhìach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhear a luthaig i bhì ann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
'Nuair lubas i m' ar 'n iosgaidean,
Gu 'n d' thoir i niosgaid air gach ball.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis dubh gun sianadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fòsgailt air ar bialthaobh,
'S nach inradh a chumail teann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
Le surd a bhì sgairteil oirnn,
'S leig i rithid dhachaigh sinn,
Gu n fliu a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
'S truagh a Rìgh ! nach robh e tachte,
'M fear' a thug an t-achd a nall.
'S coma leam, &c.

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was Lord President of the Court of Session in the eventful period of the Rebellion, 1745.

IAIN RUADH STIUBHART.

JOHN ROY STUART, not less celebrated for his invocations of the muse than for his prowess in the field of battle, was a native of Kincardine, in Badenoch. Being of the middle class, and the son of a respectable tacksman, to whose farm he succeeded, he had the benefit of a good education. His scholastic advantages, combined with his extraordinary genius, soon procured him the reputation of a "knowing one." Like many other votaries of the muse, he manifested a strong and early predilection for hunting and fishing, which in themselves are a species of poetry. At an early period of his existence he copiously imbibed the principles of Jacobinism. These principles grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength;—and he was always proud to trace his descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. We do not mean here to enter on the moral or constitutional dissection of a poet; but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact, that people of Colonel Stuart's mental structure are, some how or other, more liable to fall into companies, than men of solid clay. The continual demands upon his presence at the festive board led to some irregularities, upon which censoriousness might animadvert, but

over which we are disposed to draw the veil of oblivion. This we are the rather inclined to do, as he himself always stood forth as "king's evidence" against his own eruptions at the shrine of Bacchus. His genuine sallies of wit have established his reputation as an arch wag; and his more plaintive strains are characterized throughout by originality and great pathos.

Stuart's mind was of that fabric which delights in the jostle of the elements of strife; and his puissant arm, coolness of courage, and intrepidity of action, trumpeted his fame far and near. It is needless here to recount his adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," in the memorable civil war of 1745,—history already records them. On the first outbreaking of that war he was in Flanders, actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stuart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war; and when at Culloden, he signalized himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands, the Duke, pointing to the subject of our memoir, inquired who he was: "Ah!" replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stuart." "Good God!" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here?" It is told of Colonel Stuart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This however, Lord George Murray overruled; and the prognostications of the Colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. The sombre feelings whose dark current chafed his soul in consequence of the extinguishment of the Jacobites' hopes on that day, are beautifully embodied in two fine and pathetic songs. In one of these he directly charges Lord George with treachery, and pours forth torrents of invective and revenge. His martial strains thunder along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent—racy, sinewy, and full of nerve. He was so firm in his opinion of his Lordship's sinister motives, that he rushed from rank to rank that he might "hew the traitor to pieces." His elegiac muse was also of a very high order; his "*Lament for L'ly M'Intosh*," whose attachment to the Jacobin party is well known, is at once lofty in sentiment, poetical in its language, and pathetic in its conceptions. We do not mean to ascribe to poetic or military genius all the recklessness which a sober-plodding world compliments it with; and we, therefore, suppress a gossiping story in which our warrior-poet figures with the Lady of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. After lurking for some time in the caves, woods, and fastnesses of his native country, he escaped to France with other faithful adherents of Charles, where he paid the debt of Nature, leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet.

LATIA CHUILODAIR.

AIR Fonn.—“*Murt Ghlinne-Comhann.*”

O! gur mor mo chuis mhulaid,
 ‘S mi ri caoine na guin a ta ‘m thir,
 A righ! bi laidir ‘s tu ‘s nraunn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne ‘s laidir diuc Uilleann,
 ‘N rag mheirleach tha guin nige dhuinn;
 B’e sud salchar nan steallag,
 Tigh ‘n an uachdar air chruineachd an
 fhuinn.

Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boitheadh,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig righ Deorsa nan biasd;
 B’e sud diteadh na corach,
 An fhirinn ‘sa beul foipe sics;
 Ach a righ mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir an riochacht air seol a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir righ dligeach na corach,
 Ri linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgnailleadh ‘s air sgapadh ‘s gach ait,
 Aig fìor bhailgaircan Shasunn,
 Naeh no ghnaithich bonn ceartas na ‘n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad bailteal,
 Cha b’ann da ‘n cruadal na ‘n tapadh a bha,
 Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasann,
 Thigh ‘n a nios oirnn bharr maichair nan
 Gall.*

‘S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 ‘S cha do sgaol sinn oho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheall ri seasamh n’a b’ fhearr;
 Ach ‘s droch dhruidheachd a’s drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu ‘n deachas na ‘n dail,
 Air na frithean colach do sgap sinn,
 ‘S bu mhi-chomhail gu ‘n d’ fhairtlich iad
 oirnn.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghle-ghleal,
 Tha na ‘n laidh’ air na sleibhteann ud thall,
 Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga ‘n adhlacaidh fhein anns na tuill;
 Chuid tha beo dhiu ‘n deigh sgnailleadh,
 ‘S iad ga fogar le gaothan thar tuinn;
 Fhuair a Chnigs’ a toil fein dinn,
 ‘S cha chan iad ach “reubaltaich” ruinn.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo ‘n casan,
 ‘S mor a naire ‘sa maslaidh sid leinn,
 ‘N deigh ar duthcha ‘s ar ‘n aite,
 A spuillleadh ‘s gun bhilaths aguinn ann;

* Allston is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birthday on the night preceding the battle. Thither the Highlanders wended their way, expecting to take him by surprise; but it blew in their faces a tremendous storm of rain and wind, and frustrated the attempt. The storm continued next day, and tended materially to discomfit the operations of the mountaineers in the commencement, and ultimately to their total and precipitate rout.

Caisteal Dhuinidh ‘n deigh a losgadh,
 ‘S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh;
 Gu ‘m b’e ‘n caochala’ goirt e,
 Gu ‘n do chaill sinn gach sochair a b’ fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m’ shuilean,
 Gu ‘m faicinn gach cuis mar a tha,
 Mur sputadh nam foilleach,
 ‘N am nan luidhean a sgnailleadh air blar;
 Thug a chuibhle car tionndaidh,
 ‘S tha ioma fear aime-cheart an cas;
 A Righ scall le do chaoimhneas,
 Air na fir th’ aig na naimhdean an sas.

‘S mor cucoir ‘n luchd orluigh,
 An fhuil ud a dhortadh le foill;
 Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,*
 Fhuair e ‘n lath’ ud air ordugh dha fein;
 Bha ‘n da chuid air a mheoirean,
 Moran giogun gun trocair le foill;
 Mheall e sinne le chomhra’,
 ‘S gu ‘n robh ar barail’ ro mhor air r’a linn.

Ach fhad ‘sa ‘s beo sinn r’ar latha,
 Bi’dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chuidh dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgariteil,
 Dheanadh teughbail le claidheamh ‘s le
 sgiath;
 Mur biodh siantan n’ ar n’ aghaidh,
 Bha sinn shios air ar n’ aghairt gu dian,
 ‘S bhiodh luchd Beurla na ‘n laithe,
 Ton-air-cheann, b’e sid m’aighear’s mo
 mhiann.

Och nan och! ‘s mi fo sprochd,
 ‘S mi ‘n drasda ri osnach leam fein
 ‘G amhare feachd an du-Rosaich,
 ‘G ithe fear agus cruineachd an fhuinn;
 Rothaich iargalt a’s Cntaich,
 Tigh ‘n a nall le luchd chasag a’s lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-ohoin air aeran,
 Siubhal criochan, charn, chlach, agus
 bheann.

Mo chreach! tir air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nis elsr reidh dh’i cho lom,
 Gun choirec gun ghnaisich,
 Gun siol taght’ ann am fasach na ‘m fonn,
 Pris na circ air an spardan,
 Gu ruige na spainean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrìos na craoibhe f’a bla dhiubh,
 Air a crionadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo ‘na choille,
 ‘S eigin beanntan a’s gleannain thoirt oirnn,
 Sinn gun sugradh gun mhaenus,
 Gun eithneas, gun aitheas, gun cheol,
 Air bheag bidhe no teine,
 Air na stucan an laidheadh an ceo,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lo.

* Lord George Murray.

ORAN EILE,

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O! gur mis' th' air mo chradh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
'S tric snithe gu m' shail o' m' leirsinn.
O! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinn eachd bhuam,
Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
Gu mall na gu luath ni 's cibhinn.
Dh'fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Phriunns' Thearlach mo ruin,
Oighre dligheach a chruin,
'S e gun fhios ciod an tubh a theid e.
Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
Bhi 'ga diobairt 's an uair,
'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag ciridh.
Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
Ga 'n ro mhath chinnich an t-al
Chuir iad siol ann an cas na h-eigin.
Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh blar,
Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhí 'n dail a cheile.
Ged a bhuannaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,
Dheth gach finne mu thuath,
'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar feuma.
Bha iad iomdaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sroil,
Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lo,
Gun duine dhiubh choir a cheile.
Coig brataichean, &c.

Iarla Chrompa le shloigh,
Agus Barusdal og,
'S Mac-'Ic-Ailcin le sheoid nach geilleadh.
Iarla Chrompa, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
Iad-san uile bhí bhuainn,
Gur h-e m' lomadan trugh r'a leughadh.
Clann Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
'Ga 'm bu shuaithcheantas fraoch,
Mo chreach uile nach d' fhaod sibh ciridh.
A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.

An fhuil uaidhbreach gun mhéang,
Bha buan, ernadalach, ann,
Ged chaidh ur bualadh an am na teugbail.
An fhuil uaidhbreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
Fhuair an laimhseacha' goirt,
Ga 'n ecann an Friscalach gasda, treubhach
Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhionnlaidh Bhraidh-Mharr,
Buidheann ecannsalach, ard,
'Nuair a ghlaoidhte *adhbans* 's iad dh' eir-
eadh.
Clann-Fhionnlaidh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo blron,
Na fir ghasd' tha fo leon,
Clann-Chatain nan srol bhí dhels-laimh.
Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Domhnull donn, suaire,
O Dhun Chrompa' so shuas,
Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
Chaill sinn Domhnull, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an aigh,
'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blar
Fear sgathadh nan enamh 's nam feithean.
Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd;
Bu mhath aluinn an dreach,
Cha bu phlaigheadh leinn mairt na 'n eirig.
'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sios,
Bha gaodh a cathadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh.
Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhas an talamh cho trom,
Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
'S nach bu che throm dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
Dh' fhas an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ccann,
Mhill sídh cireach gas lann 's bu bhead e.
Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fíor an dana g'a cheann,
Gu 'n robh Achan* 'sa champ,
Dearg mbeirleach nan raud 's nam breugan.
Mas fíor an dana, &c.

* Lord George Murray is here alluded to; his father to preserve his estates whatever the upshot of the conflict might be, sent Lord George to join the Prince, while his oldest son took up arms in support of the government forces—each having instructions to measure their adherence or fidelity according to the probabilities of success.

'S e sin an Seannalair mo
Grain a' smallaichd an t-sloigh,
Reic e onoir 'sa choir air eucoir.
'S e sinn an, &c.

Thionndaidh choileir 'sa chleoc,
Air son an sporain bu mhio,
Rinn sud dolaidh do sheoid righ Seumas.
Thionndaidh, &c.

Ach thig cuibhle-an fhortain mu 'n cuairt.
Car bho dheas na bho thuath,
'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid dúnis na h-eucoir.
Ach thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bhi Uilleam Mac Dhcoirs',
Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fo leon,
Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoi-
rean geige.
'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac,
Gun fhuaim clarsnich, gun lasair cheire.
Gun ma lom, &c.

Gun solas, sonas, no seannas,
Ach dolas dona mu d' cheann;
Mur bh' air gincalach Chlann na h-Eiphit.
Gun solas sonas, &c.

A's chi sinn fhathasd do cheann,
Dol gun athadh ri crann,
'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga reubadh.
A's chi sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,
Araon sean agus og,
Fo 'n righ dhlighceach 'ga 'n coir duinn geil-
leudh.
'S bidh sinn, &c.

URNAIGH IAIN RU Aidh.*

Ais taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgith,
Tha 'n Criosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh
Na cheatharnach fhathasd gun sith,
Sa chas air tuisleadh sa 'n tim gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhnich no Cataich a'm dhail,
Mu 'n slanaich mo luigheannan truagh,
Ged thig iad cho tric a's is aill,
Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn Peadar do Phal,
'S a luighean air fas leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pap,
'Ga chuir ris na phlaid mu'n cuairt.

*Having sprained his ankle when under hiding, after the battle of Culloden, and while resting himself beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed the above pieces as a prayer;

and the following stanzas in English; both of which he seems to have couched in the style of language peculiar to the Psalms.

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
with dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
he's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
and drain the waters dry;
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,
and change the course of Spey;

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
and seek me under ground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, for here's a mark,
he's gracious and kind,
While they like fools grop'd in the dark,
as moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
they saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—
he's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
o'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear,
how kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praises,
and dance upon my stumps,
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
and play it on my trumpet.

† An incantation of great antiquity, handed down to us from the classic era of Homer. It has still its class of sturdy believers in many remote and pastoral districts of the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what complacency and *sang froid* the female Esculapil of his native glen used to repeat the "*Eolas sgùchadh fèithe*," over the hapless hobbler of sprained ankles. With the success or result of the procedure we have nothing to do: its efficacy was variously estimated. The "*Cantatum orum*" was a short oration of Jrambo, in the vernacular language; and if the dislocated joints did not jump into their proper places during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ills to which human flesh is heir: the toothach, with all its exasperating pain, could not withstand the potency of Highland magic, dysentery, gout, dysury, &c. had all their appropriate remedies in the never-failing specifics of incantation. Nor were these cures confined to the skilful hand of the female necromancer alone; an order of men, universally known by the cognomen of the "*Chiar-sheana chain*," were the legitimate practitioners in the work. Two of these metrical incantations we may briefly quote as specimens of the whole. The first relates to the cure of worms in the human body and runs thus:—

"Mharbhaln dubhag 'n mharbhaln doirbheag,
A's naol naolnear dheth a sorsa.
'S fìolair crìon nan eason lònmbhor,
Bu mhòr plànnaich air feadh fòis," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated "*Eolas a Chronachaidh*," or "*Cag Beum-Suka*." During its repetition, the singular operation of filling a bottle with water, was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid, as it was poured into the vessel; thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony, according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it, and that the charm was performed in the name of St. Patrick,

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gras,
'S urrainn creideadh dheanadh slan ri uair;
Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun
dail,
Gu'n toir sinn air ar naimhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
Tha 'n drasd anns gach tìr shu 'n cuairt,
Gach fear gleusda lha feumail do 'n rìgh,
Blà ga 'n ruith feadh gach frith air an
ruig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
Ach gionach gu nìr nìr duais,
Gabhail fath oirnn 's gach ait ann sa'm bì—
'Cuir a chuibhle so' Chriosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an drasd,
'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
Thu 'm earbs' as an targanachd bha,
Gu 'n tig armait ni sta dhuinn thar chuan.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gras,
Mur Mhaois 'nuair a thraig a mhuir ruadh,
S gu'm bìdh Deorsa le 'dhrealainibh bait,
Mur bha 'n t-amudan Pharaoh 's a shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgith 'san staid ghrais,
Rinneadh Saul an la sin na rìgh,
Thug e sgiursadh le mìosguinn a's plaigh,
Orra fein, air an al 's air an nì.

Is amhuil bha Breatuinn fo bhron,
O 'na threig iad a choir 's an rìgh;
Ghabh flaitheas rinn corruich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais! chaidh 'n seorsa 'n diasg.

A Rìgh shocraich Maire nan gras,
Crom riumsa le baigh do chluas;
'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghlun air an lar,
Gabh achanaich araid bhuam.

Cha'n eil sinn a sireadh ach coir,
Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuainn;
'Rcìr do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's
treoir;
A's cum sinn bhò fhoirneart sluaigh!

—Amen.

It is probably of Irish origin; but we know that
it held equally good in the Highlands of Scot-
land as it did across the Channel.

Deanasda dhutsa, colas air aul,
A uchd 'ille Phadraig naoluh,
Air at amhalach a's sud earabull,
Air naol conair 'a air naol comachair,
As air naol bean searg aith,
Air sùil seanna-ghille 's sealla seanna-mbna,
Mas a sùil air l, l lasadh mar bhìgh,
Mas a sùil mnath l, l bhì dh'asbhuidh a cìbh,
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da fuil,
Air an nì, 's air a doaine,
Aine crodh, 's air a caolich feta.

CUMHIA DO BHAINTEIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

CIA iad na dee 's na Duilean treun,
Theid leanasa sn'n sgeul' bhroin;
Tha ghealach fos, 's na reulltan glan,
'S a ghrian fo smal gach lò,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
Dha 'm beil nu'm broinn an deo,
Gach luibh, gach fear, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
Mu'n tì rinn boiseg mor.

Mar choinneal cheir, 's i lasadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro noin,
Bha reull na mais, fo shiontaibh dens,
A nis thug frasann mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuiinn :
'S le mulad dhruigh na neoil,
'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aigne tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le deoir.

Mu'n ribhinn ailt nan ioma gras,
A choisinn gradh an t-sloigh,
Mo bheud gu brath do sgeula bais,
An taobh ud thall de'n Gheop,
Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuill dait,
'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ros,
'S e do chuir fo lìa a chluaidh mo neart,
'S a dh'fhag mi 'm feasd gun treoir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili ban,
'Se 'n deis' a charadh 'n srol,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chradh,
'S tu 'n ciste ehlar nam bord,
A gheug nam buadh is aillidh snuadh,
Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beo,
Do chuimh'n' air chruas, ri linn nan sluaigh,
Gur cinnte' dh'fhuasglas deoir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nam each seang,
'S nam bratach sranmhor sroil,
Gun aobhar gairdeachais ach cradh,
Ma ghradh 's nach eil i beo,
A ribhinn shuairc a b' aillidh snuadh,
O Chaisteal Uaimh nan corn,
An gallan reidh o cheannard treun,
An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhoir.

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patriek M'Donald's
Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

Note—This lament was composed on the cele-
brated Lady M'Intosh of Moyhall, whose firm
attachment to the Chevalier's interest is well
known. A story is told of this lady which ex-
hibits her character in a very bold and masculine
light. Prince Charles had arrived at Moy, on
his way from England, two or three days before
his followers came through Athol and the wilds
of Badenoch. M'Intosh and his clan were from
home with the other Jacobites, and the place
was altogether unprotected. Some keen-sighted
loyalist had seen the Prince, and forthwith com-
municated the intelligence to Lord Loudon, then
stationed at Inverness with 600 soldiers. His
Lordship immediately marched towards Moy,
taking a circuitous route, however, to avoid de-
tection. Intimation was carried to Lady M'In-

tish of his Lordship's approach—it was a moment of awful and anxious incertitude. She immediately sent for an old smith, one of M'Intosh's retainers, and a council of war was held. "There is but one way," said her Ladyship, "of saving Prince Charles—your own Prince; and that is by giving them battle." "Battle!" exclaimed the smith, "where are our heroes? alas! where tonight are the sons of my heart?" It was ultimately arranged that Prince Charles should be placed under hiding, and that the son of Vulcain, with other six c'd men who were left at home, should give them battle. Armed with claymore, dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pall (drum), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brush-wood until the red

coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Loudon's men was heard—they were within a mile of Moy! The smith and his followers, as instructed by her Ladyship, fired gun after gun, until the six were discharged; he then roared out "Clan M'Donald, rush to the right; Cameron, forward in a double column in the centre; M'Intosh, wheel to the left, and see that none will escape!" This was enough; the red coats heard—stood, and listened—all the clans were there—so, at least, thought Lord Loudon, and away they fled in the greatest disorder and confusion, knocking one another down in their flight, and not daring to look behind them until they had distanced the smith by miles!

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leauir*, near Inverness, in the year 1758. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him the advantages of a good education. When he was about seventeen years of age, he was bound an apprentice as a sailor, a profession he entered with some degree of enthusiasm. Along with his Bible, the gift of an affectionate mother, he stocked his library with two other volumes, namely: the poems of Alexander M'Donald and Duncan M'Intyre. These fascinating productions he studied and conned over on "the far blue wave," and they naturally fanned the latent flame of poetry which yet lay dormant in his breast. His memory was thus kept hovering over the scenes and associations of his childhood; and, represented through the magic vista of poetic genius, every object became possessed of new charms, and so entwined his affections around his native country and vernacular tongue, that distance tended only to heighten their worth and beauties.

He composed the most of his songs at sea. His "*Piobairachd na Luinge*" is an imitation of M'Intyre's inimitable "*Beinn-dorain*," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that master-piece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius; but, we venture to assert, that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth M'Kenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity: these we give, as in duty bound.

M'Kenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our own veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men of genius are always, or almost

always, men of sensibility, and nice and acute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities, and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard, has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of mere clay hurl their battering-ram; and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander M'Intosh, of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, but gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost the high-souled *gentleman* as little as this rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasible nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard, thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great merit. In this cynic production he pours forth periods of fire; it is an impetuous torrent of bitter irony and withering declamation, rich in the essential ingredients of its kind; and M'Intosh, who does not appear to be impenetrable to the arrows of remorse, died, three days after the published satire was in his possession.* Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, M'Kenzie went among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames: a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of M'Intosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of Postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally caressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

In personal appearance, Kenneth M'Kenzie was tall, handsome, and strong built; fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity; but he never stagnates; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet.

MOLADH NA LUINGE

LUINNEAG.

'S beag mo shunnt ris an liunn,
N'oran buirn 's beagan bracha;
B'annsa leam caismeachd mo ruin,
Air cuan du-ghorm le capull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san am,
 Air mo chrampadh le astar
 'S tric a thug mi greisean garbh,
 Air an fhairge ga masgadh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Greis le beachd a deanamh iuil,
 'S greis cuir suil ann am pusgadh,
 Greis air jomairt, 's greis air stiuir,
 'S greis air chul nam ball-aeuinn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S e mo cheist an capall grinn,
 Rachadh leinn air an aiseag,
 'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
 'S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgaidh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published.

Uair a bhíodh i fada shíos,
Anns an lochdar nach faict' i,
'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
S i cuir dh'i air a leath-tuobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S i nach pillleadh gun cheann-fu',
'S i neo-sgathach gu srachdadh,
A gearradh tuinn' lè geur roinn,
'S eudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nuair a chuirf i air a doigh,
'S a cuid seol ris na racan,
Chuirf' a mach an t-nodach sgeoid:
Sud a sron ris an as-caoin.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhíodh i turrahan gun tamh,
'S chluinnte g'ainnech fo'n t-sac i,
'S bhíodh gach glun dh'i dol fillt',
'S chluinnte bíd aig gach aisinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chíte mair na thonnán ard,
'S chluinnt' i garaich gu farsuinn,
'S bheireadh ronn ard nan steoll,
Buille throm ann gach uehlais.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Ann an as-caoinchead a chuain,
'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
Thugaibh faiceil air a ghaoth;—
"Fhearrabh gaoil cumaibh rag i."
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chluinnte farum aig an fhaigr',
Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
Beacach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
Srannach, anabharndi, brais i.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Buill bu treis de'n chorraich uir,
Croinn de'n ghiubhsaich bu daite,
Eideadh cainb nach bíodh meannbh,
'S chíte geala-dhearga bhrataich.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Se mo ruin na fearadh glenst',
'S iad nach-treigeandh 'an caitean,
Chluinnte langan nam fear og,
'S iad nach leonaicheadh gealtachd.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Tha'n cridheachan farsuinn mor,
'S tric a dh'ol iad na bh'aca,
Damhs a's inghinean a's ceol,
'Nuair bu choir-dol gu 'n leabaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bídh iad gu fuireachar geur,
'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,

Ceileireach, luinneagach, reidh,
N am bh'i 'g eiridh sa' mhadainn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

'S e feile preasach tlachd mo ruin,
'S osan nach ruig faisg an glun,
'S cota breut nam busan dlu,
'S bouaid dhu-ghorm thogarrach.

B' annsa leam an feile cuach,
Na casag de 'n nodach lusáight',
'S brigis nan ceannlaichean cruaidh,
Gur e'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo run do'n eideadh las,
Cunch an fheilidh nan dhu bhas,
Shiubhlain leis 's na sleibhteán cas,
'S rachainn trais air obair leis.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' bheinn,
Fad na seachduin 's mi leam fein,
Funchd na h-oidhche' cha dean dhomh beud,
Tha 'm breacan fhein cho caidernach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiubhlain leis seadh ghleann a's sleibh,
'S rachainn do'n oihlathan leis fhein,
Tlachd nan grungach 's uail nan steud,
S e deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealamh eadrom e sa' ghleann,
'S ouilbheir reidh fo' sgeith gun mheang,
A dh'fhagaidh udlach ceir-ghéal fann,
A bheireadh srann sa leagalh e.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am feileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
Dealg nar guailibh suns gun fheall,
Cries ga ghlisadh las neo-theahn,
'S bíodh e gach an gu baganta.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach e bhi n-aird,
Nam dhomh tachairt ri mo ghradh,
B'fhearr leam seachduin dheth na dha
De bhrigis ghrainnde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S caomh a'n t-eide 'm breachdan ur,
'S ann air fein a dh'eireadh cliu,
Mór sin 's busaigh-larach ann 's gach cuis,
'S e dheanadh turn gun eagal air.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'N am do ghaisgich dol air feum
Gaeil ghaist gu sracadh bheinn,
Pìob gu spalpadh 's anail reidh,
A chuireadh eut a's fadaidh ann.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismencht arid mo ruin,
Cronan gaireach, barr gach ciuil,
Brais phuirt mhèara, leanadh dlu,
Cliaith gu lughor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'Nuair a ghlaect 'sun achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chumma' mi,
Siunnsair pailt-thollach gun di—
Os cionn a chinn gu fal-chraunach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 'sa 's tlaoidmhor snugh,
Tartrach, sgairteil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal crom air uchd nam buagh,
Chluimnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri! bu ruith-lenmach na meoir,
Danaist brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air ebrith le mire gleois,
Chluicente srol gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Bheireadh i air ais gu fonn
An cridhe dh'fhas gu tursach, trom,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sona
Gu dol air am gu spalaircachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceol,
Cuiridh i misneach 's gach feoil,
Togaidh i gu 'ird nan neoil,
Imitinn scoid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

MAIREARAD MHOOLACH MHIN.

LUNNEAG.

Mo run Mairearad mhin mhoolach,
'S mo run Mairearad mhoolach mhin,
Mo run Mairearad mhin mhoolach,
'S iomadh fear a' air a ti.

'S ioma gille tapaidh barra-ghast,
Eadar Dealganros nam frith,
'S ceann Loch-nis nam bradan tarra-ghenl,
Tha le ime-cheist air a ti.
Ma run, &c.

'N aile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu stri

'S cha leag mi gu brath le duin' i,
On-dh'fhas i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air airidh,
Air ar fagail ann lein fhin,
'S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mi sabhailt,
On a dh'fhas i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

Ge d' a gheibhim tairgse bhaintigh'rn,
'S neo-ar-in thainn a bheirin d'i,
'S mor gum b'fherr leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i molach min.
Mo run, &c.

Buaidhean mo chruinneig cha leir dhomh,
An cuir an geill cha dean mi 'n inns',
Thug nadur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo run, &c.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-aileteachd,
'S a cairdeas mar ghran air pill,
Seinnh, fallain, ur, 's cumailte dh'fhas i,
O mullach gu sail a buinn.
Mo run, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pogadh,
Beal on tig an t-oran binn,
Gruaidh mar dheireag, suil is modhair,
'S mor mo bhosa a gloir a cinn.
Mo run, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga h-eisdeachd,
Na smeorach sa Cheitean shil,
Na fonn fiddle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheol 'an Eirinn chri.
Mo run, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gaisgich,
Gillean tapaidh as gach tir,
'S bi'dh gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Mairearad mhoolach mhin.
Mo run, &c.

Dheanainn cur, a's ar, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheanainn cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
'S bheirinn sithinn o uchd fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air cuaintean sgi.
Mo run, &c.

Shiubhlain latha 's shiubhlain oidhche,
Is gheidhimn saibhreas dh'i gun di,
'S on is caomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
'S caomh le Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais mi.
Mo run, &c.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR FÖNN—"A Mhorag na dean mar sin."

LUNNEAG.

Hoireann o eile
'S na hi-ri-ri eile
Hoireann h-o 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhubh.

'S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhagail
 Le in' leannan 's au fhasach,
 Far nach fhuicinn mo chairdean
 Tha tair tair' do'n te dhubh!
Hoireann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
 'S air mulach nam beanntan,
 Ghleldhinn aran do m' annsachd,
 Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheansinn cuir agus buain d'i,
 'S bheirinn turus thar chualntean,
 'S cha bhiodh uiresbhuidh unair oirr—
 Ged tha cuilean cho dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
 'S dheanainn cur anns an oidhche;
 Dheanainn mire ri maighdein—
 'S chuirinn daoimein air triumph!
Hoireann, &c.

Ge suarach aig each 1,
 Tha uaisle na nadur,
 Tha suaireas na gaire—
 Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh!
Hoireann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
 Mar gheard air a tuigse,
 'S i lan de dheagh ghibhteon,
 'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh!
Hoireann, &c.

Ciochan corach is mine,
 Air uched soluis na ribhinn,
 Deud gheal mar na disnean,
 'S beul o'm binn a thig guth.
Hoireann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-ordaig,
 Fhuair urram bhan oga,
 Glac gheal nan caol-mheoirean,
 'S a gairdean feola cho tigh.
Hoireann, &c.

'S math thig staidheas le faomadh,
 Air a bodhaig is gaolach,
 'S gur gil' i fo h-sodach,
 Na chuid is caoine de 'n garuth.
Hoireann, &c.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagach,
 Gun dochair mu 'n enairt d'i,
 Troidh chulmair 's i cuanta
 Nach cuir cuagach brog dhubh
Hoireann, &c.

Gnais is ailidh ri sireadh,
 Cluin tha ann an ionairt,
 'S le snathaid ni grinneas,
 Nach dean iomadh te dhubh!
Hoireann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun storas,
 Tha taitneas na comhradh,
 B'anna furan a poige,
 Na'n te gu'n leom a cuid cruith.
Hoireann, &c.

'S na 'm bitheadh i riarach,
 Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
 Cheannaislean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
 Mu'm biodh a sia dhiu air ruith.
Hoireann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neonach,
 De dh-uisg' a phuill mhoine,
 Air a slainte gu deonach—
 Gur mise dh-oladh do'n t-sruth!
Hoireann, &c.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR FÖNN—"Cabar Feidh."

'S a nise bho'n a theig sinn,
 Le chelle bhi farasda,
 Bheirinn comhairl' fheumail,
 Dhut fhein ann san dealachadh;
 Na toir do run gun reason,
 Do the dheth na caileagan,
 Oir 's duilich leam gun d'eist mi,
 Droch sgeula ma fhearraiginn;
 Na bi cho trio a' dol na meas,
 Mar chraoibh gun mbeas, na caileagan,
 Ge d' shaoileadh tus, gun robh iad dhut,
 Cho min ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,
 Nam suidhe steach, le eibhneas nit,
 Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
 Bi'dh cuir nan cinn a'g eiridh,
 'S gach te dhiu ri fanaid ort!

Tha na gilleann oga,
 Nan dochas cho caideach,
 'S ind le'm barail ghorach,
 'An toir air na caileagan,
 Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
 Cho duinnte, cha'n aithnich iad,
 'S cha 'n fhaic iad Glac-air-garadh,*

* A clamorous vain young woman, whose custom was, when she saw any strangers passing by, to get up on some eminence, and call the hens from the corn, or cry to the herd to be careful, for no other reason than that she might be taken

Ge'd' tharladh i maile rin.
 A chuidh cha'n fhàic sibh, lad cho ceart,
 Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlaimeachan,
 'S mus e 's gun deare sibh, mo 's faisg,
 Gun tig a ghart, san t-annach dhlbh;
 Mar bheathach boecl, a bhios gun toirt,
 'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-earrach ann,
 'S ceart lomann 's mar ni ghorach,
 Air drobhar nan caileagan.

Ge b'eo chuireas duil annt',
 An durnachd cha'n aithnich e,
 Ge d' dheanadh i do phogadh,
 'S ge d' oladh i drama leat,
 'S ge d' gheathadh i le dochas,
 Gum pasadh i 'neathrar thu,

notice of. The cognomen is one of general application, but the bard had a particular dame in view;—and we have been told on undoubted authority when she heard of her new name, that she gave up all concern about the hens and the herd-boy, to the great comfort and ease of both. Her father, however, snuffed by the assumed modesty of his daughter—the herd-boy slept, the cows followed the hens into the corn fields, and destroyed them so much, that the old man was heard to swear if he came in contact with the poet, he would give him a hearty beating for making his daughter worse than useless to him at outside work!

'Nuair thionnta' tu do chul-thaobh,
 Bidh 'n sùilean gan cumadh rint.
 Mar sud their ise, ged' tus 's glie',
 Gum deannainn tric, nach aithne dhut,
 'S ge mor do bheuchd, cha rachainn leat,
 Mar biodh do bheartas maile riut,
 'S mar be dhonh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
 Cum deannainn reic a's ceannach ort,
 'S 'nuair bhios tu falamh eimneadh,
 Gum feuch mi cul-thaobh bhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fath orr',
 Ga brach bidh air aithreachas
 'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
 Cha'n fhearr bhios a bharail oirr';
 'S mo theid e mo is dana—
 Thig tair' agus farron air,
 'S mo gheibh i e sa gharadh,
 Cha tar e dlod tharais air:
 Bidh e cho glie ri duin' air mhig.
 'S bidh each ga mhèus mar amalan;
 Nuair bhios e glact' mar ian an snap,
 'S nach orr' e chas a tharruinn as;
 'S a chaol le tlachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
 Mar brist e 'n acuin theannachaidh,
 'S ma se 's nach cuir e breid oirr'.
 'S an-cibhinn ri latha dha.

UILLEAM ROS.

WILLIAM ROSS, was born in Broadford, parish of Strath, Isle of Skye, in the year 1762. His parents were respectable, though not opulent. His father, John Ross, was a native of Skye, and of an ancient family of that name, whose ancestors had lived in that country throughout a long series of generations. His mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, and daughter of the celebrated blind piper and poet, John McKay, well known by the name of *Piobaire Dall*.

It appears that when William was a boy, there was no regular school kept in that part of the country: and as his parents were anxious to forward his education they removed with him and a little sister from Skye to Forres. While attending the Grammar school of the latter place, he discovered a strong propensity to learning, in which he made such rapid advances as to attract the notice and esteem of his master; and the pupil's sense of his obligations was always acknowledged with gratitude and respect. This teacher, we are informed, declared, that on comparing young Ross with the many pupils placed under his care, he did not remember one who excelled him as a general scholar, even at that early period of life.

After remaining for some years at Forres, his parents removed to the parish of Gairloch, where the father of our bard became a pedlar, and travelled through Lewis,

and the other western Isles—and, though William was then young and of a delicate constitution, he accompanied his father in his travels through the country, more with the view of discovering and making himself acquainted with the different dialects of the Gaelic language, than from any pecuniary consideration—the desire of becoming perfectly familiar with his native tongue, thus strongly occupying his mind even at this early period of life. And he has often afterwards been heard to say, that he found the most pure and genuine dialect of the language among the inhabitants of the west side of the Island of Lewis.

In this manner he passed some years, and afterwards travelled through several parts of the Highlands of Perthshire, Breadalbane, and Argyleshire, &c., seeing and observing all around him with the eye and discernment of a real poet. At this period, he composed many of his valuable songs; but some of these, we are sorry to say, are not now to be found.

Having returned to Gairloch, he was soon afterwards appointed to the charge of the parish school of that place, which he conducted with no ordinary degree of success. From the time of his entering upon this charge, it was generally remarked, that he proceeded in the discharge of his duties with unremitting firmness and assiduity, and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the instruction of the young committed to his trust, rarely known in the former experience of that school. He had a peculiar method and humour in his intercourse with his pupils, which amused and endeared the children to him; at the same time it proved the most effectual means of impressing the juvenile mind and conveying the instructions of the teacher. Many of those who were under his tuition still speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration.

In the course of his travels, and while schoolmaster of Gairloch, he contracted an intimacy with several respectable families, many of whom afforded him testimonies of friendship and esteem. His company was much sought after, not only on account of his excellent songs, but also for his intelligence and happy turn of humour. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which he often sung with exquisite pleasure and taste. His voice, though not strong, was clear and melodious, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the science of music. He played on the violin, flute, and several other instruments, with considerable skill; and during his incumbency as schoolmaster, he officiated as precentor in the parish church.

In the capacity of schoolmaster he continued till his health began rapidly to decline. Asthma and consumption preyed on his constitution, and terminated his mortal life, in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. This occurred while he was residing at Isalacro, Gairloch. His funeral was attended by nearly the whole male population of the surrounding country. He was interred in the burying ground of the *Clachan* of Gairloch, and a simple upright stone, or *Clach-chuimhne*, with an English inscription, marks his “narrow house.”

In his personal appearance, Ross was tall and handsome, being nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown colour, and his face had the peculiarly open and regular features which mark the sons of the mountains; and, unlike the general tribe of poets, he was exceedingly finical and particular in his dress. As a

scholar, Ross was highly distinguished. In Latin and Greek he very much excelled; and it was universally allowed that he was the best Gaelic scholar of his day.

It is not to be wondered at, that a being so highly gifted as was Ross, should be extremely susceptible of the influence of the tender passion. Many of his songs bear witness that he was so. During his excursions to Lewis, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Marion Ross of Stornoway (afterwards Mrs. Clough of Liverpool,) and paid his homage at the shrine of her beauty. He sung her charms, and was incessant in his addresses,—

————— “ Every night he came
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her :”

But still he was rejected by the coy maid; and the disappointment consequent on this unfortunate love affair, was thought to have preyed so much on his mind, as to have impaired his health and constitution, during the subsequent period of his life. To this young lady he composed (before her marriage) that excellent song expressive of his feelings, almost bordering on despair, “*Feasgar luain a’s mi air chuairt.*”

In the greater number of his lyrics, the bard leads us along with him, and imparts to us so much of his own tenderness, feeling, and enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand and kindle with his sentiments.

Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross—and fewer still possess his true poetic powers. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. M'Donald's fire occasionally overheats, and emit sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the Arcadian scenes, which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If M'Intyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth-flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that “*Sermo est imago animi,*” the same must hold equally true of a song—and judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth, pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem “*Oran an t-Samhraidh,*” abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M'Intyre's verbosity and M'Donald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immovably upon his lips, and are allured at the beck of his finger, to feed

our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension.

Ross possessed a rich vein of humour when he chose to be merry;—few men had a keener relish for the ludicrous. His Anacreontic poem "*Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha*," is a splendid specimen of this description. How vivid and true his description of the grog-shop worthies—not the base and brutalized debauchees—but that class of rural toppers, who get *Dacchi plenus* once or twice in the year at a wedding, or on Christmas. This was a wise discrimination of the poet: had he introduced the midnight revelry, and baser scenes of the city tavern, his countrymen could neither understand nor relish it. But he depicts the less offensive panorama of his country's bacchanals, and so true to nature—so devoid of every trait of settled libertinism, that, while none is offended, all are electrified—and the poet's own good taste and humour expand over the singer and the entire group of auditors.

Among his amorous pieces, there are two of such prominent merit, that they cannot be passed over. "*Ecasgar luain*," so intimately connected with the poet's fate, has been already noticed. Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its riches of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. "*Moladh na h-oighe Gaelich*," although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalized in such well-chosen and appropriate strains—never did bard's lips pour the incense of adulation on maiden's head in more captivating and florid language, and never again shall mountain maid sit to have her picture drawn by so faithful and powerful a pencil.

Without going beyond the bounds of verity, it may be affirmed that his poetry, more perhaps than that of most writers, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and sublime and tender passions.

ORAN DO MHIARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO'N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a bh'air m'aigne,
Le fadachd 's le mi-ghean,
A bhuin mo threoir 's mo thabhachd dhiom,
Cha ghabhadh ceol na maran rium
Ach thanig ur thosgair' da m' iunnsaidh
'Dhuisg mi as mo shuain,
'Nuair fhuair mi 'n sgeul bha mor ri eigh'd
Gun d'eadromaich mo smuain.

Is latha sealbhach, rathail, dcalarach,
Alail, ainmeil, agh-mhor,

A dh'fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
Bho mhachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuaid* gu Acaimh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu leir;
Is binne 'n srann feadh shrath a's ghleann
Na organ gun t'heang gleus.

A Mhareuis oig nan Greumach,
F'hir ghleust' an aigne rioghail,

* The Water of Tweed.

O! gu'm a buan air t-aiteam thu,
 Gu treubhach, buadhach, maacanta,
 'S tu 'n ur-shlat aluinn 's mairneil blath
 De'n fhuibhaidh aird nach crion,
 Gur tric na Gaeil 'g ol do shlainnt',
 Gu h-armunnach air fion.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, direach,
 Maiseach, fion-ghlan, ainmeil,
 Mo sheobhag sul-ghorm amaisgeil,
 Tha combant, eluicteach, bearraideach,
 A b'aird a leumadh air each-sreine,
 'M barrachd euehd thar chaic;
 'S tu bhuing eis a bharr gach cuirt,
 'S a chuir air ehad air cas!

Air bli air farsan dhomh gach la
 Gur tus tha gha air na' imtinn,
 Mo ruin do'n tir o'n d'imeh mi,
 'S mo shuil air fad gu pilleadh ri:
 'S ann thogas orm gu grad mo cholg
 Le aigne meannach, treun—
 Mo ehlabh tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
 'S ait mo maigheachd fein.

Thainig fasan anns an achd
 A dh'ordalach puil am feileadh,
 Tha eiridh air na breacanan
 Le farum trean neo-lapanach,
 Bi'dh oighean thapaidh sniomh 'sa dath
 Gu h-eibhinn, ait, le uail
 Gach aon diu 'g eideadh a' gaoil fein
 Mar 's reidh leo anns gach uair

Biodh cogadh ann no sio-chainnt,
 Cha chuir sin sior-cuchd oirn,
 An arin no feachd ma' thogras iad,
 No 'n ar-amach cha 'n obamaid,
 Le'r teanadh suns ri uelid an fhuath's',
 Le'r n'earadh uasal fein;
 Le hannan ernaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
 A leantain ruaid gun sgios!

On fhuair sinn fasan le'r sar ehleachdadh,
 Duisgeadh beachd ar sinnsir,
 Le run gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
 'S gun mbeirgh' air leirg nan Lunnuinneach,
 Le' nant a's gleus, a's barrachd speis
 Toir nit' fein do'n Rìgh,
 Mo bair gun eis mar b'fhearr leam fein sin,
 No ge d' eibht' an t-shith!

Note.—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's un-
 clothing act, and an anecdote is related of its first
 rehearsal, which we deem not unworthy of a
 place here. Our author, like all other poets of
 his day and country, was a staunch Jacobite,
 while his father was equally firm in his adherence
 to the family of Hanover. William had composed
 the song during one of his excursions through
 the country, where he probably heard of the
 passage of the obnoxious act from the Statute
 Book, and sung it for the first time to a happy
 group of rustics who were in the habit of congregating
 nightly at his father's logie to hear his
 new compositions. When he came to the last

* Hanover.

stanza, in which he indirectly lampoons his Ma-
 jesty, "Ah!" said his father, involuntarily ly-
 ing his hand on a cudgel, "ye clown, you know
 where and when you sing that." "Really,
 father," replied the poet, "I would sing it in the
 House of Commons if you were not there!"

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKN—" *Wot ye wha I met yestreen.* "

O! mos'leamaid gu suilleur ait,
 Le suntachd ghasl', a's ciramaid,
 Tha mbadaimn-sa le furan caomh
 Toirt caireadh faoilteach, eibhinn, duinn;
 Cuirceapaid fallt air an lo,
 Le eruitean ceolmhor, teud-bhinneach,
 'S biodh ar eridhe deachdadh fuinn
 'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach eluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamb,
 'S a bhruthaimn sgeamhail, bhla-dhealtrach,
 'S beannachlan a nuas o' neamh
 A dortadh fial gu har aca:
 Tha nadar a coecladh tuar
 Le caomh-cruth, cuamda, pairt-dhathach,
 'S an cruinne ionlan, ma'n iath grian,
 A taruinn fiamhan grawail air!

Nach eluinn thu coisir stoida, suaire',
 'S an doir' ud shuas le'n oranan,
 Seinn elu dha'n Crutheadair fein,
 Le loidhean centach, solasach,
 Air chorrailh an sgiath gun tamh
 Air mheangain ard nan ro-chrannaibh,
 Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh biun,
 Dha'n Ti dh'ath-phill am beotachd riu.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bhinn eadal an tamh,
 Air leabaidh stata chloimh-rieh,
 Eiridh moch su mbalainn Mhaigh,
 Gu falbh na fasach fheoirneinich,
 Ruaid a thoirt air bharr na druiehd,
 Do dhoire dlu nan smeorachcan,
 Am bi tuis is euraidh na fion,
 Le faile ciatach rosanan.

Tha feartan foirbheartach, neo-ghann,
 'S an am so gun ghreann dubhlachdach,
 Cuir trusgan trom-dhait' air gach raon,
 Le' dealt, 's le braon ga'n urachadh
 Tha Flora cuodachadh gach eluain,
 Gach glaie, a's bruaich le tharaichean,
 'S bi'dh neoincan, rosan, 's lili ban,
 Fo'n dithean aluinn, ehad-mhaiseach.

Tha Phæbus fein, le lochran aig!,
 Ag oradh ard nam beannataichean,
 'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tla,
 Cuir dreach air blath nan gleanntanan;

Gach innseag 's gach coirean fruioich
 Ag tarraim foillt na Bealltainn air;
 Gach firaich, gach tulaich, 's gach tom
 Le foirm cuir fuinn an t-samhraidh orr'.

Tha caoin, a's eiuin, air muir a's tir,
 Air machair mhin 's air garbh-shleibtean,
 Tha cuirnean drùchd na thuir air far,
 Ri airid 's ri ain na geala-ghreine:
 B'èdh coill', a's por, a's fraoch, a's fear,
 Gach iasg, gach eun, 's na h-a'nmhillhean
 Ri teuchd gu'n gnasleachd 's gu nos,
 Na'n gae, 's na'n doigh, san aimsir so.

Gur eibhinn abhachd nionag og,
 Air ghasan feoir 'sna h-aonaichean,
 An gleantaibh fasaich 's iad gu suaire',
 A falbh le buar ga'n saolachadh;
 Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
 Gu maiseach, fialaidh, foilteachail,
 Gu neo-ehiontach 'gun cheig, a's gras
 Nan gaol a smadh nan aodannan.

Uuin' gach mi-ghean, sgios a's gruaim,
 'S na bidheamaid uair fo'n aincartan,
 Crathamaid air chul gach bron,
 Le fonn, le col, 's le canntaireachd;
 'S binn' an tathaich sud mar cheud
 No gleadhraich citidh chabhsairean,
 'S mi 'm pillein eumaid', chul-ghorm fhraoich,
 'S na brughaichean saor an champaraid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun ehl
 An didean rimheach sheomraichean
 Bitheadh engallean gun speis, gun brigh,
 'N nitribh righrean, 's mor-naistibh,
 Biodh slainte eonmabhaich gach ial,
 Am buthaibh fial gun strothalachd,
 Aig Gaeil ghasd' an euidh ghearr,
 Fir speiseil, chaitheil, ro-gheanach!

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

Ann am ma-lainn chiuin cheitean,
 'S an spreidh air an lon,
 Agus cailin na buaile,
 Gabhail 'n-uallain mu'n coir;
 Do bhli gathanan *Phæbus*,
 A cuir an ceill tro' na neoil,
 Latha buadhach, geal, eibhinn,
 'S las na speuran le ros.

Ach cha b'è 'n tan, bha'd a tical,
 Anns an Innis sa' gheann,
 So bhuiin m'aigne gu luasgan,
 'S mi air chualt supa an am,
 Ach an cailin na dreach-mhoire',
 Miue mais' agus leinn,
 Bh'air an tulaich na'n feohar,
 Gu citineil, fòltaeach, grinn.

Shnamh mo smaointean an iognadh,
 'S thuit mi 'n coachlath ro-mhor,
 Sheas mi snasicht mar ionbaidh,
 'G anhare dian air an oigh,
 'S ge do bhrosnaich mo dhurachd mi
 Dh'eisleachd ur-laoith a beoil,
 Stad mi rithist le munnadh,
 'S dheachd mi run gu bhli foil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
 leis mar dhiobraim an eainnt,
 Dreach na fimm' ud, sa h-aiteachd,
 A thug barr air gach geall;
 Tha shios geala-mhin mar eala,
 No mar eumach nan gleann,
 'S a h-anail churaidh mar chainéal,
 O beul meachair gun mheang.

Bha fult cam-lubach, boidheach,
 Baehach, or-bhuidh', na dhuail,
 Cas-bhuidh', sniomhanach, laineach,
 An neo-charaill mu'n eumaid,
 Dobhraghad sneachdaidh a b' fhiar-ghlain
 Fo' tie' bu mhin-dheirge gruaidh,
 Gun imleachd bha, ach buaidh naduir,
 A toirt gach barr dhut gun uail!

Aghaidh bhainidh, ghlan, mhodhar,
 Bu bhinne, ros-dheirge, beul,
 Snit mheallach, ghorm, thairis
 Caol-mhala, 's rosg reidh,
 Uchd soluis, lan sonais,
 Geala bhroilleach mar ghrein
 'S troidh mhin-ghéal, chaoin, shoerach,
 Nach doich'neadh am fear.

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
 An binne 'n goireadh a chuch,
 Bha 'm feohar na h-Innse,
 Gus an tionailt' am buar,
 Gun do dh'imich an cailin,
 Min, farasla, suaire';
 Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i oran,
 'S bu ro-bhinn cheol bhreudh buaidh.

B ann air gaol bha i tighinn,
 'S run a eridhe, sa buaidh,
 Do dh'og-laich nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
 An leitir Laomhain nan caoch,
 Do dhuichd uiseag, a's sneorach,
 An barraibh ro-chruannaibh suas,
 A's sheinn cho binn an co'-ghleus d'i,
 'S gun do dh'eisid mi car nair.

"O chaillean! O Chaillean!"
 Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,
 "Cia fath nach tigeadh tu tharais,
 Do gheannan falaich nan eraoibh?
 Is nach iarrain-s' air m'ordagh,
 De storas, no mhaoiu,
 Ach bhli laithe na t-asgail,
 Fo' do bhreacan san fhraoch.

"Gu'n b'og mis' agus Caillean,
 Ann an gleannan na cusaich,

A's sinn a tional nan dithean,
Leim fhin feadh nan cluan;
A's sinn 'gar leagall nar sineadh,
'Nuair bu sgi leim air bruaich
'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionlais bhuanin.

" Gu'm bu neo-chiontach maran
Mo graidh ann sa' choill;
A's sinn a' mireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smaointinn air foill;
Sinn gun mhulad, gun fhadachd,
O mhadaim gu h-oidhch',
Agus *Capit* gar taladh,
Gu toirt graidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

" 'S ge do thainig an samhralh,
'S mi sa' ghleann so ri spreidh,
Gur e's tric leam am fagail,
'S bithidh each as an deigh;
'S ann a dhineas mi tharais
Do na ghran leam fein,
Gu bhi taomadh mo dheasgaim
Ann am fochar nan geug.

" Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O la ehuail iad nar tha—
Gur amsa leam Caillean
Na fear-buile le than;
Ach cha treigim-s' mo cheud-ghrallh,
Gus an gceilem do'n bhias;
On a gheall e bhi dileas,
• Cia fath mu'n dibriun-sa dha?"

So nar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tosan tairis a graidh,
'S a boid sheasmhach da ceud ghaol,
A's nach dibreadh gu brath,
Gach oigh' eile da eluim so.
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bas,
Gu bhi leumtainn an t-saunh' ud,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoir dha.

Ach air bhi grathuinn na m' thamh
dhomh,
'S mi gun abhachd san rod,
'S mo eibhneas air lasadh le h-eibhneas
A' tabhairt eisdeachd da'n oigh—
Chunnaeas oganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chro,
'S e le uile shar imeachd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bo.

Bha dhreach, 'sa dhealbh mar bumbian-
nach,
Le oigh iarraidh dh'i fein,
An tus briseadh an runachd,
'S i fo h-ar bhla air foill;
Beachd a b'fhearr, bu neo-fhurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dheigh,
Air an oganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o leacain nan geug.

Ach suil dha'n tug an t-og gasd:
Bu rioghail mas' air gach tao',

Dheare air oigh nan ciabh cas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan craobh;
Dheachd a eicidhe le furtachd
Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghaol,
A's ghuidh e beannaichd da 'n dhodhail,
A bheag ann bron daibh arann.

Is ann an glacaibh a cheile,
Le mor speis nar bu mhunn,
Ghlais an dith's ud le eibhneas,
'S an riu reidh ga'n cuir dian;
'S o'n bha furan cho tairis,
'S nach b'fhuras aithris cho sial,
Ghuidh mi sonas gun dith dhaibh,
Gu la 'n crich a'ts mi triall.

Note.—The circumstances that called forth the foregoing beautiful song were these:—Our author in his excursions was perambulating the Highlands of Perthshire, where he happened to alight on a shieling, or mountain dairy, in the occupancy of a respectable farmer's daughter attended by a young man one of her father's servants. The bard was warmly invited to remain with them in this humble but hospitable hut for some days to rest himself and to bear them company. The invitation was accepted. A person of the poet's penetration could not long remain ignorant of the fact that the artless maiden was uneasy in her mind; and, as they had now arrived at that stage of familiarity which justifies the disclosure of secrets, upon being questioned, she told him that her affections were fixed upon a neighbouring swain—a handsome, young fellow, whose advances, however, were discountenanced by her parents in consequence of his poverty. Ross possibly entered with enthusiasm into his friend's romantic love affair—at all events, he was not the man to do violence to the feelings of the human heart for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. Short as his stay was in the shieling, he had frequent opportunities of seeing the young lover and the milk maid meet in the solitude of a contiguous dell. Spurning the threatened wrath of parents, they were speedily married—the poet was invited to the marriage feast, where he sung this song so tenderly expressive of the bliss which had its consummation, in the union of his fair friend with the man of her affections.

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA
TEARLACH.

CO'S-SHEIRM.

*Soraidh bhuan dha'n t-suaithneas bhan,
Gu la-buain cha ghluais o'n bhias;
Ghlac an naigh an suaithneas ban
'S leacan fuaraidh tuaim' a thamh!*

Air bhi dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-donaich, 's comhlan leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leinn,
'S cha sgeul' ait a thachair innt',
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Albainn arsaidd ! 's fathunn broin,
Gach aon mhuir bait' tha bacadh oirn,

T-òighre rioghail bhi san Roimh,
Tirt' an enoi chist' Iobhta bhord!
Soraith bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam n'osnaich anns gach la
'S trio mo sunaintean fàl' o lèimh—
Cluain an domhain trugh an dail,
Gur cobhartach gach feoil do'n bhas!
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chrìdh' gu briste, fann,
'S deoir mo shul a' ruith mar allt,
Go do cheilin sud air am,
Bhruchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh,
Gu'n cluainte caismeachd mu'n cuairt;
Cabhlaich Thearlach thigh'n' air chuan,
Ach threig an dail mi gu la-luain,
Soraith bhuan, &c.

'S Ìomhhor laoch a's mili treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albaìn as do dheidh,
Iad fo's n-ìosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sreup.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgi,
Do threud ionmhainn anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meannach bu gharg eli,
Ulanh, arm-chleasach 's an t-sri.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaidh na cruictearan binn,
Am barraibh dhos fo' sprochen an cinn,
Gach beo bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgaimn leinn.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air an faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamh,
O nach tig thu claoidh nan cian.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Bh'n t-al og nach fac thu riamh,
'G altrum graidh dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an crìdhe nis na'n cliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Ach biodh ar n' uirnich moeh gach la
Ris an Ti is aird' a ta,
Gun e dhiobadh oirh' gu brath,
Ar 'n encoir air an t-suaithneas bhan.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Ach's eagal leam ge math a chleir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
Gu'm faicear sinn a' sìleadh dheur
A choinn an suaithneas ban a threig.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraith bhuan gu reidh
Leis na dh'ìmicheas an cein,
Dh'ionnsaidh an ait' na laidh an renll,
Dh'fhograih uninn gach gruaim a's neul.
Soraith bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhi na's fearr,
Cha bhi n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas ban,
Soraith bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICHI GHAELECH.

AIR FOXN—"We'll go no more a roving."

Tha sud do ghna air n'ìntinn,
Le iompaiddh chinnteach, reidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
Gu'n triallamaid dha reir;
'S a nis' blo nach urrainn mi
Ga chumail orm gu leir,
Bi'dh mi fudheoidh ag aiceachadh
Na th'agam dhut de speis.

*An sin treigeamaid am farsan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhi air chuairt,
Bhi maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le farsadachd gun ghruaim.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.*

Gach aon a chi mi 's beartaiche,
Bithidh spailp ort' as am maoin.
Ach sud cha b'urraim n' iasgach-sa,
Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
Mo nadur ge d' bhiodh iarratadh,
Dha' mhiann 's nach tugaime taobh,
Le snaim cho dian' cha shmasaichinn,
Mar glacte mi le gaol.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an stòras mi,
Ge neonach sud leibh fein.
Dha'n neach is liugh' coraichean,
Tha 'm Breatuinn mhor gu leir
Ge soilleir inbhe 'n stata sin,
Cha taladh e mi ceum,
'S air mheiltean oir cha lubainn-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm bhiodh mo dheidh.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mor,
Air chumha gun ghne theag-mhaladh,
R'a f'haotainn bhi na dhoigh;
A run-sa 'nuair a d'fhiosraichinn,
Na'm measainn bhi air choir,
Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt dha,
Cho fad sa bhiodh e beo.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam cailin fincealta,
 'S i maiseach, fìor-ghlan, cinin,
 Ged' nach biodh ni, no airgead aic',
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thus
 Ach sud na'n tarladh aic' a bhi
 'S ga reir bhi pailt' an clu,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhist' i e,
 'S i fein bhi glie air chul.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Cha treiginn fein a bharail sin,
 A dh'aindeoin 's na their each,
 Le iomluas gu bhi caoehlaidheach,
 'S nach nontaicheadh mo chuil,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toilteach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuan gu brath,
 'S a leanas e gu dicehallach,
 A bheirt a chi e 's fearr.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GABLICH.

[AIR AN FHOINN CHEUDNA.]

Na'n tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'eigin leam no cas,
 Bhi 'g iomlaid gaol gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu reidh ga nìdneheil dha,
 'Sa dh'aindeoin uail a's goraich
 Nan oighean oga, bath,
 'S e sud an teuchd gu dìdeanadh,
 An cridheachan gu brath.

*Gu'm b' annsa na bhi m'onar,
 Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
 Maraon a's lubadh farasda,
 Le oigear fearail suaire.
 Gu'm b' annsa, &c.*

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dail sin chuir ma m' choir,
 Le oigear maiseach, milcanda
 Gun anbharr, no dìth stoir,
 A chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,
 'S mi fein am nighinn oig,
 Gun casbhuidh seadh no pairtean air
 Cha'n aich'ain e ach foil.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

B'e sud an ceile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh lan nan cobhrachan,
 Dheth 'n or 's gun treoir dha reir;
 A threudan a' tigh'n tharais air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach seud,
 Cha'n fhagadh saibhreas sona mi,
 Gun toilcachas na dheigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n cumadh Ni-math bhuan-sa sud!
 Fear gabbaidh, cruaidh, gun chliu,

Na fhionaig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shuil,
 Gun tomad a measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoil, na ghnuis,
 Gun fhuiltreachd, chairdeil, f'hurinach—
 Gun uirghìoll nig a's fiu.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach oigear, dreachmhor, tabhuchdach
 Neo-urduach na ghne,
 Bhios calma 'n nair as eigin da,
 'S reì'-bheartach dha reir;
 Gun storns bhi tigh'un tharnis air,
 Gun aim-bheirtas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'arratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

O R A N

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINN-
 FHEADHNA SA' BHLIADHNA—1782.

LUINNEAG.

*Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hoiriunn horo,
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn.*

Thug m' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bron i.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Bith'maid gu maranach, geanach,
 Fearail, mar bu choir dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cuir am bola breac na tharruinn,
 'S glaineachan air bord dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
 Ris na las mo sholas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,
 Thigh'n' gu dail an corach.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S ge d' tha cuid diu sud a thriall uainn,
 Tha 'n iarmad air foghnadh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Feudaidh mac bodaich a reiste,
 Bhi cuir bleid a storas.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bola de chuineadh
 Nan Suinn nach eil beo dhiu.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostmaid suas gach ceann-finne,
Bl'anns an iomairt mhoir ud.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostmaid suas luchd ga leanmhuinn
Gun dearmad air Deorsa:
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatainn agus Eirinn,
Geillechdainn da mhorachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Ge bu duillech leinn an sgeul ud,
Mae Bìgh Seumna fhogradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cha'n eil sta a bhì ga innndran
Ge l'e 'm prìunnsa coir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhiobras olach,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Fonn an einnich fìor shìol coiree,
Cinnidh fochean otrach;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi ga stolda,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR Luain, a's mi air chuairt,
Gu'n cuilcas fuaime nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceol nan teud gu h-ordail, rei d.
A's coisir da reir os a chionn;
Thuit mi 'n caochladh leis an ioghnadh,
A dh-aisig mo smaointean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceill gu'n imichinn cein,
Le m'aigneachd fein, 's e co'-streap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,
An robh ol 's ceol as dambs',
Rìbhinnean, a's fleasgaich oga,
'S lad an ordugh grunn gun mheang;
Dhearcaas fa leath air na h-oighean,
Le rosg foil a null 'sa nall,
'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shuil co'ladh,
'S rinn an gaol mo leon air ball!

Dhluchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinncamb,
'N ainneir og, bu ghriinne snuadh;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhla canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan;
Suil ghorm, mheallach, fo chaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amharc uath,
Beul tìla, tairis' gun gheum smalain,
Dha'n gnà carthannachd gun uail.

Mar ghath grein' an madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shul,
'S i ceumadh urlair gu reidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a ebiull;
Rìbhinn mhodhail, 's fìor-ghlan foghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhorghlach mo ruin,
Reull nan oighean, grian gach coisridh,
'S f'n chiall eomhraidh, cheol-bhinn, chinin.

'S teare an sgeula sunnail t-eugaisg,
Bhì ri fheartainn san Roinn-Eorp,
Tha maist', a's feile, tìachd, a's ceutaidh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' choir,
Gach efin a' fas riut muirn, 's an aillteuchd
An sugradh, 's a maran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a' bailli, bh' air *Diana*,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha aig Moir.

'S baclach, duallach, eas-bhuidh', cuachach'
Caradh suaineas gruaig do chinne,
Gu h-aluinn, boidhnech, faineach, or-bhuidh,
An caraibh seòighn' san ordugh grunn,
Gun chroin a' fas riut, a dh' f'heut' aircamh,
O do bharr gun sail do bhunin;
Dh'fhuich na buaidhean, oigh, mu'n enairt dut,
Gu meudachdain t-uail 's gach puig!

Bu leigheas eugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheadadh bhì ma d' choir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhì na t-fhagaig,
'G cisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil;
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin feucantachd cho boidh'ch,
Rì muirninn mhìn, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dìth ri m' bheo.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhrlamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh mhìar, no mheang,
Cinneadh morganach, bu chrodha,
Tìonal co 'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cuis a bharr nan du'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n dutchas thall,
Leanadh ruaig air Cataich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-feidh an dluth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san stri,
Fìr nach obadh leis gu'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu cholgail, faiceant' an stoirm feachdaidh,
Ainrach, breacanaeh, air tì
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh ga dhol fo chis.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruai' leam m' fhor-
tan
Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun sunnt,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon run,
A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn.
Throm na Duilean peanas duball,
Gu mist' amhlachadh air ball,
Thaladh *Cupid* mi san dusal,
As na dhuig mi bruite, fann!

Beir soraidh buann d'on rih-linn shuairc',
 De'n chinneadh mhór a's uaisle guns,
 Thoir mo dhurachd-sa g'a le-ionnsuidh,
 'S mi 'n deagh run d'a cul-bhuidh' ban.
 'S nach brnadar eudail a ghluais m'aigne,
 'S truaigh nach aoidh e dhonh tamh,
 'S ge b'ann air chuart, no thall an euan,
 Gu'm bí mi smuainteach ort gu brath.

MOLADH A BHAIRD

AIR A THIR FEIN.

Ox is farsan leam gach la,
 Bídh 'n sneachd so gu Braigil-Albann,
 A d'fheuch a fear a gheibh mi sláint,
 A thigh 'n' gu ard nan garbh-chrioch,
 'S ge do dhirich mi Láire-Ila.
 Tha mo spid air falbh bhuan,
 Ge tus bliann' uir' e 's heag mo shurd,
 Rí bryghaichean Choire-Chorannaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
 Air chinnt' ge d' tha tha boidheach,
 A bhí ri sneachd' a tìol mo leapa,
 Dhafn t-Sasunnach dhoite,
 'S i'n tìr fo thaobh dha mor mo luaidh sa,
 Ghluais mo smuain gu oran,
 'S mi air bealach triall ri gaillion,
 Gu fearann nach eol domh.

A Shraith Chinn, Fhaolain nam ba-maola
 'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
 'S mi nach tagh-leadh, air do ghaol thu.
 Nochd gur faonaidh fuar thu ;
 Thuirt beal an rathair riam gum b'fhearr,
 Na Gearr-loch an tiobh-Tuatha,
 Fhearann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
 Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh 'thir a mhonaidh,
 A's nam beann corrach, arda,
 Frìdh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
 Tir Chlaun-Eachuinn Ghearr-loch,
 Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
 Suas tro' gleannan fasaich,
 Bídh cuach sa blian-lan, seinn a leadainn,
 Moch sa mhadainn, Mhaighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tìr bhaigheil,
 'S an tìr phairteach, bhíadhar,
 Tir a phailteis, tìr gun ghaine,
 Tir is glaine fialachd,
 An tìr bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
 Chaomhach, channach, thiorail,
 Tir an arain, tìr an tachdair,
 Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tir an aigh i, tìr nan armunn,
 Tir nan sar-fhear gleusda ;
 Tir an t-suairceis, tìr gun ghrusimean,
 Tir is uaisle feile.

An tìr bhoreach, nam frith ro-mhor,
 Tir gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
 An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
 Mhartaich, laoghuach, fheurach.

Gu'n tì nollaig mhór le sonas,
 Gu common gun phrubar,
 O'n's lionmhór gaisgeach le sar acinn
 Theid gu feuchd m' traighad,
 Mar shluagh Mhic-Chu 'il le rnaí' fhuibhai',
 Ruaig gun chun' air sneachlan ;
 Bídh Muireardach maide fo' bhinn chabar
 Gu stad i sa Bhruidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galldachd,
 Cha'n ann tha mo mhi-chuis,
 Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann [prialal
 Tha mo ruin do'n chomunn chiuin nach
 'N'ann tìrce' do'n la thig sibh o'n traigh,
 Gu seomr ban nam pisean ;
 Bídh ceol nam feulan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
 Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bídh bola lan air bhord na'n dail,
 Cuir surd fo chail na coisir,
 Bídh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a
 luach.
 Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eorpa
 Bídh luagh a's luinnag, duan a's iorram,
 'S cuairt le sgil bho'n oisich,
 Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arn sgaiteach.
 Treunnhor air feuchd comh-stri.

'Nuair tharladh sibh' san taigh-thabhairn,
 Far an traichte stoip leibh,
 Cha b'e'n eannran bhíodh n'ur pairt,
 An uair a b'airde poit dhuibh,
 Ach mair', a's maran, gaoil, a's cairdeas
 'S iomairt lamh gun do-bheirt
 'S bu bhinn ri eiseachd cairnt 'ur heul,
 Seach iomairt m'heur air oigh-cheol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich cliu na h-Alba,
 Fhuaradh ainm na duch' ud,
 An am a h-naisean dhol ri cruadal
 'S Eachunn rundh air thus dhiubh,
 O la Raon Flodden nam beum trom'
 A shoeraich boru na fiadhaidh,
 Gu h-uallach, dosrach, suas gun dosgann,
 Uasal bho stoc mhuirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD

ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN

AIR FOMN.—"The Links of the Dee."

SA' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
 'S neo-eibhinn a ta mi,
 Cha b' ionann a's m' abhaist,
 Air eiridh nan gleann,
 O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s',
 Chuir mi cul ris gach maran,

'S cha bheag a chuis-ghrainne leam,
 Canran nan Gall;
 Cia mar dh'fheadain bhli subhach,
 'S mo chri an ait eile?
 Gun agam ach pairt dheth,
 Sa 'n ait' anns am beil mi,
 Fo dhubhar nam mor-bheann,
 Thu 'n corc' dheth 's cha cheil mi.
 'S gur grain' leam bhli 'g amharc,
 Na th'agam na gheall.

O! 's trio bha mi falbh leat,
 A gheala-bhean na feile,
 Ann a doire nan geug,
 A's air reidhleim na drinich;
 'S air srathaidh a ghlianne,
 Far bu bhinn guth smorach
 'S air iomair nan noineimean,
 Fheoirneanach chur',
 A direadh a mhulsaidh
 'S a tional na spreidhe,
 Gu Innseng na tulaich,
 Air iomain sa' cheitean,
 Bu neo-chiontach maran,
 Mo ghraidh-sa gun bheud ann;
 'S gu 'nr b'ait leam bhli 'g eisdeachd
 Bi sgeula mo ruin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD

A MOLADH A LEANNAIN.—AGUS A DHUTHAICH
 FEIN.

AIR FONN—'O'er the muir among the heather.'

Gur e mis' tha bristo, bruite,
 Cia b'e ri'n leiginn mo runachd.
 Mu'n ainneir is binne sugradh,
 'S mi ri giulau a cion-falsaidh.

*E ho ro mo run an cailin
 E ho ro mo run an cailin
 Mo run cailin suairc' a mharain,
 Tha gach la a' tigh'n' fo' m'aire.*

Tha mo chridhe mar na ouaintean,
 Mar dhuilleach nan crann le luasgan,
 No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann;
 'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.
E ho ro, &c.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gael,
 'S earrainn de Bhreatainn air farsan
 'S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
 Air Finne bhan nan tla-shul meallach.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu bhinne na smeorach Cheitein
 Leam do ghloir, 's tu comhradh reidh rium,
 'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-eibhneas,
 Tabhairt eisdeachd dh'a d' bheul tairis.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thailleag,
 'S mo leug phrìseil, rimheach, aghunhor,
 Bu leigheas eugall o na bhàs doimh,
 Na'm feudainn a ghna bhli mar riut.
E ho ro, &c.

Gu muladach mi 's mi smaointinn,
 Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochlath,
 Oigh mhìn, mhaiseach, nam bas maoth-
 gheal,
 'S a slios caoin-tla mar an canach.
E ho ro, &c.

Tha do dhealbhadh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
 Mìn-ghéal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lìonta,
 'S do nadur cho seamh 's bu mhiannach,
 Gu pailt,, fìulaidh, ciùlluch, barnail,
E ho ro, &c.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun-eileann,
 Cumail comuinn ri luchd Beurla
 Bheir mi 'n t-soraiddh so gu'n treigsinn
 Dh' ionnsaidh m' eibhneis ann 'sna glean-
E ho ro, &c. [naibh.

Ge do tharladh dhomh bhli 'n taobh-sa,
 Gur beag mo thlachd dheth' na du-Ghaill.
 'S bi'dh mi nis a' cuir mo chul riu,
 'S a deanamh m' iuil air na beannaibh,
E ho ro, &c.

Gur catrom mo ghleus, a's m' iompaidh,
 'S neo-lodail mo cheum o'n fhoann so,
 Gu tir ard nan sùr-fhear sunntach,
 'S a treigsinn Galldachd nam dheannamh.
E ho ro, &c.

Diridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,
 Air leth-taobh Srath min na Lairce,
 'S tearnaidh mi gu Innseng bla-choill
 'S gheibh mi Finne bhan gun sinalan.
E ho ro, &c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUNNEAG.

*Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
 Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
 Ho ro gur toigh leinn drama,
 'S ioma fear tha'n geall air.*

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraiceil,
 Dh-fhas gu foirmeil, meanmach, maiseach,
 Dh-fhas gu speiseil, treabhach, tspanidh
 Neo-lapach san aimhreit;
Ho ro, &c.

Ach troair g' an d' fhuair a chailleach,*
Bha nairigin anns na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa ni mi do mholadh,
Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.
Ho ro, &c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so. 's shéinn i éliu dhut,
Dh-aifhnic i 'nsgolun a bh'ann san druthaig,
'Nuair a bhíodh a broinn san rupal,
B'e run thu bhí teann oir'.
Ho ro, &c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sugach,
Chuireadh ar mi-ghean air eul duinn,
'S a chuireadh teas oirn san dulaohd,
'Nuair bu ghuu an geamhradh,
Ho ro, &c.

Stath glan na Toiseachd, gun truailleadh,
Gur ioc-shlaint choir am beil buaidh o;
'S tu thogadh m'inntin gu sunirocas,
'S cha b'e druaid nu *Frainge*.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tu 'n gill' eithinn, meannnach, boidheach,
Chuireadh nu euilleachan gu boillech,
Bheireadh seannachas as na h-oighean
Air ro-mhoid am baindeachd,
Ho ro, &c.

Chuireadh tu uails' anns a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu uail anns an arachd,
Dh-fhagadh tu cho suniro' fear dreamach,
'S nach biodh air' air dreamdan.
Ho ro, &c.

'S tu mo laochan soitheamh, sibbalt,
Cha bhí loinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mi-ghean
'S bheir thu sith a aimeireit'.
Ho ro, &c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd toireachd,
Bithidh iad fialaidh, pailt ma'n stornas,
Chaoidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-od iad,
Sgapadh oir nan deann leo.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhach, teallsunach, no sagart,
Dhu nach foir thu caochladh aigne—
Sparra' ceill san amhlair.
Ho ro, &c.

* The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary McLeod the poetess, who is said to have been a little *dry* in her last years. Tradition has it that, when Mary paid a visit to any of her friends, if the *shell* was not in immediate requisition, she feigned to be suddenly seized with colic—raising such lugubrious moans and shrieks as could not but alarm the inmates. "Oh! Mary, dear daughter," they would exclaim in their simplicity, "what ails you—what can do you good?" Mary, who was musical even in her distress, would reply in the words of the chorus—" *Ho ro ur toigh lean drama?*"

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anns an rioghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhol a stri riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shineadh,
'S pioban as gach ceann deth.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
Dheanna' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sog air fear olanail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slan fear baeach,
'S e gun ich, gun oich, gun acain,
'G eiridh le sunnt air a leth-chois,
Gu spuilpeil a dhambasa.
Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadradh,
'S na cromaichean sgreogach, sgreogach,
Gu eiridh gu frogail, sa cheigeil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois,
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu suniroche mo ruin-so,
Ge d' thuir na mnathan nach b'fhu thu,
'Nuair a thachras tu sa' chuil riu,
Bheir thu cuis gun taing dhiu.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an fhir-fhacail,
Bheireadh fuasgla' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach ol e dhíot ach cairteil,
'S blasmhóird a chaint e.
Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fas ort,
'S gu la-luain nach faod mi'n aircamh,
Ach 'se sgnóil do chliu 's gach aite,
Na baird a bhí 'n geall ort.
Ho ro, &c.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoid thu mo chuid gun fhios uam
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn
Cha chreid mise drann dheth.
Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu lunch-mhor t-fheum-dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun cheill e,
Dum amaban, sed quid referi,
Na ghraig *que amanda*.
Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.

LUINNEAG.

'S toigh lian drama, lion a ghlaime,
Cuir an t-searray sin an nall;
Mac-mu-brach' an gille gada,
Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

Ge b'è dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'ole an aithne bha na cheann.
Mar tig thu fhathast na charamh,
Gu'm bell mo bharail-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'è duine dha nach b'èol thu,
Dheana' foirteart ort le calnt,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leanmhuinn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air
gann,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'è chomain-s' a bh'ann
Bhi cuir mi-chlta air do nadur,
Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'aoireadh fear do bheusan?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n Fhraing,
No dhi-mholadh stuth na Toisenchd?
Ach trudar nach oludh dram.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Toiseadh gun truaillendh,
An loc-shluint is uaisle t' ann,
'S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Cia mar a dheanamaid banals?
Cumhnanta, no ceangal teann?
Mar bi dram agalnn do'n Chleircach,
Bu leibeideach feum a pheunn.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Tha luchd crabbaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cul-chaint a's briodal feall,
Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-allt.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chleir fein, ge seunt' an cota,
Tha'n sgornanan ort an geull,
Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoilendh,
Cho math ri saighdear sa' champ,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

An t-OLLA MAC-IAIN* le Bheurla,
Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreuguis-chainnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gael,
Teang' a chunanaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

TN nair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrioch ud thall
Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam fein, fhir mo chridhe,
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidhean 's gach am,

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

'S tric a bhu sinn ar dithis
Gun phlob, gun fhidheall, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

When our author's celebrated preceding song in praise of whiskey became generally known, Mr. John MacDonald, the author of the excellent love-ditty, the second set of *Mairi Laghach*, invoked his muse and composed a parody on it systematically overthrowing everything Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the position he formerly assumed—repeated the villifier of *aqua vitae* and at still the same length celebrated the inspiring qualities of

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR FORN—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhoidheach
An or-fhuilte bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shul miogach,
'S nam min bhas sneachda-gheal,
Gu'n siubhlain reidhreach
A'a sleibhtean bhreantuin leat,
Fo earradh sgaolte
De dh'adach breacain orm,

'S e sud an t-eidendh
Ri 'n eircadh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghaelach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheul na h-oidhche
Gu soills' na maidinne,
Gu'm b'ait n-ar sugradh
Gun dusal cadail oirn.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug oigh na Gaelig,
Barr am mais' orra,
Gur annir sheoighn i
Gun sgoid ri dearc' oirre,
Na h-earradh gle-mhath
De dh'eudadh breacanach.

Gur foinnidh, mileanta
Direach, dreachmhor, i,
Cha lub am feoirnean
Fo broig 'nuair shaltras i;
Thu deirge a's gile
Co-mhìre glenchedanaich,
Na gnuis ghil, eibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Reidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhilibh sar-dhaitht',
Air blath *bhermillian*;
Tha h-aghaidh narach
Cho lan de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne comhradh
Na oraid fhileanta,
'Tha guth nì's ceolmhoir',
Na oigh-cheol binn-fhacalach,
Cha luidheadh bròn oirn,
No leon, no lomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na òinne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhèalltainn,
'S an Samhradh lusnach,
Bì'dh sinn air airdh,
Air ard nan uchdanan,
Bì'dh cruil nan gleanntan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dusgadh
Le surd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bì'dh 'n erodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an f'hròch ag ineachtradh,
'S na gobh'ralbh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuilleach,
Bì'dh 'n t-al 's an leimnich
Gun cheill, gun chion / ra,
Ri gleachd 's ri comhrag
'S a snotach bhileagan.

Bì'dh mise, a's Maire
Gach la 's na glacagan,
No'n doire geugach
Nan cunnan breac-iteach,
Bì'dh cunch, a's smeorach,
Ri ceol 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail orain
Le sgornnain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—"WILLIAM ROSS chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—'Moladh na h-oighe Ghaelich' or his 'Praise of the Highland Maid' is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces everything that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language."—BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LWINNEAG.

*Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Ho ro ladie dhui',
Ho ro eile,
Gu'm b'èibhinn le m'aigneadh
An ladie na'm feudadh.*

Nach mireagach Cupid,
'S e sugradh ri mhathair,
Dia brionnach gun suilean,
An duil gur ceol-gair' e,

A' tilgeadh air thualream,
Mu'n cuairt anns gach aite,
A shaighdean beag, guineach,
Mar's urrainn e'n anthadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Bha sagart 's na eriochan,
'S bu diughaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
Air dunadh le creideamh,
'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor;
'S b'ann a cheann-cagair,
A theagasg bhì beusach
Gun ofrail a nasgadh
Aig altairean *Bhenuis*.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'Nuair a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
Fear-teampull cho duire,
Gun urram dh'a mailleachd,
Gun mhiagh air a sugradh,
Chuir i 'n dia dalldach,
Beag, feallsach, gun suilean,
'Dh-fheuchain am feuchadh e,
A ghleusadh gu h-urlain.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baother,
Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
Gun thilg e air saighead,
O cinailin na buaille
Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
'S chu chuir as gu la-luala e,
Mar bhithheadh gun gheill e,
Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'S b'e ailmheil an *Lebhit*,
'Nuair a b' eigin da umhlachd,
Gu 'm b' fheairrde gach buachaille
Gruagach a phusadh,
'S bha cailin na buaille,
Cho buan ann a shuillean,
S' gun robh i na aigneadh,
Na chadal 's na dhusgadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

'S e fath ghabh an sagart,
Air caidridh na h-oighe,
Air dha bhì air madainn,
Ga h-aidmheil na sheomair,
A glacadh 'sa leagadh,
Air leabaidh bhig chomhnaird,
'S mu's maitheadh e peacsadh,
Bhì tacan ga pogadh.
Ho ro ladie dhui', &c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
Mar ilisgean oirne,
Mar tha sinn cho deidheil,
Air eibhneas na h-oige
Luchd-creideimh a's crab'
'Toirt stracan gu gora'
'S a bristeadh nan ain'
Le barr am buill-e'
Ho ro ladie d'

Note—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland Schoolmaster, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the country-side for his scorching tirades against all delinquents—especially such as had incurred the rebuke of the kirk-session. Our bard, although free from the grosser immoralities, being a little amorous in his disposition, came once or twice under the lash of this censor.—But alas! the instability of human virtue—“holy Willie” himself got an illegitimate child! The *fama* of the Saint’s sin ran from one corner of the parish to the other by getting his servant maid in the *family way*.—The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the Domine, and applied the lash with great skill.—Nothing excels the irony and sarcasm of our bard in this production; if he does not exult a little too loudly over a fallen enemy.

CUMHADH A BHAIRD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR FÓN—“*Farewell to Lochaber.*”

GED’ is socrach mo leabaidh,
Cha’n e’n cadal mo mhiann,
Leis an luasgans’ th’air m’aigheadh,
O cheann fad’ agus cian,
Gu ’m beil teine na lasair,
Gun dol as na mo cliabh,
Tabhairt brosnachadh geur dhomh,
Gu bhí ’g eridh ’sa triall.

CO-SHEIRM.

*Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn an daíl,
Seinn eibhinn bhinn eibhinn,
Seinn eibhinn gach la,
Seinn eibhinn, binn eutrom,
Seinn eibhinn, do ghna
Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
Chuireadh m’ easlain gu lar.*

Tha mi corr a’s tri bliadhna,
Air mo lionadh le gaol,
’S gach aon la dhin stiúireadh,
Saighead ur ann mo thaobh;
Cia mar ’s leir dhomh ní taitneach,
Dh’aindeoin pailteas mo mhaoin?
’S mi as eugmhais do mharain,
Bhiodh gun ardan rium saor,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

’S e do mharan bu mhiann leam,
’S e tigh’n’ gun fhuabhras gun ghruaim,
Mar ri blasdach na t-obraid,
’S e bu cheol-bhinne fuaim;
Dh’eireadh m’ inntinn’ gu h-abhachd,
Ri linn bhí ’g aireamh gach buaidh.
A bha co’-streup ri mo leannan
Baindidh, furasda, suaire’.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

’S gur gile mo leannan
Nan cal’ air an t-snuimh,
Gur binn’ i na’n smeorach,
Am barraibh ro-chrann sa mnaigh,
Gur e geam’a’chd a beusan,
’S i gun eacoir na eail,
A lub mise gu geilleadh
Air bhéag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Gu’m beil maise na h-eudann,
Nach feudainn-s’ a huaidh,
Tha i pailt ann an ceutuidh,
’S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
Gun a coimeas ri featainn
Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
M’ og mhí-mhala bhaindidh,
Thogadh m’ inntinn o ghruaim,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

’S ge do bhithinn an eugail,
Agus leigh air toirt daíl,
Nach biodh furtachd an dan domh,
Ach am bas an gearr uin’,
Chuireadh eugas mo mhí-mhal’,
Mo mhí-ghean air chul,
Ghlacainn binneas na smeorach
A’s gheibhinn solas as ur.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach ’s ge binn smeorach,
’S ge binn coisir ’s gach crann,
Seinn ciúil dhomh ’n coil smudain,
Theich mo shugradh-s’ air chall—
Tha mi daonna an smaoiteach,
Air mo ghaol ann sa’ ghleann
’S mi air tuiteam am mí-ghean,
Gun a briodal bli ann.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

’Nuair a bhithinn-’s ’s mo mhí-mhal’
An gleannan rimheach na cuach,
No ’n doire fásach na smeorach,
Gabhail solais air chuairt;
Cha mhalairtin r’ eibhneas
O bhí ga h-eugmhais car uair,
Air son storas fhir-stata,
Dh’ aindeoin airdean an uail.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge bu righ mi air Albainn,
Le cuid airgeid a’s spreidh
B’e mo raghainn mo mhí-mhal’,
Thar gach ribhinn dhomh fein,
Cha bu shuainhneas gu bas domh
’N aon aite fo ’n gheirn,
’S mi as eugmhais do mharain,
Gus mo thearnadh o bheud.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ach mosg’leam tharais a mí-ghean,
’S cuiream gith air mo ghruaim,
Beo ní’s faide cha bhí mi
Gun mo mhí-mhala shuire!

Oig mhin beir mo shoraidh
Leat na choirean so shuas,
Seinn mo ruin ann sa' ghleannan.
'S tuigidh 'n eailin e bhuat.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach urra'leat mo
chaoi'
'G osnaich ri oidhech' cheothar—
Shiubhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan
craobh,
Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fheoraich,
Thogainn ri gaoith an monadh 'an fhraoich,
Mo leabaidh ri taobh dorain—
Do ebrutha geal caomb sinte ri m' thaobh,
'S mise ga'd' chaoin phogadh.

Chunna' mi fein aising, 's cha bhreug,
Dh-fhag sin mo chre bronaeh,
Fear mar ri te, a pogdh a beul,
A bridéal an deigh posaidh,
Dh'uraich mo mhian, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
Ghul mi gu dian, doimeach,
Gach cuisle agus feith, o' tochdar mo chleibh
Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
Dh'aisigeadh t-fhonn slainte do'm chom,
Dh'uchdadh air lom m' eibhneas,
Thiginn ad dhail, chuirinn ort failt',
Bhithinn a ghraidh reidh riut—
M'ulaidh s m'ó mhian, m' aighear 's mo
chiall,
'S ainneir air fiamh grein' thu!

Thuit mi le d'ghath, mhill thu mo rath,
Striochd mi le neart dorain
Saighdean do ghaoil sait' anns gach taobh,
'Thug dhìom gach caoin co'-lath,
Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
'S mheudaich thu gal broin domh;

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for some time bed-ridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone.—Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to capot above him.—“The son of song and sorrow” immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist.—He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies.—Had Burns been a Gaelic Scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism, when he sung:—

“How can ye chaunt ye little birds,
While I'm so wae an' fu' o' care?”

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments in his fugitive pieces than even the bard of

'S mar fuaigail thu tra, le t-flhuran 's le
t-fhailt'

'S cuideachd am bas dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhailt, fanna-bhui' nan
cleachd

'S fabhrad nan rosg aluinn;

G. aaidhean ruar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth garaidh—

Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan
leac

Bidh mi fo neart craidh dheth,

Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shugradh na
seach,

Fo dhuilleach nam preas blath'or.

'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,

Suilean air lidh airneig,

'Ghiulaineadh breid, uallach gu feill,

'S nasal an reull aluinn—

'Strua'gun an t-cadtha'n uachdar mo chleibh,

Gad bhuaidh-s' an ceud aite—

Na faighinn thu feidh puid' on a chieir

B'Thasa dhomh-fein tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainneir tha grunn, mileanta, binn,

Le d' cheileir a sinu oran.

'S e bhì na do dhail a dh'oidheche sa la,

Thoilicheadh cail m' oige:

Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,

'S na canach air sliabh mointich,

Nan deanadh tu ruin taruinn rium dlu'

Dheanainn gach turs' fhogar.

Carair gu reidh clach agus ere

Ma'n leabaidh-s' a bhri t-naise—

'S fada mi 'n eis a feitheamh ort fein

'S nach togair thu gheug suas leam,

Na b'thus a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,

Mas biodh tu fo chuing traigne,

Ach 's goirid an dail gu'm faicear an la,

'M bi pragan a' tra'l' m'uaigh-sa!

Mallaehd an tus, aig a mhnaoi-ghluin',

Nach d' adhlac sa chuil beo mi!

Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iuil ainneir dheas ur,

'S nach dairig thu fiu pog dhomh,

Tinn gu'n bhì slàn, daisgt' as mo phramh,

Cuimhneachach dan posaidh

Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu-
fein,

Le d' leannanachd gle og mi.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN.

AM BARD.

Acu gur mise tha duilich,

'S mi gu 'malaclach tragh,

Cha'n urra' mi a'caomh

Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,

Gu'm beil dorain mo chridhe,
Dha mo ruighinn cho cruaidh,
Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
O nach dirich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH

Tosd a shladai', 's dean frinn,
'S na bi 'g innsea' nam breug,
Cha chreid mi bhuat fathasd,
Nach eil da'ich do sgenl,
Ma tha i cho maiscach,
'S cho pailt ann an ceill,
'S nach urra' mi t-aicheadh,
Bheir mi barr dh'i thar cheud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
Faire ! faire ! *brabhoé!*
Cha bhí t-onoir gun anabarr;
Your servant, my Lord!
Mar a foghainn leat g'ragach,
Ach te uasal le srol,
Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
Cha chan mi ni's mo.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan ni's aille,
Na tha sa'n Roinn-corp,
Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
Na canach an fheoir
Gur binne na chlarsach
Leam abhachd a beoil,
Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
Cha 'n fhaod mi bhí beo!

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail thar choir e,
'S nach soradh a bhreug,
'S a liughad gnuis ro-ghlan
'S an Roinn-corpa gu leir,
Ma's a samhladh dh'i 'n canach,
Cha'n' aithne dhomh f'heum;
Ma's e 'gaol a bheir triall ort,
Deagh bhliadhn' as do dheigh.

Ma's a binne na chlarsach
Leat abhachd a beoil,
Gur neonach nach cuala' sinn
Luaidh air a ceol;
Mar a h-calaidd os 'n iosal
Ann an diomhaireachd mhor,
Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
Gun ach tri-'ear ma coir.

AM BARD.

'S i mo Leannan an 'eucag
Air na cendan thug barr,
Gnuis shoillear, caol-mhala',
Suil thairis, ghorm, thla,
Beul min mar an t-shirist
O' millis thig failt',

Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
Sud aogais mo ghraidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na *Yecaig*,
Cha bhiod speis dh'i no din
Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
Mar a toillich i 'n t-suil
Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
Mi-dbreach air a muirn,
Ge d' tha spailp as a h-eideadh,
Gur eun i nach fiu.

Gnuis shoillear, caol-mhala,
Suil thairis, ghorm, thla,
Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annt,
Chu mhair iad ach gearr,
Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
Teangaidh sgaiteach, lom, ghearrt',
'S mar tha seirce nan gruidhean,
Cha bhuain' iad na each!

The woman here introduced as a hypercrite in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of "the girl of his affections" and his own certainty of a premature grave in consequence of her refusal of him.—The old wife heard the first stanza, and by way of episode or running commentary, endeavours to cure him of his passion.—She thus continues her intervening remarks to the end of his ditty.—The poet was so struck with the shrewdness and point of her episodes that he immediately versified them.—The song, therefore, comes before us in the shape of a duet—the woman, however, singing two stanzas to the poet's one.—Ross does everything as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy!

BRUGHAIICHEAN GHLINN'-BRAON

LUNNEAG.

*Beir mo shoraidh le durachd,
Do ribhinn nan dlu-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi sugradh,
Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iarguin do glaoid.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fheud mi bhí subhach,
Gur he 's beus domh bhí dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,

'S ann a chleachd mi bhli mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a choill' am bi suadan
'S e gu binn a seinn eioil duinn,
Cuach a's smeorach 'g ar dusgadh,
A cuir na smuid diu le faoil'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu nùreadh,
Agus each ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's bu deonach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air faireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhùineal,
Sinn ag eiseachd nan luinneag,
Blìodh a' mullach nan craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga raite,
'S cha 'n nrra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sar
Thig air airdh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
S mi fo ehis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosun na *Frainge*,
Fo ain-pearl gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Aun an seomraichean glaiste,
Gun cheol, no gun mhaenas,
Gun ordugh a Sasunn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' abhaist.
A siubhal nam fasach,
'S a dìreadh nan arù-bheann,
Gabhail fath air na laoch.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stac-bheann,
Le mo ghurra nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgùichean fudair,
Air mo ghluin anns ar fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rin am bard an 'nuaira chual e gu'n phos a
leannan (Mor Ros) air dh'i dhol dhacaigh do
Shasainn nàille ri companach.]

AIR FOSN—"Robai dona gorach."

GE fada na mo thamh mi
Tha 'n damhair dhomb dusgadh,

Cia fath ma'n thriall mo mbaran,
'S gum b'abhuist dhomh sugradh?
C'arson a bhithinn bronach?
Ma'n oigh 's gum a diu dhomh,
Ge'd ghlac i 'n luib a graidh mi,
Le ambailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghainn sud do'n tnaidhidh,
On 's dual da bhì smaointinn:
Cha 'n aidich mi ach foil e,
'S cha mho ni mi saoradh
Thig n' ur-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinnendh Cormaic,*
'S e dearmad a chend ghaoil,
'S e gabhail cruil da iunnsaidh
Le inneal ciuil da gleansadh,
On chuir finne 'n diu-chall,
Mo shugradh 's mo bheusan,
Gu'n bath mi'n guth an orghain,
Le toraghan mo speis dh'i.

'Nuair dh'eirich Cailean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu farsan,
Gu'n d'fheoraich am fear og
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,
'S a liughad cailin beul-dhearg,
Cho beusach 's cho narach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha femmach air maran.

* Tradition says that this Cormac, whom the Bard mentions so often in the above song, was an Irish Harper, who came to Scotland and visited several of the Highland Chiefs. He at length went to the family of Macleod of Lewis, and served him for several years as a Harper. Having fallen in love with Macleod's eldest daughter, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a tune of the name of "*Deuchain ghlens? Mhic O'Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *Madag-achlais*, to cut Macleod's throat. As he was drawing near the chief with his knife, Macleod's eldest son came in, after returning from his daily mountain sports, and seeing Cormac approaching his father with such a dreadful weapon, exclaimed—"Cormac! Cormac! what do you intend to do—are you mad?" Cormac replied, "Mad, my young man! think you so? I am not; but I have a regard for your fair sister, whom I am resolved to take with me to Ireland; and as your aged father will not gratify my desire, I must sever his head from his body and clear my way." On hearing this, the youth replied, "You had better not, as you may get your choice of a thousand virgins in Scotland much fairer than my sister, without committing so cruel a deed." Cormac said, "You speak truly, my young man; hand me my lyre that I may banish the virgin's love with the sound of my harp." The Bard uses this history as a text to the above song, where he complains that Cormac, with the melody of his harp, had cured his love, while a remedy for his own was never to be found.

'Nuair chual' am Macan-baoh sin,
'S a ghaol bhí do-mhuchte.
'S e smaointich e gu thearbhadh,
Bhí falbh as a dlúthaich
Ach nochdadar na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le tursa,
Gun ghlac e cruít a's sheinn e,
Le binn-cheol as ur e.

Bha feiteach air an nn orghan,
Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
Mas biodh an fhinne 'n uachdar,
Air duan na fuaim clarsaich,
Ach chu d' fhuair mise sgeul
Ann am Beurla no Gaelig,
A dh'innseadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smaladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
Nach faodainn a thoirsinn,
A's gur h-e chuir a hoidh mi
Bhí smaointinn bean t-eugais,
'S 'n teire a bha 'n ad ghnúis-ghil,
A lub mi gu eugail,
'S nach deann Lighich' slan mi,
Oeh! b'fhéarr gun b'e 'n t-eug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
Ri smaointinn bean t-aillteachd,
Cha chadal anns an oidhch' dhomh,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an la dhomh,
Cha n' fhacas ri mo re,
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu brath air
Ni b'annsa' na bhí reith 's tu,
A gheug nam bas bana.

Gur binne leam do chomhradh
Na smeorach nan geugan,
Na cuach sa mhadainn Mhaighe,
'S na clarsach na'n teudan,
Na'n t-Easpuig air la Dombhaich
'S a mor-shluagh 'ga eisdeachd,
Na ge do chunnte storas
Na h-Eorpa gu leir dhomh.

C'arson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
Gun chainnt no gun leirsinn?
Mas fac' t-aghaidh bhaindill,
Rinn a eas nan ceudan,
O'n chunna ni air thus the,
Bu chliuteach do bheusan,
Cha n' fhasa' leam mur bas
A bhí lathair as t-eugnaíais!

Ach 's truaigh! gu'm beil do ran-sa,
Cho dur dha mo learnhuinn,
'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiulan,
A h-níle taobh daa falbh mi,
An cadal domh no dusgadh
A sugradh no seannchas,
Tha sud da m' raagadh daganar,
S mi sgaoilte gun tearmann!

Ach fasgaidh mi mo dhuthaich
Gu 'n diuch'naich mi pair dheth,
Ro-mheud sa thug mi run
Dha do chul buidhe, fuingach,
Air triall dhomh thar m' eolas
A dh'ain-deoin mo chairdean
Tha saighend air mo ghiulan,
A lubas gu lar mi!

'S a nise bho'n a thriall thu,
'S nach b' fhaich leat mo mharan,
A chionn 's nach robh mi storasach,
Mor ann an stata,
Ach sud ge d'lobh da 'm dhí-sa,
Cha 'n islich mi pairtean,
Tha m' aigne torrach, fíor-ghlan,
Nach díobair gu brath mí.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dut,
Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
Ga'n fhuireach ri do chairdean,
Do dhainh, no luaid t-colais,
Biodh soirion air na speuran,
Gun ciridh air mor-thonn,
A dh' aiscageas le reidh ghaoith
Gun bhend tha gu seol-ait.

Mar sud bha ur-sgeul Chormaic
Cho dearbhfa sa' sheinn e,
E-fein sa' chomunn og
'S iad gle bhronach ma-thimeheall,
E gabhail ead le poig dh'i,
Gu'n chomhradh gun impidh
'S e dioladh guth an codhail,
Na h-oighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOBHAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mhulad sa'n am
Cha'n olar leam dram le sunnt,
Tha durrag air ghrur ann mo chail
A dh-fhiosraich do chach mo ruin,
Cha 'n faic mi 'dol seachad air sraid
An cailin bu thaithe suil;
'S e sin a leag m'aigheadh gu lar
Mar dhuilleach bhó bharr nan craobh.

A ghrugach is bar-bhíche eul
Tha mise ga t-uid ar mear,
Ma thagh tha d'aghaidh a' chomhair
Mo bheannachd gach re ga' d' choir:
Tha nise ri osnach tha' d' fhaich,
Mar ghaisgeach do t'e's t'eon;
Na laithe san araich gun fheum
S nach teid anns an t-earp ní's mo!

'S d' fhad mi mar iudmhail air treud,
 Mar fhear nach toir speis do mhnaoi,
 Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 Thug bras shileadh dheur om shuil—
 H'fhearr nach mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliu,
 No suairecas milis do bheil
 'S binne no seis gach cniil.

Gach anduin' a ehluinneas mo chas
 A cuir air mo nadur flamh;—
 A cantain nach eil mi ael bard
 'S nach cinnich leam dan is fiach—
 Mo sbeanair ri paigheadh a mhail,
 'S m'athair ri umlaid rianuh
 Chuireadh iad gearain' an crann,
 A's ghearain-sa rann ro' ehiad.

'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo ehluain ri ceol,
 'M breislich mar aarach a chuan
 Air bharraibh nan stuadh ri ceo.
 'S e iunndaran t-abhachd bhuam
 A chaochail air snuadh mo neoil,
 Gun sugradh, gun mhire, gun uail,
 Gun chuithream, gun bhuaadh, gun treoir!

Cha dnuigear leam ealaidh air aill',
 Cha chuirear leam dan air doigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air clar
 Cha ehluinnear leam gair nan og.
 Cha dirich mi bealach nan ard
 Le suigcart mar bha mi'n tos,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu brath
 Do thalla nam bard nach beo!

AILEAN DALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL, better known by the soubriquet of *Ailean Dall*, or blind Allan, was a native of Glencoe, in the county of Argyle. He was born about the year 1750, of poor but honest and industrious parents. When a young man, he was bound apprentice to a tailor, who, in conformity with the custom of the time and country, itinerated from farm to farm, "plying his needle" in every house where his services were required. The excursive nature of this occupation, accorded well with Allan's disposition—the house in which they wrought, was literally crammed every night with young and old, who passed the time in reciting old legends—tales of love, of war, of the chase—intermingled occasionally with songs and recitations of ancient poetry. Thus nurtured, Allan soon became famed for his fund of legendary lore. His mind became imbued with the yet lingering spirit of chivalry, which characterized his countrymen in former times. He heard the encomiums bestowed upon the *bards*, and his youthful breast felt the ardent flame of emulation. From the first stages of puerility, he was remarkable for his sallies of wit, and quickness of repartee—there was an *archness* about him, which indicated future eminence. It is said that as he was sitting one day cross-legged, sewing away at his seam, he retorted so keenly and waggishly on a fellow-apprentice, that the other, wincing under the lash, thrust his needle into Allan's eye;—in consequence of this, the assailed organ gradually melted away, and the other, as if by sympathy, wore off in the course of time. Thus, like Mœnides and Milton "wisdom at one entrance was clean shut out," from poor Allan. Nature, however, is an excellent compensator—we seldom find a man deprived of one faculty, who does not acquire others, in a pre-eminent degree. Such was the case with *Ailean Dall*. He possessed a lively imagination, an excursive fancy, and a retentive memory.

Incapacitated from pursuing his trade, he turned his attention to music, and soon acquired a tolerable knowledge of that science as a fiddler. But he never became

eminent as a musician, and was chiefly employed at country weddings and raffles, and so earned a miserable pittance. About the year 1790, he removed with his family to Inverlochy, near Fort William, where he was accommodated with a hovel and a small pendicle of land by Mr. Stewart, who then held the salmon-fishing on the river Lochy, and the occupancy of an extensive farm. The change had materially bettered our bard's circumstances—his family did all necessary agricultural operations, and Allan's fiddle and muse were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realization of some little cash, or other remuneration.

We utterly repudiate the doctrine that hardships and indigence are, or can be fertile in the productions of genius;—difficulties may spur to invention, but it is ease and comfort that can yield time and temper to give a polish to literary or poetic productions. The former may let off the whizzing squib of momentary excitement—it is the latter that can light up the bright-burning and pellucid torch of genius. During his stay at Inverlochy, he composed the most of his songs—his fame spread, and his reputation as a poet became ultimately stamped. His style is fine—his manner taking—his subject popular—and his selection of airs exceedingly happy. But while we are prepared to give our author a respectable position among the minstrels of our country, we are by no means disposed to place him in the first class.

Induced by the popularity his poems had acquired, Allan bethought him of preparing them for publication;—and with this view, he consulted the late Mr. Ewan M'Lachlan, of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, who was then employed as a tutor in the neighbourhood. Mr M'Lachlan, himself an assiduous votary of the muse, entered with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm into the poet's prospects. He took down our author's compositions in manuscript, and as they would not of themselves swell even into a respectably sized volume, the amanuensis added a few of his own productions, together with several other select pieces. The volume thus "got up" soon became exceedingly popular—especially in that part of the country: to say that it possessed merit, is saying too little—but there were one or two obscene pieces which we would like, for the sake of moral purity, had been omitted.

Shortly after the appearance of his poems in a collected form, the far-famed Colonel Ronaldson M'Donald of Glengary, took Allan under his patronage, and gave him a comfortable cottage and croft near his own residence. And now might the palmy days of our minstrel be said to have commenced—he occupied the proud and enviable position of family-bard to the most famed *Ceann-taighe* in the Highlands. He laid aside his blue, home-made great-coat and hat, and was equipped in habiliments suited to his newly acquired rank. Never was there a more marvellous transition outwardly; and we venture to presume that the buoyancy of his feelings kept pace with his improved exterior. Allan now appeared in Glengary's retinue, clad in tartan trews, plaid, belt and bonnet, on all festival days and occasions of public demonstration. His minstrelsy tended to enliven the scene, and to inspire the party with the almost dormant chivalric spirit of their country. His panegyrics on Glengary were elaborate and incessant; and, as poets like other mortals, must have some slight ingredient of selfishness about them, if our author stepped beyond

the bounds of propriety or truth in this respect, he has his equal in Robert Southey, the poet-laureate—and this we should think sufficient apology! He annually accompanied his patron to the gymnastic games at Fort William; and various anecdotes of his ready wit are related by the people of that place. He previously composed appropriate songs for these exhibitions, and sung them at the games, as if they had been strung together on the spur of the moment—always making sure of having his lyre tuned by two or three copious draughts, not of *Helicon*, but of *Benevis*! On one occasion, after the sports of the day were over, Glengary having seen Allan quaff his third *shell*, stepped forward and said—“Now, Allan, I will give you the best cow on my estate, if you sing the proceedings of this day, without mentioning my name!” The bard adroitly and at once replied:—

“Dheanainn latha gun ghrian,
A’s muir blian gun bhi sailt,
Mu’n gabhainn do na Gaeil dan,
Gun fhear mo ghraidh ‘n aind mo minn!”

i. e. I would sooner create daylight without a sun, and call into being a sea of fresh water, before I would celebrate a gathering of Highlanders, without Glengary figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengary’s family bard, he did not give up composing pieces of general interest—and quite detached from the connexions of his proper calling. Indeed many of his productions while with the “proud chieftain,” are, if anything, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1828, he travelled the counties of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness, taking subscriptions for a new and enlarged edition of his works; and on procuring 1000 names, he went to press in 1829. But alas! the book was only in progress, when the cold finger of death silenced his harp for ever. He died much regretted, and was interred in the burying ground of Kilfinan.

In personal appearance, Allan M-Dougall was thin and slender, and somewhat diminutive in size. He commonly wore a black fillet over his eyes. He was seldom out of humour, and very rarely nursed his wrath so long as to lead him to indulge in satire. He was amongst the family bards what Ossian was among the Fingalians—“the last of the race.”

ORAN DO MHIAC—ALASDAIR GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

AIR FORS—“*Quir a nuas duinn am botal.*”

LUINNEAG.

Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal.
‘S theid an deoch so mu ‘n cuairt,
Liam barrach an copan,
Cum socrach a chuach;
Tosda Choirneil na feite
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoicart a bharrach,
‘S Ghlinn-garaidh tho thuath.

This ort mensair a’s adhare,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d’ mhiol-choin air lomhainn,
‘S iad romhad a’ falbh:
‘Nuair theid thu do ‘n mhonadh,
Bidh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat ‘chinneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marbhalch' a choilich,
'S moch a ghóireas air chrann,
Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich
Agus cilid nam beann :
'S tric a leag thu na luth's
A chaol-rnaghag 's a mhang,
Nuair a rugeadh do luaidhe
Cha ghlaiseadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhuid na h-eala,
Lamh a mheallendh a gheoidh ;
B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
Na na laidhe air lon,
Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
Bho glunna beoil chumpaich.
'S cha bhíodh uin' aige beo.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Lean do ehruadal, 's do ghaige,
'S am fasan bu dual
A bhi colgarra, cosant'
Gu brosnachadh sluaigh :
Gu h-armailteach, trenbhach,
Gu geur lannach, cruaidh ;
'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
Nach góilleadh 's an ruaig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fíor
Aig luchd innse nan duan,
Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
Air do shinnis' bha buaidh ;
Nach do dhibir an deas-lamh,
Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
'S i bhuidhneadh a chis
Ri uchd strithe le fuaim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-ehcutaidh,
Do 'n bheus a bh' aig each,
Luchd bhreacan an fheilidh
A dh' eireadh a' d phairt :
Toirm fheadan ga 'n gheusadh,
Leat is eibhinn an gair',
Mar ri binneas nan teud,
'S a bhi g' eiseachd nam bard.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann díreach,
'S brat rimheach gun sgath,
Le cularaibh rioghail
A dh' innseas co iad ;
'S cha 'n ob do chuid gillean
Dol an iomairt na spairn,
'S tu fein air an toiseach
A toirt mosglaidh da 'n cail.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog colg ort, fhir ghasa,
Bi gnaisgeil 's gu 'm fíod ;
Thig marcaich, a's coisichean
Ort as gach taobh ;

A shensamh do chorach,
Clann-Domhnuill an fhraoich ;
Thig do chinneadh a d' ehor hmadh,
A chrabh thomhraig nan luoch !
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha fir chalma ro fhearail,
Ann a 'd fhearrannaibh fein,
Eadar Cnoicteart 's Gleann-Garadh,
'Theid barraicht' air ghleus ;
'Chuireas eul air an nuimhdean ;
Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
'S cha ghabh thu bhi ceannsaicht'
Le Ghrannalach Shraith-Spe.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cairdeas, le duraoidh
Fir ur Inse-Gall,
Nach gabh giorag na muiseag,
'N an rusgadh nan lann ;
Na 'n cluinneadh iad stri riut,
Bhíodh míltean diubh 'nall ;
Mu 'n leigeadh iad eus ort
'S iad a dhubhladh do ranc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
Buidhean bhras nan arm cruaidh
A bhuidheadh na buillean
'S a chuireadh an ruaig
'Bha gu h-ardanaich, reachdínhor,
Gu feuchd a dol suas
Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,
'Dh-fhag na glaoidh 's a Mhaol-ruaidh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Bho Chomhann nam brádan,
Is gasd' thig fo thriall,
Clann íah gun ghealltachd,
Bha 'neart-san leat riumh,
Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
'S a dheanadh an tolladh
Mu 'n cromadh a ghraim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thairneadh riut riobadh
Nuair 'thig nam beil bhuat'
Iarl' Antrum a Eirinn
Leis an eireadh na sluaigh ;
Mac'-le-Ailein nan geur lann,
Dhennadh euehd air a chuan,
Aig am beil na fir ghleusda
'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig iad síd ort le duthchas '
'Bho thur nan clach reidh,
Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhughail,
Marcaich shuntach nan steud :
Clann an t-Shaoir bho thobh Chruachain,
Bha ernadalach treun ;
Ge d' ehaill iad a choir
'Bh' nigan seors' ann an Sleibht'.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
Gun bhliadh, gun aodach, gun chluain;
Tha 'n Aird-teuth an delgh' a sgrìos:
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's nain,
Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slìos;
Tha gach fearann air dol as,
Na Gaeil 's an cinn fo fhliodh,

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
No eich, neh gann, a' dol an eill;
'S ann do 'n fhaissinneachd a bh' ann
Gun reachadh an crann bho fheum:
Chaidh na sealgairean fo gheall,
'S tha gach cuilbheir cam, gun ghleus:
Cha mharbhar maioseach no meann,
'S dh-fhuadaich sgrìachail Ghall na feidh.

Cha 'n eil abhachd fendh nam beann,
Chaidh giomanaich teann fo smachd;
Tha fear na croice air chall,
Chaidh gach eilid a's mang as:
Cha 'n fhaighear ruagh-bhoc nan allt,
Le cu seang ga chur gu srath;
An eirig gach cuis a bh' ann,
Feadaireachd nan Gull 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear geum ann am buaile,
Chaidh an crodh-guailionn n suim;
Cha 'n eistear luinneag no duanag,
Bleodhan mairt aig grungach dhuinn:—
Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claidh,
N aite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
Linnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim!

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n ehraoidh,
Cnòmhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach;
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag a h-aogais bainne;
Thilgeadh iad gu iomall cuirte,
Bho 'n duthchas a bh' aig an seanair;
B' fhearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangich
A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallaibh.

Dh-fhalbh gach pesadh, threig gach banais—
Sguir an luchd-calaidh bhì seinn;
Chuala sibhse tric gu aithris,
“Caidseiran a teachd air cleibh;”
'S ionnan sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
Cha dean iad m' fhearaich air feill,
Far am b' abhaist dhomh bhì muirneach,
'S fearr leo cu ga chuir ri spreidh.

Gach son fhearr 'fhuair lamh-an-uachdar,
Dh-fhogair iad uatha gach neach
A reachadh ri aghaidh crnadail,
Na 'n tigeadh an ruig le neart:
Na 'n eireadh cogadh san rìoghachd,
Bhiodh na ciobarean na 'n airc;

'S e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
Bhì ga 'n cuir gu dìth air fad!!

Eiridh iad moch la sabaid,
'S tachraidh iad ri each-a-cheil',
'S nuair a shineas iad air stori,
'S ann g' an comhradh, tigh'n' nìr fear,
Gach fear a faoighneachd ri nabuidh,
“ Cia mar sin a dh' fhaig thu 'n treud?
Cìod i phris a rinn na muil?
No 'n do chuir thu iad gu feill? ”

“ Cha 'n aobhar talaich am bliadhu' e,
Rinn iad a sin-dìg a's corr;
Ma tha thus' ag iarraidh fios air,
Cheannaich mi 'mhìn leis a chloimh;
Dh-fhalbh na orogaichean air dail;
'S na ghleidheas mi 'n t-alach og,
Ge do gheibh an trian diu 'm bas,
Nì mi 'mal air na bhios beo.”

'Nuair dhìreas fear dhu ri beinn,
An am dha eiridh gu moch,
Bì'dh sgread Ghallda 'm beul a chleibh,
'G eighenehd na delgh a chuid con;
Ceol nach b' eibhinn linn, a sgarit;
Brasi na shac air a chorp,
E suainte na bhreacan glas;
Ua'-mhialan na fhalt 's na dhos.

'Nuair thig e oirnn sa ghaoth,
'S mairg a bhios air taobh-an-fhasga,
Cha 'n fhadh fhailleadh a bhì caoin,
'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaigh;
'S tric e ga fhoileadh 'sa ghorr,
Sìos bho chaol-druim gu chasan,
'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' ol,
'S feudar dhaibh an sron a chasadh.

Nuair shuidheas dithis no trinn
'S an taigh-osl' an cuis 'bhì reidh,
Chìtear aig toiseach a bhuidr,
Cìobair agus cu na dhèidh;
Bu choir a thilgeadh an cuil,
'S glun a chur am beul a chleibh,
Iomain a mach thun an duin,
'S gabhadh e gu smiuradh fein.

'S olc a chuidenehd do chach,
Neach nach abhaist a bhì glan;
Cha chompanach dhaoine 'is fiach
Fear le fhianclan a spoth ehlach,
Ann an garrabbuic air a gh. aincan,
Le chraos ga 'n sughadh a mach;
'S ma leigeas tu 'n deoch ri bheil,
Na dhenghaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chragairt na h-oluinn,
Ma 's a h-aill leibh comunn ceart!
Druidibh orra suas a chomhla,
'S na leigibh a sron a steach:
Bho nach cluinnear aca 'stori,
Ach craicinn agus cloimh ga reic,
Cunntadh na h-aimsir, 's gach uair
'Ceannach uaz mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhord gu h-eibhinn,
 Gu colach, teudach, gun smalan,
 Caoimhneil, carrantaoh, ri cheile,
 'S na biodh aon do 'n treud n' ar carabh;
 Oiaibh deoch-slainte Mhio-Choinnich,
 'S Choirneil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Chionn gur beag orra na cooirich,
 'S luchd dhaorachaidh an fhearainn.

ORAN LEANNANACHID.

NAM faighinn gille r'a oheannach,
 A bheireadh beannaich gu Mairi,
 'S mo shoraidh le caoinhneas
 A dh-fhios na maighdinn' a chraidh mi;
 Ga nach a tug mi dhut fòidhrean,
 Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhas mi;
 'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
 Nar a mheal mi mo shlainte!

Nar a mheal mi mo chota,
 Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhì lamh riut,
 'S a bhì bròdal ri 'm leannan,
 An seomair daingeann nan claraidh,
 An iuchair fhaotainn am' phoca,
 'S gun an toir a bhì lamh ruinn,
 'S mi gun deanadh do phogadh,
 Gun fheoraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheoraich do m' chairdean,
 'S fada a dh'fhalbhuinn a d' choinnidh
 Far an deannainn riut codhail,
 Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail:
 Tha mo dhuil anr sa mhaighdein
 Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile;
 'S mar do chaochail thu abhaist,
 Gheibhinn t-fhailt' agus t-fhuran.

'S e t-fhuran a leon mi
 A dh' fhag am bron so air m' aigneadh,
 A thromaich m' inntinn fo' eislein,
 Cha dean mi eiridh le graide:
 Tha mo chridhe neo-shunntach,
 Tha mi brute fo' m' aisnean,
 Aig a mheud 's thug mi' ghaol dut,
 'S nach fhaod sinn' bhì tachairt.

Nach faod sinn 'bhì tachairt
 An aite falaich no 'n uaigneas,
 Far an deannainn riut beadradh,
 A 's tacan cleasachd air uairean;
 Ach se lagaich ro mhìsneach,
 Nach faod mi tric 'bhì mu 'n euairt dhut:
 B' fhearr a phog na 'bhì falamh,
 Mar a faigh mi do bhuanachd,

Cha 'n 'eil m' eibhneas air thalamh,
 Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhairi!
 Cha dual domh bhì fallain
 Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi:
 Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
 Do m' charaid no 'm namhaid;

Chaidh acad am chridhe,
 'S cha dean lighichean sta dhomh!

Boul milis, dearg, daite,
 Deud snaighte mar dhìsnean,
 Suil ghoru is gian sealladh
 Fo 'n chaol mhal' aig an ribhinn
 Tha oul buidhe mar or ort,
 Is boidhche nan dithean;
 Blus na meal' air do phogan,
 'S be mo dheoin bhì riut sinnte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
 Tha mi 'n deigh bho cheann greis ort;
 Aig a mhiad 's thug mi ghaol dut
 Tha m' aolunn air preasadh:
 Dh-fhas glaise 'nam ghruaidhean,
 'S boohd a bhuaidh th' air an t-sheirc sin,
 A chaochail mo shnuagh dhìom,
 Mar dhuine truagh 'thig a teasaich.

Mar dhuine truagh thig a teasaich.
 A bhiodh fad ann am fiabhras,
 'S ann a dh-fhas mi mar fhunthaich',
 Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn;
 Ach bho thoiseach ar sinnsridh,
 "'S tri nì thig gun iarraidh,
 An gaol agus engal,
 'S gun leithgeul an t-iadach."

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

FONN.—"Tha'n oidhche tighinn a's mise
 leam fìn."

Tha faileadh gun fhotas
 Bho 'chneas Mhio-an-Toisich,
 Chuireadh blaths' ann am pòraibh,
 La reot a's gaoth tuath.

O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blaths air gach chridhe,
 Ge do bhithheadh iad fuar:
 O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.

Bu taitneach an ceol
 A bhì g' eisdeachd a chronain,
 Ga leigeadh a stop,
 A' cuir croic air a chusair.
 O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
 Ceol inntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duna;
 O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidlear mo sheannachas,
Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
Le h-urchair gun cleamhail,
Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'Nuair chluinnta do ghlugan
Gu tharruln a buideal,
Bu mhath le ar slugain
Am fhuachadh gu luath.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

'S tu culaidh an damhsa
Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
A bheireadh air seann-duine.
'Cheann' thogail suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
Nuair bhitheadh luchd-estaidh
Ri caithream na 'r cluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Be sid an stuth neartmhor,
Dh-fhas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
Gu speultadh nan enuac.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Sugh brìgheil na thirne, tairgne
Bho fheadan na praise;
Tha spioradail, laidir,
An cuileachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
Bheir daoine gu comhradh,
'S binn luinncean orain
Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach duthaich,
'N am reiteachadh cumhant,
Ma bhios sinn as t-iunnais,
Bi'dh sugradh fad bhuan.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
A dh' fhuachas gach cuisle,
Gun iar-maill no duslach,
Air nach cuir thu ruag.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na failinn
Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gael,
Nach toir thu gu slaint',
Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
'S e 'ghlaodhte na bodaibh,
Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

*O! sid i 'n deoch, mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn,
Chuireadh bluths air gach cridhe,
Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar :
O! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down from the poet's own recitation in 1838.

ORAN DO 'N MHIUG.

AIR FONS—*"An am dol sios bhi deonach."*

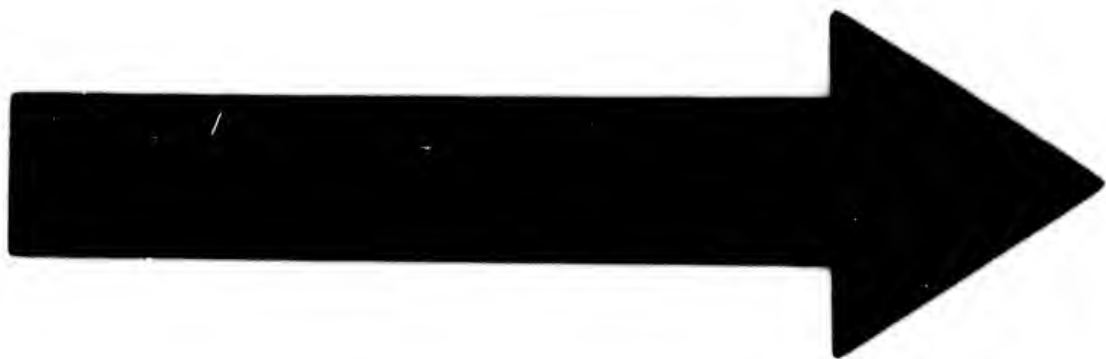
An am dhomh gluasad anns a mhadainn,
Cha 'n 'eil m' aigneadh sunntach,
'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leugadh
Ann an leabaidh dhuinte;
Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
S airtneulach mo dhusgadh,
'S e sud an gleachdair fhuair fo smachd mi,
'S dh' fhug e m' aisnean bruite.

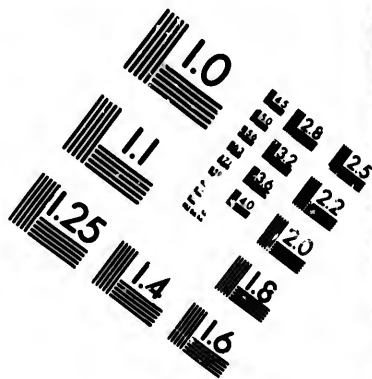
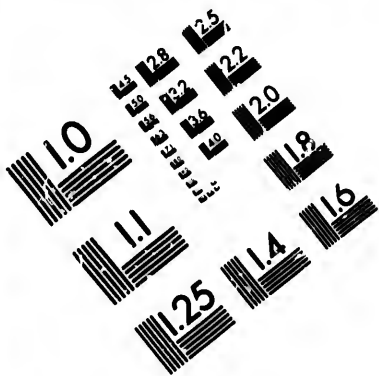
Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
Chuidh na stoip thar clunntas,
Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
Iad na 'n ruita a m' ionnsuidh,
Gun iarraidh dalach a sior phaigheadh
'G ol deoch-slaime 'Phrionnsa;
'S cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh' aobhar ghair',
Ach Raonull a toirt cliu dhomh.

Nuair a ghluais mi gu tigh'n dachaigh,
Lugadh a chion luis mi,
Gun d' fhalbh mo neart gun leirsinn cheart,
Gun chaill mi 'm beachd bha m' shuilean;
Feadh na h-oidheche 's mi gun soillseir
Air mo shlaoie 'san dunan;
Cha robh air chomas dhomh ach arusg,
'S bha mo chairdean diumbach.

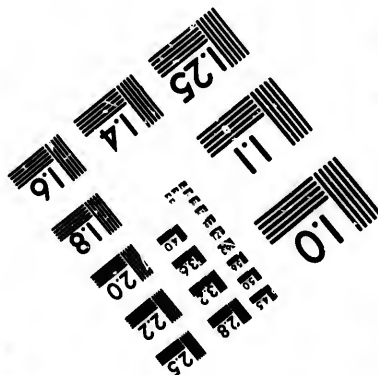
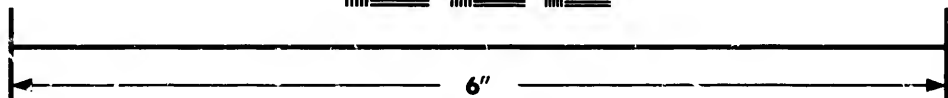
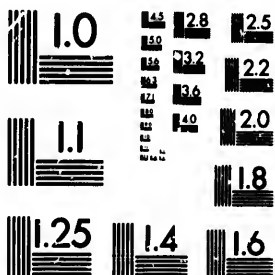
'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an tamailt
Cach a bhì ga m' ghiulan,
'S mi fein an duil gun robh mi laidir
Gus an d' fhag mo thur ni;
Ge do chuir i 'n eis mo cholunn,
'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail.
Air gnìomh na mìge 'shlaid gun fhios mi,
Mar tig ghocas ur dhomh.

'S olc an ealaidh bhì ga leanailt,
'S aimideach an turn 'bhi
'Suidh' air bhord a glaothaich oil,
'S mo phocannan ga 'n tionndadh,
A' sgapadh stòrais le meud-mhoir,
Ag iarraidh phog 's na cuiltean;
'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid oir,
Cha chuireadh òsdair cul rium.





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'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
An t-aitheachas a d'abhladh,
Mo bhoid gu gramuil thoirt u'r Eala,
Dh' fheuch an lean mo chlu rium;
Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
'S feudar tigh'n as iunais;
Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
Ach le fallas gnuise.

Labhair Raonull--"Na biodh sprochd ort,
'S theid mi nochd air t-ionnsuidh,
Gleidhidh mi dhut bean b's tochradh,
Cho coltach 's tha's duthaich;
Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
Na faicear bochd do ghiulan;
'S e'arson nach glaothamaid a'r botul
Ann an toiseach cumhnant?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hu-o,
Ho-lib ho-i na, i-ri, u-o;
'S smeorach mise le Cloinn-Dughail
A seinn ciuil, an dluths' gach geige.*

Cha dean mi bron an cos falaich,
Tha seileir mo loin gun ainnis;
Gheibh gach seorsa seol air aran,
'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Nuair a dh'eireas grian an earraich,
Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh;
Tha 'm beatha-san diant' air thalamh
Bho 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mhath.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Gur a mise a smeorach ghleannach,
Sheinninn ceol air bharr gach meangain;
Ribheid ur an siunnsuir fallain,
'S math mo chall, gun sas air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Mudainn cheitein, 'n am dhomb dusgadh,
'Seinn gu h-eibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach;
Dealt nan speur air gheugan curaidh,
Grian ag eiridh, 's feur a' bruchdadh.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Ghineadh mi 's an tìr nach coimheach,
'S chaisginn m' lotadh le brìgh Chomhainn;
Tobar ioc-shlainte nach reodhadh,
'G eiridh mios bho 'n dilinn dhomhain.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Air taobh greine, glesun mo chrìdhe,
Far an robh eibhneas mo dhibhe;

Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
Bheireadh slaint' do 'm chreubhsa rithist.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

'S an tìr aigh do 'n gna 'bhi cridheil,
Chaidh m' arach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
Air nead sabhalte gun snithe:
'S gheibhinn blaths' air sga Chloinn Iain.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
Cinneadh mor bha 'n seors ud ainneil;
'N cath 's an comhuil, seolta calma;
'Dol gu comhrag, stroiceach, marbhtach.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthalg shamhraidh,
Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltaehd;
Bho 'n is i Ghaelig is cainnt domh,
'Measg mo chairdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
Cruinnichidh ianlaith gach doire;
Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig.
Srabh ga shìomh am bial gach coillech.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'eireas domhsa;
Ma phocas each mi le doruinn,
Falbhaidh mis' "an riochd na smeorach,"
'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an cor dhomh.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Gu Dun nan Clar thriallain dana,
'Dhol fo sgiathaibh nan triathl statail:
Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
'S maireann am fear liath a's Padruig.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Dun-olla nan tuireid arda,
Nam fear fuileach, builleach, stracach,
'Sheasadh.duineil luchd an cairdeis,
'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

'S smeorach mi bho chaisteil uallbhreach,
Nan steud priseil, rioghail, sniarce.
Dream gur spid, bha 'n sinnsir usal,
Bu mhor pris ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
Guineach, beumach, speiceach, sgaiteach,
Dol ri feum le treundas galsgidh,
Garg 's a streup, 's bha 'n leus ri fhaicinn.
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earba,
Mu 'n do sguir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,
Ho-i, ri na, gc.

Chuir sibh, Roibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car siubhail;
Cha robh dhuoie saor bho phuthar,
Fud 's a bha bhur taobh-sa 'buidhinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir ind cunnart bais ai.;
Thug sibh uaithe 'srol 's am braisde,
'S tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stori tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd ur do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fìor, ge fada bhuanithe,
Gun do sheas an linn ud cruadal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgainn,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhortain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ar-d-ramh'chean fo 'n uidheam,
Scoladh ard nìr bharr nan sruithean,
Sgoltadh nam barc le car shìubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan euan borba,
'S nuir a gabhich ri h-aird s'oirme;
Bheireadh iad gu nìte soirbhlì fì,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan srac-unn gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaol bho thaobh na traghad,
Nach robh claon ri h-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaoir an t-saille,
'Nuir a sgaioleadh iad a h-alach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' abhaist,
'S tha mo mhuineal tioram traisgte;
'S olaidh mi nis' bur deoch-slainge,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chathaich Spaintich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR,

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'g ol an drama,
Comhlath ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgalunéalach a trod i rium.

"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n 's e mo dhuimb a choisinn thu;
Fuirich samhach air mo chul-thaobh,
Sugradh cha bhì nochd againn."

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran :-
"Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire briagach,
'S eagal leam nach paidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghnìomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fhuilig mi bonn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamoch, no feasgar;
'S fearr leat comunn nan stop beagn,
'S thoil thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut;
O! teann a null, &c.

"Thug thu og do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhac-an-Toisich an gille;
'S bho na rinn an t-ol do mhilleadh'
A d' mhìre cha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fharraid' thu 'm bithinn bec,
Nam faighean tu tombac' a's poit,
Bhi sgapadh airgeid air gach bord,
'S cha 'n seil an seol ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"S'ole an an obair dhut bhi daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun leine, gun chota,
'S cha dean mise snaithn' ri d' bheo dhut;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine gorach,
Chuir an t-ol bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh
'S e air tolladh air do shleisrean;
'S cia mar a nì mi dhut eideadh?
Chuir thu fein gu bochdainn mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phos mi ihu dh' aindeoin mo chairdean,
Gun toil m' athar no mo mhathar;
'S bho na ghabh mi nise grain dhìot,
Falbh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Phos mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
'S bha thu seolt' air thi mo mheallaidh;
Bho na bha mi og am amaid,
Rinn mi ceangal do-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's carrus
Do dh' fhear t-abhaist agus t-ealain,
Chosgadh tu e leis na galain;
Allein' chaidh an rosad ort!
O! teann a null, &c.

“Ge nach robh mo chroth air buaile,
Bhuinim do dh-fhior fhuil gun t’uailleadh;
‘S na seòl-inn beagan mu ‘n cuairt dhomh,
Cha d’ fhuair thu mi sochsrach.”
O! teann a null, &c.

E-SAN A’ LABHAIRT

AIR A SHON FEIN

EISD! a bhean, do d’ ghearan uaibhreach,
‘S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d’ ghluasad,
‘S na bi maoideadh ormsa t-uaisle,
Bho nach d’ fhuair mi tochradh leat.

*O tionndaidh rium, a’s deasaich rium,
‘S a ruin! na bi ri moit orm;
‘S teannaidh mise riut a null,
Le sugrach mar bu chottach dhuinn.*

‘N cluinn thu mis’, a bhean an taighe?
Eirich, ‘s theid mi leat a laidhe;
Smaoinich fein gun geill na mnathan,
‘S gabhaidh iad le choiteach rud.
O! tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhi trod rium cha ‘n ‘eil feum ann,
Cha chuis abhachd dhuinn le cheil e :—
“Air beul duinntè cha teid feichean.”
‘S e bhi reith is docha leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

“S ge do dheanainn stop a thraghadh,
Maille ri cuideachda chairdeil,
‘S maing thu ‘mhaoidheadh orm gu brach e,
Ged do phaidhinn crotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh’ olainn lan an taomain,
Thiginn dachaigh cridheil, gaolach;
‘S cha bu chuis gu taigh a sgaolleadh,
Ge do ghlaodhainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

‘Ge do labhair thu ‘s gach doigh rium,
Dh’ sindeon aon mi riamh a dhol mi,
‘S geal do churrachd, ‘s dubh do bhrogan,
‘S dìonaich, combhard, socrach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh’ fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
Gun tigh ‘nn riamh a nall a Cnoicart,
‘Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrais,
Bhiodh cho boidheach coltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin ‘nuair a labhair ise :—
“Smithich togail dhoit a nis’,
‘Chain thu thu fein, ‘s dhit thu mis;
‘S misd thu nach ‘eil fosadh ort.”
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AQAIDH A’ FÌR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—“‘S muldach mi fhin ‘s mo Dhomh-null.”

A’ BHEAN.

‘S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bli beo,
‘S an duine breoite, truagh agam?
Tha e-san sean, agus mis’ og,
‘S ann aig’ tha ‘n corr mar chuala mi :
Ge do laidheas mi ‘ga choir
Tha bhial ‘sa shroin air fuarachadh,
‘S gur mòr a chulaich ghrain a phog,
Le fhiasaig mhoir ‘g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, cha ‘n ‘eil do labhairt ceart,
Bha neart annam ‘n uair fhuair thu mi;
Dheanainn mire, muirn, a’s macnus,
A’s ghleachdainn ris na gruagaichean :
Sean-fhacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
Sgeula fìor a chualas e :—
“Cha lean an sìonnach air a shior-ruith,
‘S bithidh e sgith dheth uair-eigin.”

A’ BHEAN.

‘S dona ghreis a mhair thu dhomhsa,
A’s cha b’e ‘m posadh buadhail e;
Dh-fhalbh do mhiseach, ‘s do threoir
An uair bu choir dhut cruadlachadh;
Ged bhiodh tu da-fhichead ‘s corr,
Cha b’ aois ro mhor an tuairm-cach sin;
‘S gur lionmhor fear nach ‘eil cho og riut,
Chuireas por mar thuanthach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cliathadh, ‘s chuirinn crann,
Na’ fàighinn earlaid luathaireach,
Agus cuideachadh ri bantraich,
‘S gheibhinn taing a’s tuarasdal;
Ge do chaidh mi nis a pris,
Bho ‘n tha mi tinn air uaireanan;
Gu ‘n robh mi roishe ‘m sgalaig ghrinn,
‘S bu mhor ‘ga d’ dhi na fhuair thu dhìom.

A’ BHEAN.

‘S a h-uile cas an robh thu riamh,
Bha teang’ ad bhial a dh’fhuasgladh ort;
Na’n creideadh gach neach do sgiala,
Dhianadh tu na cruchan domh :
Ach caite faca sinn do ghniomh.
Nam fìochta ris an rumhar thu?
Bha do dhruim ‘s do lamh cho dìomhainn,
Sid an giomh a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, nach labhair thu gu feil,
Cha ‘n ‘eil do chomhradh buannachdach :
‘S me thionndas tu rium a choir,
Bhair mise ‘n corr nach fhuair thu dhut ;

Glacaidh mi suiste 'ann am dhorn,
'S air urlar comhruadh buailidh mi,
Bho airde na sparra nuas gu lar,
'S cha 'n fhlag mi grainn air sguuib agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadh tu ort a chroit sin,
Choincadh tu do dhuais orm :
Cha chluinate gu brach mis' 'g osnaich,
A's nochdainnse mo shuairceas dhut;
Chuirim an t-im ann sa bhrochan,
A's chumainn deoch an uachdar riut;
'S chaidleamaid gu samhach socrach
'S cha bhiodh sprochd no gruaim orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi bhean gu 'n robh thu bairdi,
A's nach biodh sannt gu tuasaid ort :
Ge do dh-fhasainnse cho funn,
'S nach tiondainn air do chlusaig riut;
Air leam fein nach eil thu 'n call,
'S do chlann a chuir ri ghuaillibh dhut;
'S ma dh-fhas thu gunideach nad' cheann,
Gur bean tha 'n geall air buaircadh thu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ann agam-sa bha 'n ceannfath,
Nuair chithinn cach 'a' eluainis riut;
Chaidh a' chuis bho fhaladha,
A's cha robh sta bhi d' bhuaichleachd;
Ged a's mis' a ghlac do iamh,
Bha te no dha nach b' fhuathach leat :
'S ma chosg thu riutha do lunn-tath,
Tha nis' am fuilt air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh-aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
A bheudag dh-fhas thu suarach orm :
Chaill thu nise dhìom do speis,
'S cha 'n 'eil do reite buan agam :
Bho 'n a chaidh mise nis' bho fheum,
'S e 'n t-eud a rinn do bhualadh-sa :
'S moch 'sa mhadainn chuir thu 'n ceill domh,
Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fhlir gun sta, gun rath, gun dìreachd,
Na bi 'g innse tuileas orm :
Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
Cha robh m' inntinn brunilleamach :
Ach 's e bu mbiann leat a bhi briodal,
Ris gach ribhinn chuaineach :
'S iomadh ribein agus cir,
A's deise chinn a fhuair iad buat'.

AM FEAR.

Ach c'aitte 'n fhuair thu mi 'sa sgath,
Na'm faca tu 'g an tuairgneadh mi,
Cha robh mi m' mheirleach cho math,
'S nach glaca' tu mi uair-eigin :

'S ma fhuair thu taisgeuaidh no brath,
'S e 's fhasa chuir a suas orm,
'S ma onraich air a mhuin do chas,
Ach leig a mach na chuala tu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ran chuireas tu mi gu m' dhuhhlan,
Bithidh a chuis na 's cruaidhe dhut :
Gheibh a' ministear an t-umhladh,
A's theid an luireach shuaicheant ort;
Liuiseach, mhaslach air a dubhadh,
Leis gach dunedh tuaisgearra :
'S ge do bhi'hinns' air do chul-thaobh,
Air son crun cha 'n fhuasglainn i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an cairear mi 's an uir,
Chu 'n fhaic do shuil mu m' ghuaillan i,
'S na thig do naidheachd os ceann buird,
Cha chliu dhut a bhi luaidh sin rium;
A's ge do lasadh t'fhearg le diumb,
Cho ghrad ri fudar buaireasach,
Cha chomhdaichear leat orm-sa chuis,
Nach iunnsaich mi le h-uairbreachas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mhor nach coma leam co dhìu,
Cha robh do thurn ach suarach leam :
'S an a'r a b' fhearr a bha do shugradh,
Chunntainnse na h-uairceannan ;
Chaidleadh tu cho trom gun dugsadh.
Air mo chul le smuaisirein :
'S ge do bhiodh mo thaigh 'ga rusgadh,
Cha robh curam gluasaid ort.

AM FEAR.

'S bheirinn co'fhaire gu h-eolach,
Air gill' og tha fuasgailteach;
E bhi glie ri am a phosaidh,
'S laidhe seolta suas rithe :
'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheoin,
Do ghorraig nach biodh stuaim innte;
'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a threoir,
Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithe e.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh trath,
'S a mhairt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
S culaidh mhagaidh e chion sta,
'S ri latha bhath cha bhuaie e dias;
Bithidh am fearann aige fas,
Na stiallan buna, 's luachair air,
A's e-san broinein ! a' dol bas,
'S na saibhlean lan aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fheud mo threabhadsa bhi mall,
'S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam;
Bheir mi oigeich as a' ghleann,
'S theid guing gu teann mu 'n guailleannse :
A' Dun-eideann gheibh mi crann,
'S e fasan gallda 's usaille leinn;

Coltar, stailinn, soc, a's bann,
 'S gach ball bhios ann theid oruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's ao ghealladh dhomhsa,
 'S cordaidh sinn gun duntalas :
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada comhla,
 'S ann posadh mar chruaidh shnuim oirn;
 'S mor gur fearr leam an t-ole colach,
 No fogarach luasganach;
 A's cuiridh sinn ar treis an ordugh,
 A's mar a's coir dhuinn gluaisidh sinn.

AM FEAR.

Is thuirt an sean-fhear, 's cha b'ì bhriag,
 Ge d' eireadh sinn nan currtagan :—
 "Nach robh soirbheas laidir diar,
 Gun fhiath bhi goirid uaithe sin :"
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann riamh,
 Chaidh orioch le rian air uair-eigin;
 'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theangaidh srian,
 'S bithidh s'ìh 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FÒNN—"Ho hi ho ha mo luadh mo leanamh."

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu feisd, no bannis,
 Bi'dh ise lan eud, 's i fein nig baile
 'Sa ma bheir mi le sugradh spìil air cailleig,
 Gur diumb a's falachd sid dhomhsa.

*O hi o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach.*

Ma ni mi 'n taigh-òsd. stop a cheannach,
 No suidhe air bord 's gun ol mi drama,
 Theid fàileadh 'na sroin 's a dorn an tarraunn,
 'S bi'dh mnaintir a bhaile ri mod oirn,
 O hi, o ha, &c.

Mar ceannaich mi ti cha'n fhiach mi m' fha-
 raid

A leighes a cinn, 's-i tinn a gearan;
 Cha dean i rinn sith, ach stri a's carraid,
 'S ri caran teallaich an comhuidh.
 O hi, o ha, &c.

Bhithinn gu h-eibhinn, eastrom, aighearach,
 Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Nu 'n deannadh an t-eug bho cheil' ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n carainn am falach fo 'n fhod i.
 O hi, o ha, &c.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n or, cha stor, cha thrus-
 gan,
 'Chuir mise air a toir ri moran cuirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sgleo le seorsa buidsenhd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirgeul air Seonaid.
 O hi, o ha, &c.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an am an earraich,
 Le fuchd air mo chull, 's mi 'n geall mo gha-
 raidh,

Cha 'n fhod mi na taing dol teann air an
 toallach
 Mu 'm bunil i gu h-ealamh le broig mi.
 O hi, O ha, &c.

Cha dian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
 Cha 'n araich i feudall, spreidh, no leanamh,
 A' laidho 'sa g eiridh 'g eigheach 's a' gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinn air ghrot i.
 O hi, O ha, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cunille darnach.
 A craiceann, 's a tur oho fuar ris a ghaillonn;
 Cha dean baraille guail aon uair a garradh,
 Gun dusan saò gearrain de mhoina.
 O hi, O ha, &c.

Gun fhaicail 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na poir-
 ceal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an am an fheasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, 's scis-
 reanch,
 Aig miad an eagail romh' groigeis!!

*O hi, o ha, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho re, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhag mise 'nam amadan gorach,*

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bard Loch-nan-Eala*, was a native of the island of Mull, where he was born about the year 1758. He latterly resided in the parish of Ardchattan, Argyleshire, where he was commonly called the Lochnell poet. Being partly supported by the late General Campbell and his lady, she, it is said, encouraged him to publish some of his works, for which purpose he went to Glasgow to get them printed. Whether he got a printer to undertake the work or failed in the attempt is not known; for, on his return home, he died suddenly on board a steamboat on his passage to Oban: this happened about the year 1828. He lived in a state of idleness and dissipation; praising those who paid him well for it, and composing satires on those who refused him money or liquor. A few of his poems were printed in Turner's Collection, and many others are preserved in manuscript, but they are chiefly local satires of little merit. "*Bì'dh Fonn oirre Daonnan*" is his *chef d'œuvre* and the only popular piece of all his compositions, except in his own country.

ORAN DO DH' FHIONNLA MARSANTA.

[Air son e chuir as a cheile seanna chuirn agus clachan iobairt, a bh'ug na Draoidhean bho shean.]

AIR Fonn.—"*Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh.*"

CHUNNA' mi brùadar air Fionnla,
'S chuir e iongnadh orm r'a fhaicinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhòr dheth,
'Gu sonraicht a 'n bha mi 'm chadal;
'Thuirtean air guth rium dol da ionnsaidh,
Dh' innse nach e cuis a b' fhasa,
Dol a rusgadh earn nan Druidheach,
Na 'n car a thoirt a muinntir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fhalbh e?
'S threagair e le seanachas grad mi,
'Thuirtean e gu 'n robh a chairdean dileas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha;
Bha cuid air an Dun so shuas diu,
'S bha uair a bha iad na bu phailt' ann;
'S cha 'n eil mi buidheach a dh' Fhionnla,
Dhol ga 'n dusgadh as an cadal.

'S ehi thusa fhatuad le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's duthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu 'n teid an gnothach so dhioladh,
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha 'n crun an Sasunn.
'S goilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an nachdar
Chladhaich e 'n naigh fo na leacan;
E gun 'fhios co dhiu bhainnte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dana,
Marsanta muileid no paca,
Dhol a rusgadh an nit-iobairt,
'S ioma linn a chuir e seachad;
'N t-aite 'n robh enaibhean an t-seann-duin,
'N tiolaiceadh ann o cheann fada;
Mu 'n teid an gnothach gu erich,
Gur daighe dha na fiach a *bhlastidh*.

Madh' oireas mise 's moluchd leanmhuinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's duthaich,
Theid Mac-'Ille-dhuibh a mbarbhadh,
'S cha dion a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhuth air,
'S theid Gilleaspig ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chubair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n chiobair,
'S luidhe binn air Mac-na-Céirde,
'S ma dh' ordaicheas e gu h-ole e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dasan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Martuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dasan.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creagan,
 Chuireadh e cagal air bocain,
 Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
 'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-ordan,
 Daoine marbha bhi ga 'n gluasad,
 'S gnothach uamhraidh gu leoir e,
 'S na 'n leanainn e gu grund an t-seanchais,
 B' ainmeil e na arm righ Deorsa.

'S cha teid a chorp fhein gu dilinn,
 Thuolaicadh an aite grasmhor,
 'S ann theid a losgadh mar jobairt,
 Air a dhiteadh leis na faidhean,
 Theid a luath a chuir le abhuinn,
 'N aite nach fhaighear gu brath i,
 'S cha 'n faigh e ach rud a thoill e,
 Chionn gu 'n d' rinn e gnothach gruineil.

Ach dh' fhalbh an guth 's thug e chul rium,
 Agus thionndaidh e gu h-ealamh,
 Thuirt e rium gu 'n d' rinn e diochuimhn,
 'S e ga innse dhomh mur charaid,
 Fios a thoirt dh' ionnsuidh Dhughailh,
 Gu 'n robh a g'ual a's uird ro ealamh,
 Dheanadh tornach do dh-Fhionnla,
 Chuir fudair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointich mi so ann am inntinn,
 Nach bithinn a diteadh Dhughailh,
 Thuirt mi ris gur Quine grinn e,
 Do dh' fhuil Righrean nan Stiubhart,
 Tha e fhein na dhuine toileil,
 Dheanadh gnothach do dh' fhear duthcha;
 'S on bha Fionnla na chabhaig,
 Cha bu mhath leis bhí ga dhiultadh.

'Nuair a dhuig mi ghabh mi cagal,
 'S e na sheasamh air an urlar,
 Dh' fheuch am fuighinn reidh air falbh e,
 Los nach coisinn na lorg diumba;
 Tha Dughall trom air an tombaca,
 'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnla;
 'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
 Ghabh e pairt de leith-seugl Dhughailh.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so cinnteach,
 Ged shaoileadh sibhse gur bosd e,
 Cha 'n innis mi a neach gu brath e,
 Ach do chuideachd araid colach;
 Cha robh a leithid riamh ri innse,
 Eadar an Sithean 's Lag-Chotheain
 Co dhiu th' ann breug no firinn,
 Sin-agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

BIDH FONN OIRRE DAONNAN

LUINNEAG.

*Bidh fonn oirre daonnan,
 'S bidh aoidh oirr' an conaidh.
 'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
 Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,*

*Le mhíad s'a thug mi ghaol dút,
 A's uotromas na h-oige,
 Mar a dean mi t-fhuotainn,
 Cha'n fhad' a ghuoil is beo mi!*

C'UNNA' mise brúdar,
 Dh' fhag luimeach an raor mi'
 Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaoil
 Ri mo thaobh fíu' na h-oidheche.
 Mi thunnada' le solas,
 Gu pog thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
 An duil gu'n robh i lamh rium,
 Ged' bha mi na'm' aonar.
Bidh fonn, &c.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
 Gu'm bu luath rinn mi dusgailh
 An duil gu'n robh mo thasgaidh,
 An ceadal air mo chul-thaobh.
 'Nuair shin mi mo lamh,
 Gu mo ghradh thavruinn dlu rium,
 Cha robh ann ach sgáile,
 Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhuig mi.
Bidh fonn, &c.

Mo dhurachd do'n ribhinn,
 Dh' fhag m' inntinn-sa craiteach
 Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
 La-feille na sabaid.
 Do bheusan tha ceutach,
 As t-eudhinn ro narach,
 Ach 's trugmh mi thug gaol dút,
 'S nach faod mi bhí lamh riut.
Bidh fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chas-sa,
 A ghráidh bhán an t-shaoghail,
 Tuig mar tha mo nadur
 An sas aig do ghaol-sa.
 Na fag mi mar tha mi
 Dol bas leis an fhaoinenchd,
 'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
 Mo bhíadh agus m' aodach.
Bidh fonn, &c.

'S muladach mi daonnan,
 Do ghaol rinn do leonadh,
 Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach as m'aogais,
 A's chaochail mo sholas.
 Cha'n 'eil aít' an teid mi
 Nach saoil mi le goraich,
 Gum beil mi faicinn t-aodann,
 A's aoidh oirr' an conaidh.
Bidh fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
 Gur bas domh as t-aogmhais,
 Tiondadh ann am blath's rium
 'S na fag aig an aog mi.
 Thig a's thoir do lamh domh
 Do ghradh, a's do chaoimhneas,
 'S cha 'n iarr mi tiull' a chairdeas,
 No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

*B' dh' fonn oirre duonnan,
'S b' dh' aoidh oirr' an conaidh,
'S dh' fhuayadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi fuair an t-aoitinn bhoitheach,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dul,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a deau mi t-fhuotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghuoil is beo mi.*

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUNINEAG.

*A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bheag airneil,
Dhol an cothuil Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhi bagairt air righ Deors*

*'LLEAN eridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
Seasamaid onair ar duthcha,
Fhad sa mhaires luaidh' a's fudar,
Ciod a chuireas curam oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
Le bosil, le bollich, 's le bagradh,
'S ma thig thu air tir an Sasunn,
Cha teid thu dhachgairt ri d' bheo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Frangaich,
Ri tigh'n a Bhreatainn le d' chabhluach,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
'S b' fhear dhut fuireach thall led' dheoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*'Nuair chuir thu 'n Phraing thair a cheile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaughtear do'n Eipheit,
'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
Gun theich thu fhein air eigin beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blar g'a 'n lomairt,
'S e mo dhiubhail bh' anns a choinneamh,
Nach o' fhan Abercrombi beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*An t-seann reisimeid dubh mheasail,
An dara te sa 'n da-fhichead,
'Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chlisgeadh,
Chuir i baisteadh ann ad chro.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Nis dh' cirich na Volunteers,
'N onair an righ 's mhorair Iain,
Chur nam Frangach gu 'n eridhe,
Chionn bhi bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar coir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gael,
Boineiclean 's cotaichean sgarlaid,
Suaitheantas an righ mar fhabhar,
Le coc-urid de dh' ite 'n coim.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*'S na 'm biodh againn mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-Illich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann g'a 'n guailleann,
Ga 'm bunladh le smaais nan dorn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guailleann a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad nig fuaim an aon f'haicil,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's ord.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaughtear air chuan,
Mu 'n d' amhairc sinne mu 'n cuairt oirnn,
'S ged thug thu Hanobhar bhuaninn,
Go b' oil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-or.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sas thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dalach,
Do chrochadh an la-r-na-mhairiach,
Le fiach cota-bhain a rop.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Ged thig thu air tir an Albainn,
'N dochas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againne suas de dh' arnailt,
Na shraas t-canchainn agus t-fheoil.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

*Tha saighdeirean Earraghaeil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad egal a bhais,
Air h-uille namhaid a ta beo.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.*

D U A N A G

DO MAC-AN T-SACIR GHILINNE-NOGHA

LUNINEAG.

*Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's e liath-ghlas,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's a chridhe gheal,
Le Spioraid glan gun iarguin.*

*THOIR beannachdan le durachd uam,
Gabh curam, 's na dean diochuirimh',
A's giulain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhir,
A's deise, ginne briatharan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.*

Na'm b'aithne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
 Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
 Gu molainn thu gu dlheallach,
 'S air m'fhacal b'fhiaich dhomh dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlach onarich,
 A bha'n Gleann-nogha riamh sibh,
 'Sagu'm meal thu fein an stoile sin,
 'S do dheagh mhac oighre ' liathadh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
 ('S cha mhìs' a theid ga t-fhiachain)
 Aon duine a chumas seanachas riut,
 'S gun chearb bhi tighinn o d' bhial air.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha smaoinich iad, 's cha'n urrainn ann
 Aon duine chunnaic riamh thu,
 Cho deis 's a thig na faicil ort,
 'S nach fhàd' theid thu gn'n iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
 Thoirt maslaidh 'n aird an far so,
 Gur tusa phill gu h-ullamh e,
 'S tu b'urraim dhòl g'a dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
 Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
 A' freagairt do na smeoraichean
 Gu millis, ceolar, tiamhaidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu siubhlach, aghar, freagarach,
 Gun stad, gun sgreud, gun sgrigachan,
 'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhuisgeas tu,
 Air madainn chiuin, 'sa ghrian ann.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhireadh tu na Lairigean
 Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhlol-choin,
 Gu'n leigte fèidh san fhreach leat,
 'S do ghillean bhi toirt bhinn diu.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so inusadh dhut,
 'S o 's fìor e, na gabh miotlachd,
 O'n t-shin thu ris a chuibaireachd
 Gun leig thu cheird s' air diochumhlan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithinn's ann sa chuir a nis,
 'S gach cuis a bhi gum' riaghladh,
 Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitirichenn
 A' tighinn a staigh fo d' chrìochan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
 'S tha cinnte aig each gu'm b'fìor e,
 'S o'n leig sibh taibh le goraich e,
 Bu choir dhut bhi ga iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhe'n iomarbhaidh,
 'S nach buin dhomh bhi ga dianamh
 Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
 Am finne* dh'araich riamh mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

* The Campbells.

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

THE REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D. D., WAS born at a small farm-house near Comrie, Perthshire, in the year 1762. His parents were not affluent, but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded, to their son. Young M'Gregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn-side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced anything worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his existence.¹² While yet a young man he studied the Gaelic language with considerable assiduity and success, and could write it—a very rare attainment in his younger days.

Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning he was licensed to preach the gospel when about twenty-one years of age. Mr M'Gregor

was conscientiously a dissenter from the Church of Scotland. He belonged to the Anabaptist branch of the Secession-Church, and studied divinity under the tuition of the Rev. W. Moneriff, of Alloa. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country, for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach the gospel to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr. M'Gregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace.

In Nova Scotia he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties. The inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and when we say that the sphere of his operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, the reader may form some idea of the Herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was, we believe, the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place, he encountered difficulties, perils, and hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Pietou contained only one or two houses—it was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods and *unbridged* rivulets: marked trees, a pocket-compass, or an unintelligible and unintelligent Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness—sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights,—a plank was his bed,—a potato his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel; and that, to Mr. M'Gregor was enough.

Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the sweetest and most fascinating melodies. When entering upon the task, he wrote to a friend of his at Lochearn-side for a copy of Duncan M'Intyre's and M'Donald's Poems. His mind had been so occupied with the various studies necessary to the full and efficient discharge of his ministerial duties, that the airs, to which he wished to sing his contemplated hymns or songs, had escaped his memory. The desiderated volumes were sent; but, through the officiousness of some of his domestics, the fact of their being in the minister's possession became known, and a most unwarrantable, unjust and ungenerous construction was put upon the circumstance. How short-sighted, illiberal, and fanatical it was, to edge out insinuations against the genuineness of Mr. M'Gregor's religious principles, simply because the productions of the two most brilliant stars of his native country were on the table of his study in a foreign land! How pitiful, that fanaticism which shrouds itself under the garb of piety—broad, expansive, benevolent piety! We blush for the moral perceptions and enlightenment of our expatriated countrymen, and notice these things simply in justice to departed worth.

Taking advantage of this state of public feeling, almost verging on what is understood in ecclesiastical language, as a schism, a stranger intruded himself about

this period on his labours; and to the disgrace of many of M'Gregor's flock, they forsook the ministry of their long-tryed friend, and followed the intrusionist. The desertion thus occasioned must no doubt have very much imbittered his cup; but his expansive philosophy—his warm philanthropy—and above all, his genuine religious views, enabled him to bear it without a murmur. He proceeded cheerfully with his metrical effusions, until he composed as many as swelled into a respectable 18mo volume, which has now reached its third edition.

Mr. M'Gregor's Poems are smooth in versification—pleasant in their garb and evangelical in their doctrines. They are almost all composed after the model of his countryman, Duncan M'Intyre, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas, using sometimes not only distichs and couplets, but entire stanzas with some slight alterations. We do not mean however, to insinuate that our author trafficked wholesale in plagiarism, with the intention of "decking himself in another's feathers." No! his poems are but parodies in many instances, and as such they are respectable and entitled to favourable consideration.

When M'Gregor's character and claims were notified to the Members of the University of Glasgow, the senate unanimously agreed to confer upon him the title of D. D., an honour which he amply merited by his services and attainments, and which, coming unsolicited from his native country, and from so respectable a literary quarter, must have been soothing to his feelings, and have gilded the horizon of the evening shades of his life.

In the spring of 1828, Dr. M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy; and at Pietou, on the first of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return which terminated in his death on the third day of that month. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FOKN—"Ceire Cheathaich."

'Se 'n Soisgeul gradhach thug Dia nan gras
duinn
A chum ar sabhaladh dan mo ruin;
Ach 's colas ar e, air cuisibh aluinn,
Nach tuig an nadur a tha gun fuil.
Gur mis' an truaghan 's n'as leor man cuairt
domh
A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach
flach;
B' e'n gnothach cruaidh e nach tuig an
sluagh e,
An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,
Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aoradh dha;
Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach;
Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan
gras:

A' dianamh tair air gach ni is aill leis,
A' briseadh aintean gach la gun sgios;
E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath
uaith;
Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrìch.

Ge mor an curam th'aig Dia nan dul diubh,
Cha tig iad dlu dha le urnaigh chaoim;
Bu mhor a' ghrain leo bli uair 'na lathair,
An caidreamh blath ris 'na aros naomh;
Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag carbsa daonnan,
Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoinis bhreug;
Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr
dhai
Na-greim an drast air n' a's aill le 'n cr. .

Tha 'm barail laidir gur muinntir shlan iad,
'S nach 'eil ceafn-fath ac' air grasan De:

Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-snothail, [Leigh

Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Ach 's ait an sgeul e, air feigheas ceantach Do dhuin' en-shan, fo chreuchlaibh ciult; 'S naigheachd phrìseil, bho Dhia na fìrlan Do neach fo dhiteadh, 's e diblidh, bruit.

Do neach fo smuaircean, le Dia bli 'n gruain ris,

'S a lochdan namhar 'g a chuartaich' dhu; Gun fhios nach aite dha ifrlan chraiteach, M'an tig am maireach, s' am bas 'na shuid Do neach a dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha, Gur sonas baoth bheir nn saogh'l so uath; Nach eil ann ach sgaill deth 'san am tha lathair,

'S gu 'm bac am bas e 's nach fas e buan.

B'e sgeul an aigh e, air beatha 's stainte, O los' n bhasaich 'na ghradh do dhaoine. 'Si 'fhuil am phasd anns [do] beil an tabhachd, 'Nuair theid a charadh gu baigheil, caoin, Ri cridhe leointe, gun ghean, gun solas, Ach dollich, bronach, gun seol air sith; Le Spiorad uasal nam fearta buadhar, Nuair thig e uas air le gluasad min.

Sud sgeul ro aoibhneach, air maoin' a's oighreachd,

Do dhuine daibhir, gun goinn do'n t-saogh'l Air crun, 's rìoghachd a chaoi nach crìoch-naich [gaol.

Gun dragh gun mhiotbhachd, ach sith. 's Sud sgeul ro araidh do dhuine taireil,

Air urram ard ann am Parras shuas; Le gradh gun aimhleas, a measg nan nìnghean: [do'n Uan.

'S cha teirig cainnt daibh, toirt taing

Deagh sgeul air fuasgladh, do pheacach truailidh,

O chionta dhaicnidh, nach suail a mheud; Tie 'n chumhachd bhrioghar a ta an iobairt An t-Sagairt rìoghail, ta sìobhailt, scamh; 'S air feartaibh grasmhòr, nì cobhair trath dha,

'Nuair bhios a namhaid gu laidir, gleusd, A' tarraimn teann air chum'earbs a thionnda Tur bun oiseann da, le ionnsuidh threim.

Air gras, a's trocair, bheir neart, a's treoir dha,

Re fad an roid dh'ionnsuidh gloir an Uain; 'Sna neamhan ard far am pailt an gradh dhaibh

'S cha teirig eail daibh gu brath g' a luadh.

'S e clin an sgeoil ud gur fìrinn mhòr e, Gun fhacal mor-uail, no sgleo gun bhri;

'S e Crìosd an eirig as buaine eifeachd, An iobairt reitich, sar steigh na sith.

Thug an t-Ard-rìgh aon mhac a ghraiddh dhuinn,

A ghabh ar nadur, 's e bharr a rian; 'S an tug e 'n umhlachd, le deoin, 's le durachd.

Thug coir as urdhuinn teachd dhu do Dhia: Sar umhlachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid, Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha riamh ri feum; An coslas truaghain de dhuine truailidh, Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluaigh gu leir,

An caraid gaolach a chòisinn saorsadh Do'n chinnreachd dhaoine le caonnaig chruaidh;

A dh'fhuilig tannailt o rug a mhath'r e Gu la a bhais ann an ait an t-sluaigh.

Nuair bu naoidhean og e, rinn Herod fho-gradh

'S e deare' an comhnuil air dolgh an t-sluaigh.

Bha 'bheatha bronach, am fad 's bu bheo e, 'S e cruaidh an toir air gu bheo thoirt uath.

Oir b' e bu ghna dhaibh dhi deanamh tair' Air Athair gradhach, 's air aintean naomh; 'S 'bhi deanamh dearmuid air slaint' an amma, Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-gnath baoth. [uaisle

Na sagairt naibhreach, 's na h-ard dhaoine' 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun ebrich:

A' diannamh dicheill, le h-ìomadh innleachd, 'Us moran mì-ruin ga 'shìr chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhail bhorba, 'Po phrionns' an dorcha-lais, ce' uil, cruaidh:

Ach 'se bu chrìstich an ceartas ard 'bhi Cur claidhe 'n sas ann, gun bhàl, gun truas

Rug mallachd Dhia air air son na fiachan, Bhuin 'Athair fial ris gu fiata garg; Oir rinn e threigsinn an am na h-eigin, 'Nuair chaidh a cheusadh le cucoirgharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' chuairt a bha'm bas an uachdar,

Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gu slan; Oir rinn e eiridh 'n trens latha 'n deigh sud, Gu subhach, treabhach, chum feum do chach;

Do pheacach dhìblidh, a bha fo dhiteadh, Gu'n dianadh 'fhircantachd didean daibh; O chiont an naduir, 's o'n lochdaibh graineil. 'S o chumhachd Shatain bha ghna ri foill.

Nis anns na h-ardaibh, tha neart gu brath aig

A chum na's aill leis thoirt sabhailt suas; 'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrìos gun taing dhuibh [chruai.

Droch dhaoine' a's aingl, luchd ainneart

Ach thar gach scorsa na peacaidh mhora
Le 'm fuathac' colas air deoin an Triath:
Nach creid an fhirinn, ged tha i cinnteach,
Nach gluais gu direach, ach sir dhol fiarr.

Ged bhiodh an crìosduidh 'n alaidd am prìo-
san, [slaint,
Gu dochrach, iotmhor, gun bhìadh, gun
Nì'n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
A chridhe tiorail, le fìor ghean graidh.
Ged dhuaisg a namhaid geur leanmhùna
craiteach [sith:
Gun aon cheann-fath air ach gradh, a's
Tha dhuaisg a aoibhneach, tha ghnuis, ro aoid-
heil; [dith.
Tha gan 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhch gun

E cnmail gheachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
'S a stiùreachd chleachdaidh, le beachd air
Crìosd

Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach nì, 'us
neach aig; [fiarr.
'S cha ghabh e tlachd anò an seachran
'Se Dia na treacair a neart, 's a chomhnadh,
A bhios an comhnuidh toirt seolaidh dha,
Cha lag a dhochas cha bheng a sholas,
Tha aiteas mor aig' nach eol do chach.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas de'n chrìos-
dachd,
Tha 'n t-eolas iosal, 's gach crìoch mun
cuairt;

Is bras a Gh' eircas gach mearachd eitidh
'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chleir san
uair'.

Dean creideamh, 's colas, dean gaol na
corach,

A's pailteas solais, a dhortadh nuas:
Gu daoin' a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh mill-
teach, [suas.
'S gu naomhachd inntinn bli cinntinn

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A Dhe an si-chaint, craobhsgeoil an fhirinn,
Measg slogh nan tìrean, 's nan Innsean
cian

Mar dhaoin' air chall, ann an ceo nam beann
iad, [bhiadh.

An oidheche teann orr, 's iad fann gun
Thoir solus gle ghlan, thoir rathad reidh
dhoibh,

'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt geill do 'n uan!
Thoir sgeul do shlainte, thoir fìos do ghraì
dhaibh.

Cuir feart do ghrasan 'nan dail le buaidh.

AN Gearan.

Air Fonn—"Coire gorm an fhasaich"

Is daillich leam mar tha mi
A' siubhal le mo namhaid,
Eas-umhal do na h-aintean,
'S mo ghradh dhaibh cho fann.
" 'S iomadh fear a bharr orm."
Tha dol a reir a naduir;
'S o 'n lagh tha fulang tamailt,
'Us taire nach gann.
Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimh,
'Se 'm peacadh 'n nì a's fearr leinn,
'S mi-chneasd a thug sinn gradh dha,
'Ga thalath gach am.
Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo laithean,
Dad buannachd, no dad sta dheth,
Ach daonnan tarrainn sais orm,
'S 'g am charadh am fang.

'S e dh'fhag gach nì a leugh mi,
Gach searmoin riamh a dh' cìed mi,
'S gach guth a bhair beul rium
Gun fheum dhomh, gun sta.
'S e mhilleas gealladh Dhe orm,
Nach earb mi ris ach entrom,
'S nach carraich mi rium fein e,
Gu h-eifeachdach, slan.
'S ann chuir e mi an deis-laimh,
'G am fhagail ro mhì ghleusda,
Gu h-ò'air uasal, euchdach,
'S gu troubhantais ard:
Gu gheachdadh ris an eucoir
A bhios a'm' chridhe 'g eiridh,
No chithear ann am bheusaibh,
Gu h-eitiek, 's gu grunnid.

Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
A leantuinn ris an fhirinn,
Bhiodh ise dhomb mar dhìdean

Nach dìobradh gu brath.
Ged chuireadh daoine sìos mi
Le casnidcan, 's le dìteadh,
Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
'S dhirinn an aird.

Cna tilleadh i gu dìlìnn
Dad coire dhomh no mì-thlachd,
Tha ceangal ris an t-sìth aic',

'S is dìreach a gna:
Ach 's mòr an call, 's an dìth dhomh,
Gu'm beil i tric air dì-chuimhn,
'S nach' eil an creideamh cinnteach
A'm' inntinn a tamh.

Bha amaideach a's goraich
A leantuinn rium o m' oige,
'S b' annsa leam gu mor iad
Na 'n t-eolas a's fearr.

Nan deannain leth na corach
Cha chreidinn nach òu leoir e,
'S nach tearnadh sud fa-dheoidh mi,
Gun doigh air tigh'n' gearr.

Ge mor an t-aobhar solais
Bhì 'n comunn Rìgh na gloire,
'S iad b' annsa leam na h-orain,

'S bhí 'g ol nan deoch-slaínt.
Bu dallag mi nach soradh,
Bhí clu'ch air bruaich na dorainn,
An Dáibhol gá mo threorach
Gu seolta nír laimh.

Gur mor' a chrench, 's an diubhail,
Mo ehiridhe bhí gun durachd,
A gabhail De nan dul domh,
Mar Ughdar mo shlaínt :
'S e tairgse dhomh 'na chumhnant,
A neart a bhí mar chul domh,
'S a ghliocas ard gu m' stiúireadh,
Le curam, 's le gradh.
Tha druidheachd air mo shuilean,
'Se 'n rud a ní mo chiurradh,
D' an ruithe mo mhianng gu siubhlach,
'S mi lubadh 'na dhail.
'Go shonas air mo chul-thaobh,
Mar anabás nach síu leam;
'S m' anam an droch run da,
'Ga dh'itadh le tair.

'S mi 'n duin' as truaigh' san t-saoghal,
Fo chis aig m' easgar dáobhaidh,
Lan funth do 'n bhéath' a's caoine,
'S a gaol air a' bhas.
Co sheallas rium a'm dhaorsa?
Co thionndas mi bho chlaonadh?
Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
Och! b' fhaoin iad sa' chas.
Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
A dh'ullaich dhomh an t-saorsa,
Lan tearnadh o gach baoghal,
Tríd Aon-ghin a ghraidh.
A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoinéach,
Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
O greas le d' chobhair chaomh,
A' gus saor mi gun dail!

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIR FÓN—"Tha mise foghrúaim."

THIG am bas oirn mu'n cuairt,
'S ceart gá 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
Ach cha teid mi le gruaim 'na coir :
Oir bha Iosa mo ruin,
Greis 'na laidhe 's an uir,
'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud cubhraidh dhomhs',

Thug e'n gath as a' bhas,
Rinn e caraíd de m' namb,
A shaoil mo chumail gu brath fo leon :
Teachdair m' Athar e nis,
Dh'ionnsuidh m'anma le fios,
E dhol dhachaigh a chísg chum gloir.

On a dh'eirich e ris
Sar Cheann-fheadhna mo shith,
Gun e dh'fhuireach fad shios fo'n fhod :

'Us gu 'n deachai-th e suas,
Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
Anns na fithneas, le luathghair mhoir.

Se mo chreidimh gun bhreig,
Gu 'n eirich mise 'na dheigh,
Measg na buidhne gun bheud, gá gho :
'Nuair a dh'fhosglar gach uaigh,
'S a theid beo anns gach sluagh,
Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mod.

Sud an cumhachd tha treun,
Sud am fradharc tha geur,
Chuireas rithid gach ere air doigh;
Dream chaidh itheadh le slugh,
Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon uaigh,
Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceo.

'S iomadh-eolainn bhios ann,
Tha fad air aslar o 'ceann
'S thig iad cuideachd 'san am, gu foill.
Thig iad uile 'nan taom
As gach clagh tha 's an t-saogh'l,
'S as gach araich, 's an d' aom na seoid.

Cha'n 'eil aít ga'm beil corp,
Air ard mhonadh, no cnoe,
Ann an fasach, no slochd no moín':
Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
No 's na h-aibhneichean buan,
As nach eirich iad suas, 's iad beo.

Eiridh 'n diuc, 'us an righ,
Eiridh 'm bochd bha fa chis,
Eiridh gaisgeach an strí, 's an deor'
Eiridh' bhaintighearna mhaoth,
Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
'S cha bhí dearmad air aosd, no og.

Eiridh cuid ao' le gruaim,
Chí iad fearg air an Uan,
Chuireas orith orr' a's uamhunn mhor.
Eiridh cuid ao le aoidh,
Buidheann usal nan saoidh,
'G am bí oighreachd a chaoidh an gloir.

AIR FOGHLUM NAN GAEL.

FÓN—"Chunna mi 'n dtugh an Dun-eid-ann."

BHA na Gaeil 'o aineolach dall,
Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
Bh. 'n eolas cho tara 's cho mall,
'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
Cha chrideadh iad buannachd no sta,
Bhí 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
Ged fheadhaidh fhaicinn gach la,
Gu' i thog o 'n lar na Goill.

Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
 'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhreach crom,
 A's meulaidh sinn soans a's sìth,
 Gun fharmaid no strì 'n ar fonn;
 Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach ceann,
 Bi'dh leabhraichean Gaelig pailt;
 Bi'dh colas a's diadhleud a fas,
 Thig gach duine gu sta 's gu rath.

Nis " togaidh na Gaeil an ceann,
 'S bha bhliad an fang ni's mo";
 Bi'dh aca ar d fhoghlum nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neo mhall na choir :

Theid innleachdan 'n oibrìbh air bonn,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
 Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri soann—
 'S am bochd cha bhli lom le nìre !

Thig na linntean gu cinnteach mun cuairt,
 Tha 'n sgrìobtur a luaidh thig oirn;
 'S an teid Satan a cheangal gu cruidh,
 'S nach meal' e an sluagh le sgleo;
 Bi dh tìrinn a's sìochaint a's gaol,
 A ceangail chloinn daoin' ri cheil;
 Chan fhuicear fear dona mi-nnomb,
 Theid olc a's an t-saogh 'l a's beud.

EOBHON MAC-LACHUINN.

EWEN MACLACHLAN was born at Torracalltuinn, on the farm of Coiruanan, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. Coiruanan was possessed by a family of the name of Maclachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. Maclachlan came originally from Mörven, first to Ardgor and thence to Lochaber, and appear to have been in general, men possessed of superior natural gifts. His great grandfather was *Domhnall-Ban-Bard* contemporary with Sir Ewen Cameron of Locheil. That bard's compositions are justly admired, particularly his elegy on occasion of the death of that chief. The mother of E. Maclachlan was a Mackenzie, descended from a branch of that clan, which had settled in Lochaber many generations back. His father, *Domhnall Mor*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaelic language in his day. He was distinguished by the extent and diversity of his traditionary and legendary lore, as well as by the appropriate beauty and purity of the language, in which he told his tale, or conveyed his sentiments to the admiring listeners, who delighted to resort to his humble dwelling.

Though the father was himself illiterate, he was keenly alive to the benefits of education. Besides the subject of our memoir, he had several sons and daughters. Two of the former were afterwards respectable planters in the Island of Jamaica. In the village of Fort William, where his father now resided, the parochial school of Killmalie had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen Maclachlan, as well as himself, got the rudiments of their education, which, by their natural abilities and laudable ambition, all of them afterwards, extended. Ewen was the youngest son of the family, except one. While he excelled his very clever brothers in mental abilities, he was their inferior in bodily strength; the physical weakness of limb which disqualified him, in some measure, for the playful exercises of his fellow-scholars,

tended among other causes, to direct his views to objects and pursuits of a more exalted character.

His first teacher was the Rev. John Gordon, afterwards minister of Alvie; after him, Dr. William Singers of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. He did not remain long under the tuition of these gentlemen, and on account of his father's poverty, was but very indifferently supplied with books. His progress, notwithstanding, was great for his years; it indeed excelled that of all others in the school, and in general, his class fellows were glad to grant him the perusal of their books, in consideration of his very efficient help to them in learning their lessons.

Mr. MacLachlan, at an early age, went out as tutor into the family of Mr. Cameron, of Camisky, in the parish of Killmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Liandally, then an old gentleman confined to bed. Liandally, like many of the gentlemen of his day in Lochaber, had been well instructed in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and much exercised in the colloquial use of that ancient language in the parochial school of Killmalie, taught by a Mr. Mac Bean. Mr. MacLachlan no doubt derived much benefit from his "colloquies" with the venerable classic, who, from his being bed-ridden, also derived much amusement, as well as pleasure, from his communings with his young companion.

Mr. MacLachlan's next engagement as tutor was, when about fifteen years of age, in the family of Mr. Cameron of Clunes. His pupils were Captain Allan Cameron, now of Clunes, and his brother General P. Cameron, H.E.I.C.S. Here Mr. MacLachlan made great progress in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It is said that he even travelled on the vacant Saturdays, to Fort William, (whither his parents had removed,) in order to get from his former teacher, an outline of his prospective studies for the subsequent week. Thus he soon became able to translate, with fluency, the Scriptures of the New Testament from the original Greek into his mother-tongue, Gaelic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rustics of the place, by this singular display of erudition.

After the lapse of two years, he engaged as tutor in the family of Mr. Mac Millan of Glenpean, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-aircaig. In this family, he resided for two years, still devoting his spare hours to the prosecution of his classical and other studies. So great indeed was his ardour in this respect, that his worthy hostess often deemed it necessary, to insist on his relaxing his application to his books, in order to take healthful exercise in the open air. On such occasions, his favourite walk was along the banks of the "slow-rolling Pean," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, and on whose green borders were composed many of his finest juvenile strains. At this time also, our young bard began to show a *penchant* for instrumental music. He constructed a rude violin, on which he took lessons from an individual, by profession a piper, who lived in the neighbouring district or "country" of Moror, and came occasionally to Glenpean. This rustic instrument possessed but few, if any, of the qualities of a

Cremona. An individual, who lived in the family at this period, describes it as being no bigger than a *ladle*—“*Cha bu mho i dhuibh na 'n liadh,*” and he himself in the ode to Pean calls it “*fidheall na racail,*” or “dissonant lyre.” Afterwards, however, our poet became a tolerable performer on the violin, as well as some other musical instruments.

After residing two years in Glenpean, he returned to Clunes, and resumed his former office there. Here he remained for six years. In 1795, he fondly cherished the hope of being enabled to enter College, could he be so lucky as to procure funds for that purpose. With the view of obtaining aid from certain wealthy namesakes of his, he and his father paid a visit to those gentlemen, and to some humbler persons, relations of his mother. The *latter*, “were willing to contribute something;” but the *former* met his suit with a discouraging refusal, telling his father, that “he meant to ruin his son by putting such *idle* notions in his head, and that he ought rather to go home, and forthwith bind the lad as apprentice to his own trade,—that of a weaver.” With heavy hearts and weary limbs, they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberation on this important point, by the poet and his parents around their humble ingle, the idea of going to college was, for a time, abandoned; and the young man resolved to return next day, to the family of Clunes, where he was assured that he should be received with open arms. He accordingly set out for that place; but as he approached it, his earthly career was very nearly terminated. In those days, there was no bridge over the river Arkaig. He found the stream greatly swoln, and hazardous to ford. Night, however, was approaching, and therefore he ventured out. He had not proceeded far in the rugged channel, when he was carried off his feet, and swept away by the rapid current; he now thought with himself that his golden dreams of literary and philosophic distinction were at an end: he committed himself, however, to the care of him who hath said, “when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.” On this he was providentially thrown on a stone, a part of which was still above the waters. After resting here a brief space, he made one desperate effort to reach the wished-for bank, and was successful. He there poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr. Maclachlan resumed his labours at Clunes; at the same time prosecuting his classical studies with unremitting ardour, as his time permitted. Here he composed several pieces of justly admired Gaelic poetry; several of these and of his former compositions were published about 1798, in a volume printed in Edinburgh, for Allan M'Dougall, alias “*Dall,*” musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards family-bard to the late Glengarry. Among these were “*Dain nan Aimsirean,*” a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, “*Dan mu Chonaltradh,*” &c., and a translation of part of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaelic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1796, our poet was introduced by Dr. Ross of Killmonivag to the late Glengarry; and that Chief, ever after, continued his warm friend. He yielded him the pecuniary aid which he had in vain solicited from other sources. This kindly aid, together with our poet's own little savings out of his salaries, put him in circumstances to proceed to the University, whither he was accompanied by

his anxious and affectionate father.* Arrived at Aberdeen, he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a *bursary* at King's College. Here, for the first time, he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various pieces of *trial* being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College-Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance, drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young coxcombs, his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the *wilds* of Lochnaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slightest chance of success. Enduring all this banter, with meek, but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudge his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called "EWEN MACLACHLAN," as being the best scholar, and chief bursar.

From that moment, he gained and retained the respect and warm regard of his fellow-students. He entered on his studies in Aberdeen with his wonted earnestness and diligence, and greatly distinguished himself in his classes. At the end of the Session, he resumed the charge of his pupils at Clunes; this he continued to do, during the recess annually, whilst he continued in the *gown classes*. At the end of that period, having obtained the degree of A. M., he entered the Divinity-Hall. Through the good offices of the Rev. Dr. Ross, our student was presented to a Royal bursary in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer; and about the same time (anno 1800), he was appointed assistant to Mr. Gray as librarian of King's College, and teacher of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. From the date of these appointments, he took up his permanent residence in that town, of which, at a subsequent period, he was made a free burgher. He continued to attend the Divinity-Hall for eight sessions, and in the enjoyment of the Royal bursary above mentioned. He was, during the period last mentioned, custodian of the library attached to the Divinity-Hall of Marischal College. From this date, the life of our theologian was indeed a life of incessant literary toil and scholastic labour. In addition to the duties of the offices to which he had been recently appointed, he devoted several hours every day to private teaching, in order to eke out the limited income derived from these offices. Many gentlemen, especially from the Highlands, sent to him their sons to be under his effective and immediate superintendence. Even in these circumstances, as well as through life, he displayed great liberality and affection toward his aged parents and his other near relations, by often relieving their wants out of his hard earnings.

After completing his attendance at the "Hall," and delivering his trial-pieces with eclat, he found the bent of his mind, as well as his ambition, directed to a "Chair," in one of the Universities, rather than to the Pulpit. He was encouraged in his aspiration after this object, by several friends, but particularly by Professor James Beattie of Marischal College. The Professor's death, however, 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr. MacLachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed

* It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen dressed in the mountain garb.

between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr. Maclachlan composed an elegy in the Gaelic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with anything of the kind ever presented to the world. This was not the only composition in which our poet's grateful remembrance of Professor Beattie's friendship was commemorated. In his "Metrical Effusions," (Aberdeen, 1816,) is printed an elegant Latin ode addressed to that accomplished scholar, during his life, and an English ode, entitled "A dream," being an apotheosis on that patron of neglected merit. Some years after his settlement in Aberdeen, Mr. Maclachlan turned his attention to Oriental literature, as well as to that of the languages of modern Europe; and his acquirements in these he made subservient to the critical culture of his mother-tongue. About the same time he undertook the arduous task of translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaelic heroic verse. Of this immortal work, he finished nearly seven books, which still remain in MS. Besides this, he began to compile materials for a Dictionary of the Gaelic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did everything else) from his mere regard and affection for everything tending to promote the honour or improvement of his native land. What was then called "the Highland Society of Scotland," (having had reference to the mental culture of their Caledonian countrymen, instead of as now, unfortunately, to the physical development of the points of the inferior animals) had soon after entertained the project of preparing and publishing a Dictionary of that ancient language; and having ascertained the eminent qualifications of Mr. Maclachlan, and his progress in compiling the said work, they conjoined him with the late Dr. Macleod of Dundonald, in carrying on the national Dictionary, compiled under their patronage. The department assigned to Mr. Maclachlan was the Gaelic-English, and so important and difficult a task could not have been committed to better hands. In the preface to the Dictionary published by Drs. Macleod and Dewar, it is well remarked,—"Mr. Maclachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles."

The pages of Mr. Maclachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaelic, derived not only from the cognate dialects of the Keltic, but also from the Greek and Latin, as well as from the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Persian, and other Eastern languages.

In the winter of 1821 and 1822, he was engaged in transcribing this work for the press, and he expected to have it completed by the following July; but alas! his valuable life was not prolonged to see his hopes realized.

Let us now briefly revert to events somewhat prior in our poet's life. In the Metrical Effusions formerly mentioned, there is printed an ode in the Greek language, "on the Generation of Light," which had the honour of gaining the prize given by Dr. Buchanan of Bengal to King's College for the best poetical ode upon the above subject. About this period (1816), he, at the request of his friend Lord Bannatyne M'Leod, deciphered several old Gaelic MSS., and transcribed

them into the ordinary character—a difficult and laborious task. In 1819, Mr. Gray died, and Mr. Maclachlan was then appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and also principal Session-Clerk and Treasurer of the parish of Old Machar. These promotions increased his income, but greatly added to his labour. He was likewise secretary to the Highland Society of Aberdeen; and in this character, used to wear the full garb of his country when officially attending the meetings of the Society, and on other particular occasions. In 1820, the office of teacher of the classical department of the Inverness Academy became vacant. Many friends and admirers of Mr. Maclachlan's great talents made strenuous exertions to procure his appointment to that situation. At the head of these friends was his firm supporter and original patron, Glengarry. Unhappily, the proceedings on that occasion, instead of being conducted with a single regard to public utility, and the rewarding of merit, were mixed up with *local politics* and causeless prejudices. The result was, that after an unprecedentedly keen canvass, and the exercise of every available influence on both sides, Mr Maclachlan was excluded by the mere numerical force of the opposing party. It is plain from the very handsome document obtained from the Professors of Humanity and Greek at St. Andrew's, upon the occasion of Mr. Maclachlan's being on a remit, examined by them, that want of deep scholarship, or talent as a successful teacher, was not the cause of his exclusion from a situation which he would have adorned.

Gifted with exquisite sensibility, he deeply felt the unworthy treatment thus experienced at the hands of his Norland countrymen; and he frequently expressed himself to the effect, that he was resolved never again to expose his peace of mind to the machinations of "ambidexter politicians."

Some short time after this period, his health became affected. His constitution began to yield under his incessant toils. He proceeded, however, to Ayrshire, to visit his colleague, Dr. Macleod. There his health rallied considerably, and he continued in the enjoyment of much of that blessing, till the beginning of 1822, when again his health was most seriously assailed. He lingered till the 29th day of March, when this amiable man, and distinguished scholar, departed this life at the age of 47 years. It might be said that he died of a gradual decay and debility, induced by professional over-exertion and study. His locks had become, years before his death, silver-grey. In him unquestionably, died the first Celtic scholar of his day. His premature death caused much regret in the public mind, particularly at Aberdeen, and throughout the Highlands; and deep sorrow among his numerous friends.

As a general scholar, possessed of varied learning and fine genius, Mr. Maclachlan stood very high. The department of philology, however, was his *forte*, and favourite pursuit. In that respect, it is believed he had few superiors. He was "eximius apud Scotos philologus." His Greek and Latin odes have met with the highest approbation from the *best* critics. The same may be predicated of his Gaelic poems. His Gaelic version of the first seven books of the Iliad stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaelic-English Dictionary (if preserved) affords ample proof of his unwearied diligence and labour, and of his

pre-eminent philological and antiquarian acquirements; notwithstanding it did not receive the final polish from his master-hand. With the true spirit of genius, his mind descended, with grateful elasticity, from those abstruse subjects to the lighter amusements of poetry and music; cheerful, and often playful conversation.

As a classical teacher, Mr. MacLachlan's success is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance, that his pupils annually carried off the largest proportion of the bursaries competed for at the University. His excellencies as a scholar were equalled by his virtues as a man and a Christian. His piety was unfeigned, deep, and, in some respects enthusiastic. He was the very soul of *honour*. None could go before him in moral *purity*, worth and integrity. His manners, withal, displayed the most engaging simplicity. In life, he secured the love and respect of all who knew him; and in death, his memory is by them held in tender remembrance.

Eminently calculated to advance the literature and language of his native land, it is deeply to be regretted that he had not been placed through the munificence of individuals, or the public patriotism of his countrymen, in a situation of ease and comfort, such as a Professorship of Keltic in one of our Universities. There he could have effectually promoted the objects he so fondly cherished: the temperament of his modest nature required the supporting arm of a patron, as the limber vine requires the aid of the oak. But his was the too frequent lot of kindred spirits, to experience the heart-sickening of "hope deferred," and to be allowed to droop and die, the victims of ill-requited toil.

Mr. MacLachlan possessed the friendship, and was the correspondent of several persons of distinction—among these might be enumerated, besides the late Glengarry, his Grace Alexander Duke of Gordon, Sir John Sinclair, Dr. Gregory, and Lord Bannatyne Macleod. Much of their correspondence, (*if collated*) would be found very interesting.

In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, this "true Highlander," on his death-bed directed his body to be laid with the ashes of his fathers at the foot of his native mountains; "et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos." This dying request was religiously complied with. At Aberdeen every mark of respect was paid to his memory. With all the solemnities usually observed at the obsequies of a Professor of the University, his body was removed from his house to the ancient chapel of King's College, his Alma Mater, and laid in the tomb of Bishop Ellington, the founder of this venerable seminary. Next morning, a great concourse of the most respectable persons in and around Aberdeen, including the Professors of both Universities, the Magistrates of the city and the Highland Society of Aberdeen chapterly, met in the College Hall, to pay their last respects to the remains of departed worth, and thence accompanied the hearse, bearing those remains, some distance out of town, and there bade a long and last adieu. Similar indications of respect and sorrow were evinced in all the towns through which the mournful procession passed. Glengarry, accompanied by a large number of his clansmen dressed in their native garb, paid a tribute of respect to his departed *protege*, by meeting and escorting his remains, while passing through that chief's country. His Lochaber countrymen were not behind in exhibiting every proper feeling towards

the memory of him whom they universally esteemed an honour to belong to their country. All classes of them came out to meet the hearse; so that on entering his native village of Fort William, the crowd was so dense, that the procession advanced with difficulty. Next day, being the 15th of April, the mortal remains of Ewen Maclachlan, preceded by the "wild wail" of the *piobrachd*, and accompanied by a larger assemblage than that of the preceding day, were conducted to their last resting-place, and laid with those of his fathers, at Killevaodain in Ardour. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps "the waster of the midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave!

AN SAMHRADIL.

AIR FONN.—"An am dol sìos bhì deonach."

Mòch 's mi 'g eiridh 'madainn cheitein,
'S driuchd air fear nan lointean;
Bu shunntach eibhinn eail gach creutair,
'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frogaidh,
Gu blathas na greine 'b'agh'or eiridh,
Suas air sgeith nam mor-bheann;
'S e teachd c'n chuan gu dreanohor, buaghach,
Rioghail, uasal, or-bhuidh.

Tha cuirtean ceutach cian nan speuran,
Laith-ghorm, reidh mar chlaraidh,
'S do sgaol bhò cheile neoil a sheideadh
Stòrm nan reub-ghaoth arda;
Gach duil ag eigh each iochd a's reite,
'N teachd a cheud mhios Mhaigh oirnn;
'S gu'm b' ur neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgun uain',
Air druim nan cluaintean fasaich.

Bu chuirteil, priseil, foirm gach eoin,
An cuantal ordail, greannar,
Cuir sìos ar sgeoil is blasta gloir,
Air bharr nan og-mheur samhraidh,
Le 'n ribheid chiuil gu fonnar dlu,
Na puirt bu shiublaich ranntachd;
'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim am feadain,
Shuas 's na creagan gleanntach.

Bi 'n ioc-shlaint cheibh am fior shruth sleibh,
O ghlaic nam feur-choir' arda.
Le turraich bliun th'air bhalbhag min,
A shiubhlas sìos tro 'n ailean,
Mar airgead glas, 'na choilichibh cas,
Ri toraghan bras gun tamh orr',
Cuir suigh gun truall 's gach furan uaine,
'S dlu mu bhruach nam blarabh.

B' e m' eibhneas riannh 'nuair dh' eirghe grian,
Le cheud ghath tiorail blath oirnn,
Bhì ceum a sìos gu beul nam min-shruth,
'S reidh ghorm lith mar sgathan,
A' snamh air falbh gu samhach balbh,
Gu cuantaibh gailbheinn sail ghlaiss,

Tro lùbaibh cam le straitheibh ghleann
Tha tilge greann a Mhairt diu.

Air uèhd an fhìor-uisg 's grunn a chitear,
Oibrean siannta na'luir,
Du-neoil nan speur a' falbh o cheil,
Air chruach nan sleibhteann arda;
Gun saoil an t-suil gur h-ann sa ghruind.
Tha dealbh gach iognaidh aghoir;
Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan crann,
'S na'm beil sa' ghleann gan arach.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear, druim-lhubh, tarr-
gheal'

'S cleoc nan meanbh-bhall ruadh air,
Beo, brisg, gun chearb air bhuiinne garbh,
O'n mhuir is gailbheach nuallan;
Gu h-iteach, earr-ghobhach, grad-mheamnach,
Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
Bhios feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faicte loma barr gach tomain,
Caorich throm, liontaidh,
Gu ceigeach, bronnach, garbh an tomalt,
Rusgach, ollach, min-tiugh;
'S an uannaibh geala, luatha, glana,
Ri cluineis mhear a' dian-ruith,
Le meilich mbaoth m' an cuairt do'n raon,
A's pairt san fhraoch gan grianadh.

'S na trathan ceart thig drobh nam mart,
'An ordagh steach do'n bhuaile,
Le 'n uithibh lan, gu reamhar, laireach,
Druim-fhionn, ean-dhearg, guallionn;
'S gach gruagach aigh gu cridheil, gaircach,
Craicneach, snathach, cuachach;
Air lom an tothair, fonn air b'leothann,
Steall bu bhothar fuaimrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaoir struth-ghheimnich'
laogh.

Bi leumnaich fhaoin fea 'n ailein,

Gu seang-brisg, uallach, eutrom, guanach,
 Por is uaisle stralceis,
 'S iad du-ghlus, riabhach, caisfhionn, stiallach
 Bailghfhionn, ciar-dhubh, barr-lom,
 'S an earblaibh sguabach togte suas,
 A' duibh-ruith nuas gu mathair.

O Shamhraidh gheugaich, ghriannach, cheut-
 aich,
 Dhullich, fheuraich, chialn-ghil !
 Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
 Do gach creutair diuidi,
 Bha 'n sas 'an slabhraidh reota gheamhraidh,
 Ann an am na dudlaichd,
 'S tha nis a'danhs, foadh ghlae a's ghleann,
 M' ad theachd a nall as ur oirn.

'S tu tarbhach reachdor, biachar, pait,
 Le feart do fhrasan blatha,
 A thig nan ciuraich mhaoth-bhuig dhriuchd,
 A' dorta suigh gun fhaillinn,
 'S an leam is taitneach fiamh do bhrait,
 O fhluraibh dait a gharaidh
 Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoimein,
 'Mach gu druim nan ard-bheann.

Gach furan mais is aillidh dreach,
 A' fas 'an cleachdadh ordail,
 Gu rimheach, taitneach, ciatach, snasmhor,
 Ann 's ar reachd bu choir dhaibh ;
 An t-seamrag uaine 's barr-ghael ruag,
 A 's buidheann chuachach neoinein,
 Lili gneagach nan dluigean,
 'S mille lus nach eol domh.

Bi'dh sobhrach luaineach, gheal-bhui, chluas-
 ach,
 Ann am bruaich nan alltabh,
 'S a bhiolair usin taobh nam fuaran,
 Gibeach, cluaineach, cam-mheur ;
 Thig ros nam bad is boidhe dreach,
 Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
 Gu ruiteach, dearg-ghael, cearsalach, dealbhach,
 Air roinn mheanbh nam fann-shlat.

An gloann fo bharrach, reisgeach, cannacl,
 Fearach, rameach, lurchrach,
 Gu min-bhog, mealach, brighor, bainnear,
 Cib, a's cneamh m' an cuairt ann ;
 Bidh lom a bhlaire is reachdair fas,
 A' dol fo strac neo-thruaillidh,
 'S an saoghall a 'gnirdechas le fallt,
 A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag am fuaichd sinn.

Gu ceann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
 Bhios sa choille ghrochdaich,
 Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blath,
 O bhun gu bharr 'n comhdach ;
 An snothach sughor thig o'n dusluing
 Ann sna furain nosar,
 A' bruchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
 A's tlua nan speur-ga'n comhdach.

Gach maoth phreas urgu duilleach cubhraidh,
 Peurach, ubhlach, soghar,
 Trom thorrach, luiseagach, a' lubadh,
 Measach, driuchdach, lodail ;
 Le cud-throm ghagan, dlu dhonn-dhearg,
 A bhios air sbit nan croc-mheur,
 'S co millis blas ri mil o'n sgeup,
 Aig scillein breac a chronain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan gob lughor,
 Ann sgach ur-dhos uaigneach,
 Air gheugaibh dlu nan duilleach ur-ghorm,
 Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duannig ;
 Thig smeorach chuirteil, druid a's bru-dhearg-
 Uiscag chluin a's cunchag,
 Le h-oran cianail, fann-bhog tiambaidh,
 N gnaeig dhlomhair uaine.

M' an innsinn sios gach ni bu mhiann leam.
 Ann am briathran seclta,
 Cha chuirinn orioch le dealbh am bliadh'n
 Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
 M' a ghloir nan speur, 's an t-saoghal' gu leir,
 A lion le h-eibhneas mor mi,
 'N mair rinn mi eiridh madainn obeitin,
 'S dealt air fear nan lointean.

A M F O G H A R.

FONN—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach
 oirnn."

GRAD eiridh fonn a's fìor-ghleus oirbh,
 Na biodh 'ur 'n intinn smuaineanach ;
 Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
 Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh ;
 Tha 'm por bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
 Fo'n reachd is brioghair bughalachd ;
 'S gun teid an saoghal a riarachadh,
 O dhichead gniomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
 'S e bhuilich am paitreas gnathaicht oirn
 A mhaithes gu sialaidh pairtichear,
 Gun ghainne ; gun fhailline truacantachd ;
 Gheibh dnine's bruid a shathachadh
 'O sheileir na dusluing nadurra ;
 Gun' sgaoillear na buird gu fallteachail
 Ga 'r cuireadh gu lan ar tuarasdail.

Theid sgraing an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
 'S a ghorta chrion gu'm fuadaichear,
 Bu ghuineach. sgaitheach, bior-guineach,
 Geur-ghoint' a ruinn'-ghob nuarranta ;
 'S e 'dheoghlaidh sugh nan caolan bhuaat,
 'Chur neul an Aoig nu d'ghruaim-mhala ;
 Gun teid an tarmasg dioghaltach
 A ghreasad null th' ar chuaintean bhuainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan du-ghleannabh,
 Fo'n dreach is cuirteil prisellcachd,

'Trom thorach, diasach, einnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighte, sonraichte ;
'S am pannal ceoluhor, muirneachail,
Gu sanntach, surdail, ordamail.
Co glensta, saothreach, luath-lambach,
'S am barr ga bhuaín 'na dhorlaichean.

Gach te gu dileas deannadach,
Le corran eam-ghorm, gear-fhiachlach,
Ri farpuis stritheil, dhiorrasaich,
Cuir fuinn a sios fo dhuaganan ;
Bidh oigrídh, lughor, mheamneach,
A' ceangal bhann ma sguabannan,
Le 'n diolt am bridéal maranach,
A bheireadh guir air gruagaichean.

'S an tuchar chiatach, ghaothor, theid
Fear-saoidh na faich' a sgaioleadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaglan caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raointean uain-neulach ;
Na rachdain laidir liath-ghlubbhais
A tionndadh rolag sulomhanach,
Gu 'n tiormachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as miann le tuathanach.

'N nair dh'fhosglas *Phabus* seomraichean ;
Na h-aird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn ;
'An dubhar an fheasgair toisichear,
Ri ernineach feoir 'an eruachannan ;
Bidh mullain is garbhe domhladas,
Gu tomatach, cuirrichdeach, mor-chean-
nach ;
Grad f'fhighear na siomain chorr umpa,
Gu sgiobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh iomairean cian fo stracan ann,
Le doireachan goga bunata orra,
Gu ginneach, dosach, crae-mheurach,
Bog-mhogaeh, luireach, uain-neulach ;
Barr-guc a's dearg-gheal fas orra,
'Sa dhreach mar ros nan gearaidhnean ;
Bidh paidreín phlumbas aifídh ann,
Air mheangain 'nam barr nan cluaraíbh.

'Nuair thig an aimsir ghnathaicht oirn,
'Su bhuaimear as a laraich e,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntata dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhorlaichean,
Ceud míle dreach a's dealb orra,
Gu faobach, geambhach, garbh-phlucaeh,
Cruaidh mheallach, mibeach, ghaillbheach iad
A' tuiteam mar gharbhach doragan.

'S iad ciochach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shui-
leach
Gu tana min-gheal, leacnach ;
Gu plubach, cruinn-gheal, cnapanach,
'S iad fud-chumpach na uaireannan ;
B'e 'n toradh biadhair, feartach e,
Nach mall a líona chaitéagan,
'Nuair ghreidhear ann sa phraisich e,
'S e bhlas is taitneach buaghannan.

'S glan fáile nan croc gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan croc bad-dhuilleach ;

'S trom fasor am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-gheug solasach ;
Theid brígh nam fluran slat-mheurach,
'An cridhe nan ur-clmap blasadach ;
Gur brisg gheal sugh a chagannaiech,
Do neach a chaguas dorchlach dhlu.

'S clann-bheag a ghna le'm pocannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chrannabh,
A bhuaín nan clearan mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, deacoir, luath-lambach ;
'Nuair dh' fhuaisgear as na mogaíl iad,
'S a bhristeair plaosg nar cohall diu,
Gur eoin am maoth-bhlas furtanach,
Bhlos air an fhros neo-bhruaileanach.

'S e míos nam buaidhean taitneach e,
Bheir por an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh ;
O'm fograr gruaim an acrais dinn,
O's maiream pailteas porsain duinn ;
Míos bog nan ubhlan breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' luistreadh sios le dearcgaibh,
Cir-mhealach, beachach, groiseideach.

Míos molaeh, robach, braeuirneach
'S e caitoil roiceil, taeirach,
Gu h-íolannaeh, cuirrichdeach, adagach,
'Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-gheal, sguabanach ;
Míos mígh nam fuarg, stapagach,
Buntatach, feolar, sgadanach,
Gu h-imeach, eaiseneh, ceapáireach,
Le bheirteas puilt gu truaicantachid.

Gu saothreach, stritheil, lambachair,
An oigrídh dhilens, thabhachdach,
Ri taobh nan lingean saile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a suamh 's a bhoinneireachd
Snaith-noimeis garbh an snathadan,
A' fuaigheal líon ri 'm braigheachan,
Gu sreangach, bolach, areanach,
Bheir bas do'n naisein chleoc-lannach.

'Nuair dh'aomas oidhehe chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhubhas an iarmailt cheo-neulach,
Gur h-ullamb, ealamh, iasgaidh, dol
Air ghleus an iarmailt shonraichte ;
Grad bhruceadh iad 'nan ciadan, as
Gach taobh 'n uair dhiolair ordugh dhaibh,
Air bhreacáibh eutrom luath-rannach,
A' sguabadh a chuain ghorm-ghreannaich.

Gur daicheil, surdail, crundalach,
Fir ur nan cruaidh lámh conspaideach,
A' stri co fuiribí 's luaithe bhios
Air thus an t-sluaigh 's a chonnsacha ;
A cholluinn nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghuibhais ;
Mar dhruíd nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is uaibhreach cronanaich.

Air tarla dhuibh san ionnd, 's am
Bí n t-iasg ri mire ghoraitch, theid

Na llin a chur ga h-longantach
 Air uchd a ghlinnail bhoc-thonnaich;
 Nuair thogar ann sa mhadaim ladh
 Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
 Gur suntach, siubhlach, dhachisigh iad
 Le'n tacar beairteach, solasach.

Gu h-algeantach, eutrom, inntinneach,
 Fir aighearach, ghleust, air lingenman,
 Le saighdean gear nan tri-ubher, ubh,
 Air ghadhanaibh dìreach cruaidh shleagh-
 ach;

A' sireadh an eisg le duibh-lìasainn,
 Theid seachd na leann air fìor-uisge;
 Na mordhachan reubach, dìobhalach,
 Gan tarruinn gu tìr air bhruachannaibh.

'S an' oldheche churaidh, fhìnthail, gum
 Bì surd air leis gam pleiteachadh,
 Gum pacar anns na h-urraigeann iad
 Speùilt thiorann ur gu h-ordannail:
 Bidh dearg a's cruith ga' giùlan ann,
 Chuir smuid a snas gu beo-lo-gadh,
 A ruith nam bradan fad-bhroneach,
 Feadh bhùinne eas nam mor-shruithean.

'S am bradan eutrom, aineach,
 Brisg, grad-ehlis, meannach, luasganach,
 Na cideadh liath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallach,
 Du-lannach, meann-bhreac, cluaineiseach;
 Gur gob-eham, sliosmhor, tarr-ghéal e,
 Le stiùir bu shiabhach carr-ghobhlach,
 Bì lu-chleas bras air ghearr-agiathaibh,
 'An toirnirich gharbh nan cuairteagan.

Gun d'fhuair sibh dan a nise bhnam,
 Mar thug mi fìos a' toiseachadh,
 Mu bhualadh nam nìosan biotailteach,
 Tha trom le gibhlean solasach,
 Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhichead ann
 'S o's mist e tuille ropaireachd,
 Gun cuir mi crìoch gu timeil air,
 M' am fag mi sgìth le boilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKK—"S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar."

Tha *Phæbus* s na speuraibh
 Ag eiridh na thrìall,
 Ròl reultalchean *Geur shaighead*,*
 Bheumnaich nan sian;
 Ur-eifeachd a cheud ghath
 Gu ceiteineach grunn,
 A ni feum do gach crent air
 O eireadh d'an dìon.

* *Sagittarius* and *Capricorn*, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

Tha a tla ghathan blath ud
 A b' fhuibharach dhuinn
 Gar fagail aig namhaid
 Na dh' fhuasg a h-nìr:
 O na thrìall e ròi chrìochaibh
 Na Rìaghal't* a null
 Gu *Sign-Adharc-Gaibhs*
 Bu duibh-reotach inil.

Tha aoidhealachd naduir
 A b' fhuiltiche tuar,
 Fad an t-saoghail air enochladh
 'S a h-aogag fo ghrnaim:
 Tha giug air na dùilean
 Le fìnnstain an fhuachd,
 Fo dhu-luinn trom-thrasach,
 Rì cucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, falaidh,
 Bu bhìadh abach fas,
 Le cruachannaibh enuac-mheallach,
 Sguab-thorach, lan,
 Air treigsinn a shnuaidh,
 O'n a dh'fhuaraidh gach eail,
 Rò'n mhioschruid-ghuinnceach, ghrna-
 mach
 'S neo-thrannacanta baigh.

Le stroiceadh na dotlichinn
 Thoirleum gu lar,
 Gorm chomhèach nam mor-ehran
 Bu chroc-cheannaich barr,
 Nì fuigh-bheatha sughor
 Nan ur-fhaillean ard,
 Tro fheithean nan geugan
 Grad thearnadh gam freumh.

Na h-coineinean hoidheach
 Is ordannail pong,
 Le'n dlu-fheadain shanntach
 O'n siubhlaithe fonn;
 Gum fograr o'n cheol inil
 Gu clo-chadal trom;
 'S nì iad comhnuidh 's gach eos
 Ann am frogaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air treudan
 Nam feur-luibhean gorm;
 Dì-ubhilltear gach dìthean
 Ba mhìn-ghibeach dealbh:
 Fìor aognaichidh aogag
 Nan aonach 's nan learg,
 Le spionadh nan sianntan
 Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An cìr sheillean srian-bhuidhe
 'S cianaille srann,
 Bha dìcheallach gnìomhach,
 Feadh chìoch nan lus fann,
 Gum comhnuidh e'n stor-thaigh
 Nan seomraichean cam;
 'S gu leoir aige bheo-shlaint
 Air lon-mhìl nach gann.

* Rìaghal't, the Equinoctial line.

Theid a mheanbh-chuilleag shamhraidh
 He teanntachd gu bas,
 Ge b' eibhneach a leumnaich
 'An ceud-mhios a mhalgh:
 Gach iob shrath bu bhurn-ghlan
 A shiubhladh tro 'n bhlar,
 Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
 Is nuarranta eail.

Bi'dh sar-obair naduir
 Le fallinn fo bhron,
 Feudh chathar, a's ard-bheann,
 A's fhasach nan ion:
 Cha dearbhar cluth mheamnach
 Nan garbh-bhradan mor,
 'S ni iad taimh-chadal sunhach
 Fo sgail bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, rìgh fadhaich
 Nan sianntainnean doirbh,
 Gu fuar-thalla ghruaim-ghreannach,
 Tuath-fhrasun searbh;
 Grad-fhuasglar leis cruaidh ghlas
 Nan ua'-bhleasdean garg,
 Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghuoth
 Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
 Le h-nimbleas a nìos,
 Ann an dorchadas stoirmibh
 Air charbad nan nìal;
 A duibh-fhroiscadh shaighdean
 Tro'n nìdhbheis gu dian,
 Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseanna,
 Chluoidheas gach nì.

Bi'dh armachd nan uabhas
 Mu'n cuairt da gach laimh,
 Rì beuchdaich a reubas
 Na speuran gu h-ard;
 Ion-stroicear a chroc-choille
 Mhor as a freumh,
 Le sputadh garbh-sgiursaidh
 Na duilachd gun tlaths,

Gum boch a mhuir cheann-ghlas
 Is gail-bheinneach greann;
 Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
 Borbadh nan tonn;
 Gu h-ardnach, cuir-gh'e'd,
 'A' bacadh nan deann;
 Agus guirich a bhais bi'dh
 Air bhairlìnn gach glinn!

Gum bruchd an fhras chiurraidh
 D'ar 'n-ionnsuidh a nuas,
 A's bathar gach ailcan
 Fo lan nan sruth luath,
 A thosgas san taomraich
 Nam maom-thuiltean guadh;
 'S marcachd-sine na dileann
 G'ar miobhadh le fauchd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
 Le stairearach mu'r ceann.
 Gar spuaicadh mar chruaidh-fhrois
 De luaidhe nan Gall;
 Gaoth bhuaireis ga sguabadh
 O chruachuibh nam beann;
 Luchd-coiseachd gan leireadh
 Le h-cireudh much ganu.

Thig ceo tiugh nan neoil oirn
 O mhor mheall nan cruach,
 Le smuidrich an du-reothaidh
 Dhdughaltaich, fhuair;
 Ga leir dhuinn lag-ciridh
 Na greine ri h-uair,
 Grad-fhalchaidh i carbad
 Geul, dealrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na failbhe
 Gum falchar gach meall;
 Snaeachd eleiteagach gle-thiugh
 Nan speur os ar ceann
 Gu h-ard domhain barr-gheal
 Air fasaich nan gleann;
 Bi'dh nadur fo'n strac id
 Gu fallinneach, fann.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
 Fo shrannaich nan stoirm,
 A ghlunaiseas an luath-shneachd
 Na fhuar-chitlibh doirbh;
 Bi'dh an smuid ud ad' sgiursadh
 Le du-chuthach searbh;
 'Sa leireadh nan sleisnean
 Mar gheur-shalann garg.

Bi'dh gach suil agus aodunn
 Ag aognachudh flamh;
 Agus ceoraich an teot
 Air na feosagaibh liuth:
 Bi'dh sputadh na funtainn
 Is druightiche sian,
 A' tolladh tro d' ghrudhan
 Gu ciurr-bheumnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, cireanda,
 Chreuchdas gach dail;
 Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
 'S neo-thrucaut' a ghnuis;
 Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
 'S tuath-ghuothach spùt,
 Bhios gu h-carr-ghlaiscach, feargach,
 Le stairearach nach ciuin.

Mios burrughlasach, fulmarra,
 Gharbh-fhrasach fuar;
 Tha gliob-shleamhain, dileanta,
 Grim-restach, cruaidh,
 Ged robh luirgnean gan rosladh
 Rì deagh theine guail,
 Bi'dh na sailtean gan cradhadh
 Gu bas leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-clur,
 Nan stoirnibh nan deann,
 Gu fanntainneach, puinnseunta,
 'S diughaltach sranna:
 A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
 Le leir-agrios gu call:
 Bior-dbeilgneach, le gairisinn,
 Bu mheill-chrithreach greann.

Cha'n atreamh na thainig,
 De bhartaibh san fheoil,
 Gach annradh thug teanntuachd
 A gheamhraidh g'ar coir;
 Ach, nu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
 Gun dealbh air ach sgleo,
 Gur tim dhonn bhí críochnachadh
 Briathran mo sgeoil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR 'ONN—"Thainig oirn do dh' Albain'
 crois."

THAINIG EARRACH oirn 'm cuairt,
 Theid am fuachd fo fhuadach dian
 Theid air imrich thar a chuan
 Geamhradh buaireasach nan sian;
 Raithe sneachdach, reotach, cruaidh,
 A dh' atas colg nan luath-ghaoth dian
 Sligheach, doilgneach, feanntaidh, fuar,
 A lom, 'sa dh' aognaich snuadh gach ní.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall
 Treigidh síd a's annradh garg;
 Islichear strannraich nan speur,
 'S ceanglar srian am beul gach stoirn;
 Sguiridh na bullg sheididh chruaidh
 'San aibheis aird a b' uaibrich fearg:
 Eubhar siothchaimh ris gach duil,
 'S tinnuidh iad gu mughadh foirm.

Iompachear an uair gu blath,
 Le frasaibh o'n aird-an-iar,
 Leaghadh sneachd na slruthaibh luath
 O ghuailibh nan graim bheann ciar.
 Fosglaidh tobairchean a ghruinnid,
 A bhruchdas ran sputaibh dian;
 'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlu,
 Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sgaradh síos.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
 As a ceil' an iar 's an ear,
 Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
 Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
 A' snuach san fhailbhe mhoir gun cheunn,
 A null 'sa nall, mar luing fo beairt;
 'S iathaidh iad nan rusgaibh ban
 Mu spíodaibh píeach ard num bac.

Nochdaidh *Phæbus* duinn a gnuis,
 A' deairadh o thur nad speur,

Le soillse caoimhneil, baosigheil, blath,
 Gu tluimhor, luigheil, ris gach créubh:
 Na sgríosa a ghaillíonn chinnraidh fhuar,
 Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eug;
 Ath-nuadhtichear a bhliadh'n' as ur,
 Gach duil gu muirneach; surd air feurr.

Sgeudaichear na loin 's na blair,
 Fo chomhdach aluinn lusaibh meanbh;
 Sguoilidh iad a mach ri grein
 An duilleach fein fo mhíle dealbh:
 Gu giobach, caisreagach, fo'm blath,
 Le'n dathaibh aillidh, fann-gheal, dearg;
 Bíleach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ur,
 Luirgneach, sughmhor, driuchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ionmhúinn an scalladh fonnhor
 A chítear air lom gach leacainn;
 'S cubhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
 Fáile thom, a's bheann, a's ghlacag;
 Mílseineach, bioluireach, sobhrach,
 Eagach cuach nan neoiréin míseach,
 Siomrúgach, fáilleineach, brigh'or,
 Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghúiseadh.

Thig muilleinean de shluagh an fheoir
 Beo fo tús nam fann-ghuth tu,
 I.e. 'n sgiathaibh síoda, ball-bhreac oir,
 'S iad daithe 'm boichead míos a Mhaigh:
 An tuairneagaibh geal am flur,
 Duigsidh iad le h-icéid a bhlaís,
 'S measgnaíodh an ríghle dlu
 'S a cheiteia chiuin nach lot an eail!

Diridh snothach suas o'n fúriamhaich
 Tro cham-chuislibh shníomhain bhád-chrann
 Gu maoth-bhásdn, mealach, cubhraidh,
 Sior chuir suigh 's nam fúran shládach;
 Bí'dh an comhdach gorm a' bruchdadh
 Rot shlois ur nan dlu-phreas dosrach,
 Duilleach, labach, unsal, sgiamhach,
 Dreach nam meur is rímeach coltas.

Bí'dh coin bheaga bhinn a chathair,
 A cruinneachadh shrabh gu neulan;
 Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh uaigheach
 Aitribh chéairteagach ri taice
 Laidhidh gu eluthor nan tannh
 A blaitéachadh nan cruinn ubh breaca,
 Gus am bris an t-slighe lan,
 'S an tig an t-alach og a mach dhaibh.

Thig eibhneas na bliadh'n tu,
 Mu'n críochnaich an t-ur-mhíos Mairt;
 Bheir an spreidh an toradh trom
 Le fosgladh am bronngu lar:
 Bruchdaidh minn, a's laeigh, a's uain,
 Nam míltibh ma'n cuairt do'n bhlar;
 'S breac-gheal dreach nan raon 's nan stuc,
 Fo choisridh mheanbh nan lu-chleas bath!

Bidh gabhair nan adhairean cracach,
 Stangach, cam, an aird nan sgealb-chreag;

Rob-bhrat lom-dhathach m'an cuairt duibh,
Caitéan ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas;
'S na minneinan laghach, greanar,
Le meigendach flann g'an leannhuinn:
'S mireannach a chleasachd ghuannach
Bhios air por beag luath van gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rusgach fo eomhdach;
Sgoilt air reithlein lointean-triuchdach;
'A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean
Air ehluaintibh nan learg ri sugradh.
An crodh mor gu lionsaidh laireach,
Ag ionaltradh fhasach u.-ghorm;
An dream lith-dhonn, chuisiunn, bhan-bhreac,
Ghuallionn, chra-dhearg, mhagach, dhum-
hail.

'S inntinneach an ceol ri m' chluais
Fann-ghcum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chro,
Ri co'-ruith timcheall nan raon,
Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, beo;
Stairirich a'g an luirgean luath,
Sios m'an bhruidh gu gunnaich og;
'S teach 'sa mach a buile lán,
'S bras an leum ri bairich bho!

'N aimsir ghnathaichte na bliadhna,
Sgapar siol gu biadh san fhearann,
Ga thilgeadh na fhrasaibh dìona,
'S na h-ionairean fiara, cana;
Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghniomhach
Ri straidhlich nan clath gan tarruinn;
'S tiodhlacéar fo'n duslaing mhín
An graineau liontaidh 's bhrigh'or toradh.

Sgoiltéar am buntata enuachdach
Na sgruilicgaibh cluasach, bachlach;
Theid an inneir phronn na lodaibh
Socach, trem, air chomhard achaidh;
Le treun ghearrain chubach, charnach,
Ch'liabhach, spidreach, bhraideach, shra-
rach.

Surd air teachd-an-tir nan Gael,
Dh' fheuch an tarar e fo'n talamh.

'Nuir a thogas *Phæbus* aigh
Mach gu h-aird nan nial a ceann,
O sheomar deanrach a chuain
Ag oradh air chruach nam beann;
Bruchdaidh as gach ceann an tuath,
'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,
Intrigidh air gniomh nam buadh,
"Buntata 's inneir! sus an crann!"

Theid an inneal-draibh an ordugh,
Sean eich laidir mhor a' taruinn
Nan ionnstramaid ghleadrach, ropach,
Beairt 'san lionmhor cord a's amull,
Ailbheagan nan cromag fiara,
Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach;
Glige-ghlaige cruinn a's iarunn,
Surd air gniomh o'm biadhchor toradh!

Hush! an t-ursiche 's am ban-each,
Fear air crann, 's air crann, 'sa chorraig,

Buntata, 's inneir theith na cliabhaidh
Ga taomadh san fhìar-ghlais chorrach,
Aig bannal olis lughmhor gleuda,
Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan;
'S gillean 'og a' diol na h-abhachd,
Briathrach, gaireach, cairdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san uir am por,
Thig feurtan gar coir o'n aird,
A sgirtean liath-ghlas nan nial,
Frasaidh e gu ciatach blath,
Silteach, samhach, lionmhor, ciuin,
Trom na bhruhadaibh, ciubrach, tlath;
'S inoirbhuilleach, a bhraonach dhlu,
Iarbhlach maoh-mhín, driuchdach, seamh.

'S lionmhor snaicheantas an Earraich,
Nach comas domh luaidh le fìleachd,
Raidhe 's tric a chaochail carraidh,
'S iona car o thus gu dheireadh;
Raidhe'n tig am faoilach fannaidh,
Fuar chlach-mheallain, stoirm nam poileir,
Feadag, sguabag, gruain a Ghearrain,
Crainnti Chailleach is beurra friodhan.

'Nuair sputas gooth lom a Mhairt oirn,
'Ni 'n t-sìid ud an t-al a chrannaidh,
Mios cabhagach, oibreach, swoithreach,
Nam feasgar slaod-chianail, reangach:
'Aeras a' diogladh nam maodal,
Blinnach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach;
Deoghlar trian do t' fhior-liann-tath bhuat;
'S mar ghad sniomhain tairnear fad tau.

Raidhe san tig tus annlainn,
Lìteach, cubhrach, ludhan lapach,
Druin-fhionn, cean-fionn, brucach, riaspach
Kobach, dreunsglach, riadhach, rapach;
Cal a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhantata,
'S aran corca laidir, reachdmhor:
Bog no cruaidh, ma channar biadh ris,
S e nach diult an ciad ni 's faigze.

'N uir thig og-mhios cheitein ciuin oirn,
Bi'dh a bìliadh an tus a maisé;
'S fathuil, caoimhneil, soille greine,
Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
Flurach, ciurach, bliochdach, maoinéach,
Uanach, caorach, laoghach, martsach,
Gruthach, uachdrach' caiseach, sughmhor,
Mealach, cubhraidh, druchdach, dosrach.

Nis theid Earrach uninn air chuairt,
'S thig an samhradh ruag a mall;
'S gorm-bhog duilleach geag air choill;
Eunlaidh seinn air bharr nan crann;
Driuchdan air fear gach glinn,
'S lan-thoil-inntinn sgiamh nam beann:
Theid mi ceum troi 'n lon a null,
'S tairneam crìoch air fonn mo rann.

MARB-RANN

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagais Canain, 's nan Eolus na h-Iarra, ann an Aol-taigh ar Obair-craobha, a chrochadh ann an nìd-dath dìardaoin, an ceathramh latha de'n ochd-damh mìos 1810.]

AIR FOSN—"Mort Ghlinne Comhann."

Och nan och! mar a ta mi;
Threig tro shugradh, mo mharan, 's mo cheol!
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chradh-lot,
'S goirt am beum a rinn sgainteach 'am fheoil;
Mi mar anrach nan cuimintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuaillan sa cheo;
O'n bhuaill teicheadair a bhais thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhailteumach gloir.

A Ghaoil! a Ghaoil de na fearnibh!
'S fuar a nochd air an darach do chreubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhuirain usail bu stoid ann ad bheus!
An lamh gheal, f'hananach, chairdeil,
Is tric a ghlaic mi le fialte gu 'n phleid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an anairt na sineadh,
Na meall faar creadh, fo chis aig an eug!

A mhìog-shuil donn bu tla scalladh,
A nis air tionndadh gun lannair a d' cheann!
'S samhach binn-ghuth nan ealaidh!
'S duint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach caimnt!
An eridhe firinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spideil duais foille, no sanut;
A nochd gun phosg air an deile!
Sian mo dhosgaim, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na tharmaich
Bladh gach colais a b' aird ann am miagh;
Ghlocas eagnaidh na Greige, [brìgh!
'S na thuig an Eadail bu gheur-fhaclaidh
'S balbh fear reitich gach teagaimh;
Ann a bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, ghrinn!
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlum fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim?

'S balbh an labhraiche pongail,
Bu tearo r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil;
'Am briathran snaighte, sgèimh-dhealbhaich,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanchais air neoil;
Ge b' e bard an dain dheantach,
Mu chian-astar Æneas o Throidi;
'S firinn cheart nach bu diu leis,
E-feia thoir mar ughdair do sgeoil.

Gun smid tha 'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruitbeachd a dh' ordaidh Mac Dhe!
Gach gue an saoghal na faire,
'S a mhachthair chomhnaid no 'n garbhlaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lubadh, [t-sleibh:
Fo throm eallaich nan drineid ris a ghrèin:
'S an rioghachd mhèantailich b' aghor,
Do phurp ag innse dhuinn nadur gach seud.

'S balbh fear-aithe nan raidean,
A shoillsich aingil a's fàidheun o thus;
A's scisgeul ghloirmhor na slainte,
Thug fios air trocairean ard-Rìgh nan dul:
'An steigh gach teagais bu ghrasmoir,
'S teare pears-englais thug barr ort, a Ruin!
Dochas t-nama bu laidir, [dhuinn.
'San fhuil a dhoirteadh gu Parris thoir!

Riaghlaich t-colas do ghiulan,
Modh na fàirfeachd a b' iuil d' 's gach ceum;
Do mhòr-chridh usal gun tnu' ann
Gunghoimh, gun uabhar, gun luban, gun
bhreug;
Cha b' uaire tholgach an fhasuin,
Cha dealradh eibhreis a dh-atadh do speis;
'Si 'n inntinn fhìor-ghlan, a b' fhin leat,
A's fghlum dichill ga stiùireadh le ceill.

Mo chreach leir! an taigh muirneach,
'S um fàict' a ghreadhain gusantach ou'n
Dreos na ceire toirt soillse, [bhòrd,
Gach fion bu taitniche faoilas, fo chroic:
Do chuilm bu chomhlrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag slainte dhuinn maran do bhcoil;
Bu bhinn a thogail na teus thu,
'Sa chruit f'honnor ga gleusadh gu ceol.

'N uair dh' eireadh coisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhams' gu lughor, ri pronnadh nam pong;
Gum b' eibhinn cri do mhna-comuin, [brìgh!
Do chroilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donn;
A ghearradh leum air bhòrd loma,
Dol seach a cheile mar ghòireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhradar,
'No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan tonn."

A rìgh! gur cianail mo smaointean,
Ri linn do t-arois bhi fiontrach gun nihuirm!
Sgùir a chuilm 's an ceol-gaire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhach a's maran o'r
Chinn an talla fuar fasaill; [eul:
'S e chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smur
Ceann na didinn, 's na riaghailt,
A bhi sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach duisg!

Do bhantrach bhòchd mar ian tiamhaidh,
Ri truagh thursa, 'sa sgiathan nu h-al;
A uendan creachta, 's i dìoneach,
Mu gaol a sholair an lon dnibh gach tràth:
O'n dh'imich Fir-eun na h-ealtainn, [aird!
Tha'n t-searbh-dh'è 'tighinn thart as gach
A Rìgh nan aingeal! bi d' dhion daibh,
'S tionnadaidh ascaoin na sine gu tlaths.

'S ioma suil ata silteach,
A thaobh uigh nam fear gile gun bhi buan:
Tha miltean urnuigh ga d' leantainn,
Le miltean durachd, a's beannachd gu t-uigh;
A liuthad diulannach ainns, [uail;
A dh' ardaich t-ionnsachadh ainneimh gu
'S gach la bhios-cairdeas air faoinachd;
A Bheattie chluicich! bi' dh cuimh' air do luach.

Rinn t-eug sinn uile gun solas, [phramh;
Tha teach nan inneachd, 'san oigridh fo
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo eislean,
Egur na Ceòruidhean Greugach de'n dan :
Tha iug dall-bhrat na h-oidhch' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochran na soillse na sual :
B' e eil an crith-rothadh ceitein
A mhìll am fochann bu cheataiche barrl

Bu tu craobh-abhuil a gharaidh, [ghreim!
A ehaoidh cha chinich ni's aillidh fo'n
Deat un t-samhradh ma blathaibh,
Luisreath dhuilleag air chraoibh, a geug
Ach thilg dubh-dhoirionn a gheamhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur;
Thuit an gallan ur, rimheach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad chrión air an fheur!

A Thi tha stiureadh na cruinne!
'S tu leig do' n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha
Sinno enail an t-sar ulaidh, [cruaidh!
Neonad prisel na' iomadaidh buaidh!—
Dh' fhalbh a chombais, 's na siuil oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreath 'san fhiubhai 'n am bruán,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiuraich,
O laidh duibh' air reull-suil an taobh-Taath.

Och! nan och, mar a ta mìl
Mo chridhe 'n impis bhi sgainte le bron!
Tha 'n caraid-cuirt' an deigh 'm fhagail,
A sheasadh durachdach dan' air mo choir :
Bh' dh sid am chliabh 'na bheum cuamhain,
Gus an uair anns an tar mì fo'n fhod; :
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug eis dhinn, [lo.
'S da ordugh naomh bith'mid strìochda guch

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

*Foilbh o, iriag, o luil, o;
Hoilbh o, iriag, horo hi;
Hoilbh o, iriag, o luil, o;
Smeoraich a sheinn oran mì.*

'S smeorach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn;
Seinneam ocol air bharr nan dosan :
'S tric leam d'ugadh moch am' chadal
'S m'oran maidne 'sheinn le frogan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Cha mhi 'm fiteach gionach, sgaiteach,
Na clannan a chrom-gnìubh shraoich;
'S oiah mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beo air sath nan ahlach.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S mor gu'm b' anna' an am bhi 'galridh
Madainn Shamhraidh fhann-bhuig, cheitein;
Diol nan rann gun ghreann gun eislein,
'S toirm an damha' air chrann nan gegan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Bha mi n' comhar' 'n tus mo laithibh
Aig Peilhuim nan seann-shruth airgeid,
Meag nan ìlran driuchdach, tha'ha,
Fhuair mi 'n urach pairt de m' aiuisir.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha mi nis an tìr gun bhruaidhlean,
Tìr tha feartach, reuchdor, buaghail;
'S lionmhor agh tha fas air uehdar
Tìr nan s' albh da'n ninn na Cluaiccan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha n h-coin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coille 'n dluth nam badan;
Buidheann phroiseul, cheolmhor, loinnal,
Ard an coilleag,—binn an glaigeal.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha gach crann gu trom fo chomhdach,
Duilleach, badach, meurach, crocach;
Strac de 'n mheas cur shlios nan ogan,
'S eunlaith 'seinn nam fonn an ordugh.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, mairneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seannsar;
'Por gun sgread, gun reas, gun teannachd,
Gleusd' an feadain; deas an ranntachd.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh dealrach, or-bhui,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann;
Faicadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sileadh meal air bharr gach feirnean.
Hoilbh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bluchlach nam pong ceolmhor!
Coimh-fhreagraibh leam teis an orain;
Dreach nan cluaineann mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sios am briathran ordail.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a' chulaidh fhraoich,
Dh' fhas air taobh nan luirgnean cas,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ur,
'S neoil do'n mhil a smuideadh as.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan uaineann geala
Ruith 'sa reis feadh chluaineann bainnear;
'S caoirich bhronnach, thromha, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheidheach blonag shaille.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S blasta, soilleir uisg am fuaran
Fallain brisg gun mhieg gun bhruaidhlean;
'S cracach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fas gu h-àill laimh ri'm bruachan.
Hoilbh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaim nan struthan sioblach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlu nan alltan;

Turraich mhear gach cuilean du-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lub tro lar nan gleanntan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S taitneach, sgiabhach, maoth-bhog ur,
Fas do fhìur is lionmhor dreach;
Mar ghorm rionnagaoh nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaol mu d' bhrat.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Brat nan dithean driuchdach, guamach,
Lur oh, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoinean eagach,
Sid a sgeadhach tha mu'd' ghilacaibh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Do chrodh-laoigh air lom an ailean,
Reamhar, sultmhor, liontal, lairceach,
Caislann, druimionn, guaillionn, cra-dhearg,
Bainnear, bliochdach sliochd gun fhaillinn.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Balle feartach coiro a's corna,
'S reachmhor fasar dhailean comhnard;
Be sid barr na mille solas
A chuir sgrainn na goirt air fogradh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnaisich,
Leatromach fo bharr buntata,
Chinn gu luirgneach, meurach, magach,
Cluigeansach le plumbais aillidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Graisdeach, trom-dhearach, du-dhonn;
Luisreadh sios le gagan driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt am fàille cubhraidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Balle coisrigte nam beannachd!
Fracach, flurach, luachrach, mealach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boisgeil Phæbuis
A' maroachd an aird nan speura;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuimse faideal,
'S tim' bhì laochadh nan teudan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

EALAI DH GHAOIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin o,
Gur boidheach an comunn,
'Th' aig cotneamh, 'n t-Srath-mhoir.**

Gur gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-shnamh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n traigh:
Na'm blath-bhainne buaille,
'S a chusach leis fo bharr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dosrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar
Air faillirin, &c.

Tha eas-fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniogh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe 'lubas,
Air stucaibh nan sliabh,
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ros,
'Nuair a's boidheo 'bhios fhiamh,
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein,
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.
Air faillirin, &c.

Mar Bhenus a boisgeadh
Thar choilteibh nan ard,
Tha a mlog-shuil ga m' bhuair-adh
Le suaicheantas graidh:
Tha braighe nan seud
Ann an eideadh gach aith,

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not MacLachlan's. They were composed by Mrs. McKenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Stratfmore of Lochbroonia, — and ran word for word the same except the last two lines of the verse which are slightly altered. Our talented author got them and the air from some of the north country students in Aberdeen. All the other stanzas, however, are original, and worthy of the poetic mind of MacLachlan. The following translation of it by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the gratification of the English reader:—

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore:
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Or the snow that is shower'd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
The locks of my fair one redundantly flow,
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that beams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love,
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless—the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with flowers,
While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bowers,
Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella's I'll stray,
And feast unconstrained on the smiles of my love.

Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phramh.
Air faillirin, &c.

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeorach
Feadh jointean nan druchd,
'Toirt failte le'n orain
Do'n og-mhadainn chirin;
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheolta,
'S 'n smeorach gun sunnt,
'Nuair ' thoisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciuil.
Air faillirin, &c.

'Nuair thig samhradh nan noinean
A comhdach nam bruach,
'S gach coinean 'sa chroo-choill'
'A ceol leis a chuainch,
Bi'dh mise gu h-eibhlinn
'A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhlu-niheurainibh sgailneach
A maran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirin, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnidh,
Mallachd buan bho dhuan nam bard dhut,
'S bochd an t-shian do'n ti bheir cluas dhut,
'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tabhachd,
'S for an sgeul a sgricbh righ Solamh,
"Nach robh sonas riamb ad ghlacaibh;"
A chairbh rag gun sgrid gun fhosgladh,
Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
'S ronnach fardalach gun ruth-bhalg;
Do sheann chlosach bhruchedach, lachdunn,
'S miann leat coimhearsp bhuan an rosaid,
Dealbh na gorta sgaoil mu t-asdail,
Thu fo'n luirich na d' chuail chnamsaich,
Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
Drein an Aoig na d' ghrod-chraos bearnach,
Do ehrag chearr am maing do phap-chinn.
Sid an sluagh thug bith an tus d'at,
A Mi-churam 's Dith-na-sgoinne
Slabhraibh theann de phraisich chrusaidh ort,
'S da chead punnad de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga 'm bodhar spal-chluas
'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-ainisir':
Ged' bhiodh mile cuip gad' ehliseadh
(Cha tig an stadaich a t-earball.
Sibhs ann sam beil fenu a's direachd,
Ruithibh grad an tim gu freagairt;
Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shleit iarnainn
Ban-nhuighstear iarnaidd na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHLINNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

Fuir astair! thig faisg a's leubh
Sgeul air ceartas an De bhuan;
Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhog
A Cheapach na laraich fhuair.
Sgaoil na milltich lion an eig
Mu bhord eibhinn nam fleagh fial
'S mhensgannich iad an sean 's na h-og
'S an non torr na'm full gun ghloimh.
Mhosgail corruich an t-ard-thriath,
Ursann dhian nan comhlan cruaidh,
Mòrair Chlann-Domhnuill an fhraoich,
Leoghann nan euchd, craobh nam buadh,
Dh-farr e 's chaidh Dioghailt na leum,
Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
Ghlac e'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
'S thug lun d'uis mar thoill an g'niomb.
Lamh riut-sa' ghorm fhuarain gbrinn,
Dh' ionnlaidheadh seachd cinn nan lub,
'S aig casan a ghaisgich aigh
Thilgeadh iad air tar a dhuin.
Corr as joig ficehad bliadhu' deug
Thriall nan speur bho dheas gu tuath,
Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
De'n t-sruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shluaisigh.
Mise 'n Seachdamh thar dheich gluin
De fhreumh uisell an laoch threin,
Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m' ainm gnaithe,
Flath Chlann-Domhnuill n' sar euchd,
Thog mi chlechs' air lom an racin,
Faisg air caochan a chliu bhuan,
Mar mheas do dheann-stuic nan triath,
'S gu'n cuimhnich' an glomh ri luathe.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Moror, in the district of Arisaig, Invernesshire, in the year 1770, in which year his father was tacksman. At the age of 24, he enlisted in the gallant 92d regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three several wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connection with that corps. After the battle, Corporal M'Kinnon was found lying among the wounded and dead, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," in frozen gore, and on the apparent verge of dissolution. In disposing of the many brave fellows who fell on that memorable day, it was found necessary to dig ditches or pits in which indiscriminately to inter them; and such was the seemingly lifeless condition of M'Kinnon, that he was ordered to be buried among the others. This order would have been executed had not Sergeant M'Lean, a bosom-friend and companion of our bard, been prompted by feelings of the purest friendship, to seek him out amid the heaps of carnage in which he was entombed. The Sergeant, applying his ear to the poet's breast, perceived that everlasting silence had not yet been imposed on his lyre;—his respirations were feeble and slow, but he lived; and his friend insisted upon having him forthwith conveyed to one of the hospital ships.

Upon experiencing the care and attention his situation required, he gradually recovered from his wounds; and it was during his convalescence on board the hospital ship that he composed his truly sublime and admirable poem so descriptive of the battle. McKinnon, on arriving in England, was discharged with a pension; but a life of inactivity seemed little to accord with his sanguine temperament,—for he was no sooner able to bear arms than he joined the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served all the remainder of his earthly career. He died at Fort William, Lochaber, in the year 1814, at the age of 44, and was interred with military honours.

Corporal McKinnon was prepossessing in appearance; he stood about 5 feet 10 inches in height; he was athletic in form and of very fine proportions and symmetry. As a poet he ranks very high: his mind, indeed, was of that gigantic order, which, by its own propelling powers, could rise equal to any subject he chose to sing. Judging from some of his MSS. now before us, he studied the Gaelic language to good purpose; few have been able so completely to master its idiom and to soar on the syren wings of poesy, sustaining throughout such a sublime and uncontaminated diction. We have not been able to ascertain what his scholastic acquirements were in English, but we feel warranted in supposing these respectable, for he wrote the vernacular tongue with great accuracy, the study of which, it must be recollected, formed none of the school attainments in his juvenile days.

The four pieces here presented to the reader are of prime quality. They speak for themselves, and need no passing encomiums from us. Any poetaster may string stanzas together *ad infinitum*, and at a hand-gallop; he may infuse something of the

spirit of poetry into them, but to give metrical composition a high finish—to put so much excellence into a poem as to ensure its survival, after the interest of the circumstance that called it forth has passed away—to do this, has fallen only to the lot of a few gifted individuals.

No one could be more happy in his choice of subjects than M'Kinnon; and, most assuredly, none could handle his materials better. He was an enthusiastic soldier: he saw and admired the prowess of the British arms, and commemorated their feats in strains which cannot die. The poet that chronicled these feats, was worthy of the indomitable army that performed them. Ossian's heroes are often put beyond themselves through the magnifying vista of poetic description:—and who has not felt how much of the prowess of Ajax and Hector owed its existence to the redundancy of Homer's inventive powers? M'Kinnon has indulged in no fanciful representations,—he has honestly and truthfully recorded such achievements as British valour performed within his ocular cognizance; and one characteristic feature of his muse is, that she was always *on duty*.

It would be out of place here to attempt a formal criticism upon the works of this excellent poet. His heroics, in which he seems most at home, admit of no comparison. We wonder what stuff the poet was made of: the poet, who could wind himself up—yes, and inoculate us, too, with the high, patriotic, and impassioned feelings of his soul, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and depict, with more than the fidelity of the painter's hand, the panorama of the most sanguinary battles that ever drew the belligerent powers of two mighty empires face to face! His poem on the battle in Alexandria beginning "*Am Mios deireannach an Fhoghair*," has all the minuteness of detail of a studied prose narrative, while the vividness of his description, the freshness of his similes, the sublimity of his sentiments, rivet our breathless attention on the various evolutions of the day, from the discharge of the first shot until the whole place is strewn with mangled carcasses, and the dark wing of night overshadows the gory and groaning plain.

His "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" is a nautical production in which his muse appears to great advantage; and we are told by a friend, not likely to be misinformed on the subject, that this was his favorite piece. Mr. M'Donald, the proprietor of the yacht which the poet immortalizes, was so well pleased with the poem, that he gave M'Kinnon £5, and this sum appeared so enormous in the estimation of a boor, a neighbour of M'Kinnon's, that he spoke to him on the subject, saying, "It is a bonny song, to be sure, but faith, neighbour, you have been as well paid for it." "I tell you, sir," replied the poet, "that every stanza of it—every timber in the '*Dubh-Ghleannach's*' side—is worth a five-pound note!" This retort must be regarded more in the light of a reprimand, than as an empty gasconade. Men of genius, however, cannot be blind to their own merit; and if they ought not to be the trumpeters of their own fame, they are entitled, by the law of self-defence, to retaliate on the narrow-souled detractors of their well-earned laurels. M'Kinnon was neither egotistical nor pedantic: he submitted his pieces to the rigid criticisms of his fellow-soldiers, and never hesitated to throw out an idea, a distich, or even a

stanza at their bidding. This has, perhaps, tended to the critical correctness of his Gaelic, and the excellence of his productions: we read them and are satisfied: there is nothing wanting, nothing extraneous.

ORAN AIR DON' BHARD A DHOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR Fonn—"Deoch-slainnte an Iarla Thuathaich."

Gu fada an drast gun dusgadh mi,
Cha chadal seimh bu shugradh dhomh,
Ach ragaid chnamh gun lughs annta,
Air leabaidh-lair gun chuirceanan,
Gun chaidreamh bho luchd duthcha,
'S mi gun charaid-ruin am choir.
Gun chaidreamh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thairneas rium,
Na thuigeas an deagh Ghaeligh mi,
Nach innis mi gu'n d' rainig mi,
'N uair dh' imich sinn do 'n aite sin,
Gu 'm b' aobhar giorag namhaid sinn,
Le 'r luingeas ard fo sheoil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

An t-ochdamh grian do 'n Mhairt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuid bhataichean,
Bu choltach scolta an Cabhlach iad,
Na 'n trotan mar a b' abhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatuinnich na 'm barr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ramh san reot'.
'S na Breatuinnich, &c.

Gu 'n chuir air tìr na saighdearan,
Na fir gun fluiamh, gun fhoill annta,
Le 'n eireadh grian gu boisgeanta,
Ri lainnir an lann foileasach,
'S an ceannard fein ga 'n soillseachadh,
Mar dhaoimein a measg oir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhileas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhag 'san linn so samhail da,
An leoghann rioghail, amaisgeach,
An cliu 's am firinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feoil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhiltean gaisgealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghrimeach, ghlas-neulach,
Le spid gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
Bu dhionmhor bras ar sroil.
Gu 'n strìochdadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, darachdach,
Gu danara lan mhulseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhuireinich,
'S dealanach le fudar dhiu,
Cha bu leur an traigh le smuldreadh,
Dh'fhag na speuran duinnt' an ceo.
Cha bu legr, &c.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh iomlan ann,
'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-cuain a b' ullamh tulgarradh,
Greasadh ri cluais iorghuille,
'S na naimhdean dana tilgeadh oirn,
Mar gharadh tìomcheall ob.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n' air snamh gu 'n crioslaichean,
'N uair bheireadh lamhach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm buite an tiota sinn,
Gu stalinneach, lan, misneachail,
Gu sgrios as na bhiodh beo.
Gu stallinneach, &c.

Choinnich ar fir shomalt iad,
Le roinn nam pìosan guineideach,
Ma 'n d'fhag an tonn fo 'r bontabh sinn,
Chaull siol na Frainge fuil annta,
'S am bas bha iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair pairt diu dh'fhulang broin.
'S am bas, &c.

Chuir buillean lann le susbairachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuislidh iad,
Gach dara crann a tuiteam dhiu,
Na 'n sineadh sìos le 'r cusbairachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach fann Thurcaich,
Le 'n cuid lann a mhurt an sloigh.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt ghoirt na stailinne,
Bha ioman cas bho 'n traigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu taire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,
N am dluthadh ris an araich,
'S trom a dhrugh ar laid na 'm feoil,
'N am dluthadh, &c.

'N uair sgaioleadh bh'uainn 's gach aite iad,
Mar chaoirich 's gille-murtainn annt',
'S tric a chite fall oirbh,
Na ruith n dhl a mhaighsteir,
Bu lionmhor mareach tabhachdach,
Le each air traigh gun deo.
Bu lionmhor, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rìoghail Gaelach,
Gu h-inntinneach, borb, ardanach,
Air thoiseach, mar a b' abhaist dalbh,
Gu lotach, pìeach, stailinneach,
Mar nathairichean, gun chairdeas
Do dh' aon namhaid a bha beo.
Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
'S iad fein an dream nach maol-chluasach,
'N uair thairnte a mire caonnaig iad,
Mar bheithir thana craosalachadh,
B' fhior fhaoinis tigh'n' ga 'n coir.
Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chion sheang, luath-leumnach,
'Eangach, ineach, tuasgideach,
Ri leanailt stri gun fhuarachadh,
Le siubhal 's i n dh' fhuasgail iad,
Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
'S iad na 'n ruith mar chualn gun treoir.
Bha Frangaich, &c.

O R A N

AIR BLAR NA H-EIPHIT.

C' arson nach toisichinn sa champa,
Fur na dh'fhag mi clann mo ghaoil,
Thog sinn taighean Samhraidh ann,
Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
Bu solas uaibhreach, ceannard,
A bhi gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
B' aobhar damsha bhi ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seanachais,
Ann an cogadh arm na 'n stri,
Cuig mìle-diag cho ainmeil ruibh,
A tharruinn airm fo 'n Rìgh;
B' aobhar cliu an treun-fhear Albannach,
A fhuair a chuis ud carbsa ris,
Nach cubairean a thearbadh leis,
Thoirnt gnìomh nan arm gu crìch.

Dh'ìarr e moch di-ciadain,
'S a' chiad diagachadh de 'n Mhairt,
Gach *comisari* riarachadh,
Ar blad a mach oirn tra;
Rum' bhi air ar cliathaichean,
Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarranaid,
Nach fuodadh iad air chiad-lungaidh,
Dol sìos leis ann sa bhlar.

'S ann air dir-duoin a dh'fhag sinn,
Air sar cheablach fad air chul,
Na 'm faigheadhmaid rian snaimha dhaibh,
Bu laird iad na 'r cuis;
Lean Mac-a-Ghobha* cairdeil ruinn,
'S gu 'm b' fhoghainteach a bhataichean,
A dh' aindeoin gleadhraich namhaid,
Chum e smaladh air an suil.

Bha ar 'n ard cheann-feadhna toirteil,
Ann san an ga 'r propadh suas,
Bho dhream gu dream ga 'm brosnachadh,
Cha b' ann le moit na ghruaidh;
Ghlacadh cuibhle 'n fhortain,
Ann san laimh nach tionndadh toisgeal i,
'S a dhuisgeadh sunnt gu cosnadh dhuinn,
Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thairneadh na laoich shomalta
Na 'n comhlann throma, bhorb,
Bu tarslach, lamhan, comasach,
An sradag fhonnidh falbh;
A g' iarraidh aite an cromadh iad,
Na 'n tugadh namhaid coinneamh dhaibh,
Gu 'm fag-to 'n arach tonn-fhuileach,
Le stallinn thollach bhlog.

Bho nach tionndadh naimh gu casgairt,
Bu dlu laoir air an feigh,
'N uair chunnacas gnuis nam Breatunnach,
B'fhearr casan dhaibh na streup;
Thug iad an cul gu tapaiddh ruinn,
A shiubhal gu dlu astarach,
A sior dhion an cul le marcaichean,
Chum lasachadh na 'm ceum.

Bha gillean lughar, sgairteil ann,
Nach d' aom le gealtachd riamh,
Mar dh' fhaodadh iad ga 'n leantain,
Philleadh caogad each le 'n gnìomh;
Bu smaointean faoin d'a marcaichean,
Nach faighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
'S na laoich nach faoite chaisleachadh,
Ga 'n caol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an oomhdach casgairt sinn,
Thug sud oirn stad na dha,
Bhi gun colas ann san astar sin,
'N duil mhor ri gaisge chaich;
Dh' fheuch *Ralph* gach doigh a chleachda
leis,
'S an dian-te sroil a thaisbeanadh,
'S a dh' aindeoin seoltachd dh' fhairtlich oirn,
An toirt gu casgairt lamh.

Bha sinn laird, guineideach,
Dana, urranta 'san stri,
Bha ladsan raideil, cuireideach,
Lan thuneachadh 's an tir;
Ghabh iad aird na monaidhean,
Gu 'n dh' tnuair iad aite cothromach,
'S an dianadh lamhach dolaidh dhuinn,
Gu 'n toileachadh 's a linn.

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Thairneadh garadh droma leinn,
De dh' armaithe fhionnadh threim,
Bho shall' gu saill' a coinneachadh
'N tra chromaidh air a ghreim;
Bu daingean, laidhr, comasach,
A phalre ga m' fhal na bonaidean,
Cha bu chadal seinh ga 'n comunn,
'S each ma 'r coinneamh air a bheinn.

Stad sinn re na h-oidheche sin,
Gu leir an cuim nan arm,
Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannail,
Fo sgeith gach saighdear, balbh;
Na 'n tigeadh feuin na faoinneachd orr',
'S gu tagte nobhar bruidhne dlù,
Bu neamhall a speic phuicanta,
Bho 'n bheul bu chuinnieach sealg.

Dh' carbaidh dìon an 'n anmanan,
Ri Albannach mo ruin
Eir nach tairnte cearbalech orra,
'N an tharruinn arm gu dhu;
Rinn iad a chaitheis armailteach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, ealachuinnieach,
'S na 'n deanadh namhaid tairgneachadh,
Bha bas allabarach na 'n gnuis,

Sinn ullamh air ar connspagan,
Gu dol san toir gu dìon,
An treas mudainn dìng a shonraich iad,
Le 'r ceannard mòr gu 'n fhiamh;
An da reiseumaid a b' oige againn,
Na Greumach agus Gord naich,
A ruth gu dian an comhthail,
Na bha dortadh leis an t-sliabh,

Cho ullamh ris an fhudar,
A bha dol na smuid ma 'r ceann,
Gh'umis na gillean lu-chleasach,
A' mhire null do 'n ghleann;
Thug sinn le teine dubailte,
Bristeadh as na trupairean,
Bha Greumach nan euchd fughantach,
'S cha d' eisid iad muiseag lann.

Mar stoirn a b' iargalt connsachadh,
A spionadh neoil 's a chrann,
A riaslath fuirge moire,
Gu pianach sheol 's ga 'n call;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gordonach,
Bu lionmhor sguab a's dorlaichean,
A bhuaib iad air a chomhnard,
Far an tug na sloigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhluthaich ar n' arm urramach,
Gu h-ullamh air ar cul,
Lion iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
Rinn guineideach gu smuis;
Bu naimhdeil dian an gunnaireachd,
A dh'fhag an sliabh 's nial fuileach air,
Bha cuirp na 'n riadhan uireasach,
Fo 'n ian gun tuille luis.

'N an propadh ris an namhaid,
Sinn g'an smaladh ann sa' cheo,
Las a bheinn mar amhulinn ruinn,
A bareudh na prais oirn;
Shaoil sinn gur h-I Vesuvius,*
A sguin bho bonn le tairneanaich,
Airn chaola b' fhaoinis lamh rìdhie,
'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beo.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
Gu breun, aineolach, 'sa cheo,
A bheist bu treine langhanaich,
Bu reusan sgreunh do dh' fheoil;
Bu chuillteach dhuinn an deannach,
'S a luinghad saighdear bearnieach,
Bha 'n oidheche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n ana'n air an toir.

Dh' aindeoin a h-ard b'aurinich,
Bha lullhr, maiseach, garbh,
Ga b' oil leis an cuid trupairean,
Am bruchdadh rinn an arm;
Ge d' fhuair sinn beagan diubhalach,
A laoghadh cha do lub sinn daibh,
Bu lionmhor marcach cul-donn diu,
Fo 'r casan bruite, marbh.

Thug ind an cul, 's cha mhàsladh dhaibh,
Chuir casgairt iad na'n teinn,
Sinn ga'n sgiursadh dō 's na fuisichean,
'S gach tubh na las a bheinn;
Thionndadh gach cuis tairneach dhuinn,
Bho bhon a cuil 's a cas-ubhlaich,
Cha d' fhuirich gnuis dhuinn gleachda ruinn,
Nach d' bhruich amach na still.

'S cas a throm an ruaig orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial;
Mar bh' dh' am baile bhuanalach iad,
Le canain air a chuartachadh,
Bha barachd dhu 's na h-uaghichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-sliabh.

Thairneadh garadh laidir,
'Dh' arm tabhachdach nach strìochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukir*;
'N uair rainig sinn an larach sin,
'S a dhealaidh mi ri m' chardean ann,
'S ann ghiulain iad gu m' bhata mi,
'S fuil bhlah fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n da Bhaiteal araidh
An deagh Ghaelig ann am chuimhn',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu taire,
'S math a b' fhiach e bard ga sheinn;
Tha mi sa' cheaird air mhagaran,
Cha 'n fhilidh no fear dana mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nar leam e,
Co chluinneas c' ait' an d' rinn.

* *Vesuvius*, poetically rendered *Vesavius*, a volcanic mountain near the bay of Naples. The first eruption took place in the year 79, when *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii* were destroyed.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAIND

AIR FOSN—"Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh."

Air mìos deireannach an fhoghair,
An dara latha, 's matha mo chluinne,
Ghluais na Breantannaich bho'n fhalche,
Dh'ionnsuidh tachairt ris na maimhdean;
Thug *Abercrombaidh* tuobh na mara
Dhù le'n earain, 's mi ga'n cluintlan;
Bha foirneadh aig *Mur** gu daingeann,
Cumail aingil ris na Frangaich.

Thriall *Abercrombaidh* 's *Mur* na fèile,
Le 'n laoch euchdach, thun a bhaitteil;
Tharruinn iad gu h-eolach, treubhach,
Luchd na beurla ri uchd catha;
N uair a dhù na h-airm ri cheile,
Dhùbhudh na speuran le 'n deathaich;
S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an cisdeachd,
Nach do ghluais leis fein an ntl oidhch'.

Dh'fhug iad sinne mar a b'annsa,
Fo eheannardachd Mhorair Hundaldh,
An t-og smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
N an teannadhain-neart gu 'r n-ionnsuidh;
Le bhrataichean sìod' a strannuich,
Ri 'n cuid crann a dumhs' le nuiseag;
'S na fir a toghairt 's na Frangaich,
B' iad mo ruine chian nach diultadh.

Bha 'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd,
Le mhile fear sgurteil la' ruinn;
An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
Mar ursain chatha 's na blarabh;
Dh'ionntaich sinne mar aon sa bhaitcal,
Le faobhar lann sgaitheach stallinn;
Cha bu gluioimh le 'r laoch gun taise,
Faoineis air an fhaich' le lauhaich.

Bhruichd na naimhdean le 'n trom ladach,
Air muin chaich an aite teine;
'N uair fhuair Sasunnaich droch charadh,
Phill iad o'n araich n' ar coinneamh.
Ghlaodh Ralph naibhreach ri chuid arinnun
Greasaibh na Gaicil n' an coinnidh,
'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' abhaist,
An dream ardanach, neo-fhoileil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an araich,
Ghluais na saighdearan nach pillte;
Mar iolair guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
Nach b'fharasda dhiaidh le mi-mhodh,
Thug iad sgrios na'n gathan boisgeach,
Mar dhealanaich oidhe dhilinn;
Ri sior ionain romp nan naimhdean,
'S neul na fal' air roinn am picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnsuinn
Morair Gordon o uchd buailte;
'S a . . . iad gu'n robh e lcointe,
Dh' . . . aich iad le deoin an tuasaid;

Mar mhaoin do thuil nam beann mora,
Bruchdadh bho na neoil mu'r guaillean,
Lean iad ad ruaig le crnaidh spoltach,
Gu fuilteach, mor bhuilleach, gruamach.

Bha camshronaich an tus a chatha,
Air an losgadh mar an cianda;
Leonadh an Ceann-feodhna sguirteil,
Ri comhrug bhaitcal a fiath e;
'S ged sonruichte a sheal iad an deareag,
'S an fheoil nach taisich le flambhach;
Mu'n chom a ghrian fo cleoc-taisgte,
Phaidh sinn air an ais na slachan.

Ged' bha na Rìoghalaich bho Albainn,
Na fir ainmeil, mheannach, phriseil,
Fada bhuanin ri uair a gharbh chath,
'S buaidh a b' ainm dhaibh ri uchd mhil-
tean;
Ghreas iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
'N uair a chual iad stoirn nam picean;
Mo creuch! luchd nam breacan balla-bhreac,
Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sineadh.

Tha na Frangaich math air teine,
Gus an teannar goirid uapa;
'S an mar sin a fhreis iad sinne,
Ri deich mionaidcan na h-uarach;
Ach, 'n uair dh'fhaod ar luoch gun tioma,
Dhol an aite buille bhualadh,
Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
Sathadh guineach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
Chinnteach, unaiseach, gun dearmad;
Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh;
Ri sgiursadh naimhdean mar fhalaig,
A's driuchdan fallais air gach calg dhù;
'S bha Frangaich a bruchdadh fala,
'S an cul ri talamh sa ghainmhich.

Mar neoil fhuilteach air an riasladh,
Le gaith a b'argalta seideadh;
Ruith nam baidibh ceigeach, lia'-ghlas,
An deigh an clithadh as a cheile:
Chite na naimhde gun riaghailt,
Teicheadh gu dian o uchd streupa;
'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
Mar shneachd am fianais na greine.

Ged' a phill sinn o ar duthaich,
Cha d' mhill sinn air cliu an cruadal
Bha sinn gach latha ga'n sgiursadh,
Mar chaorich aig cu ga'n ruagadh.
Dh'aindeoin an cuid sloigh gun chunntas,
Tigh'n o'n Fhraing as ur ga'r bualadh,
Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
'Nuair a chod an Diuc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baitcal seachad,
'S a dh-aireadh ar gaisgich threubhach,
Bha ioma Gael 's an deachaidh
Le miad am braise 's an streupa,

*General Sir John Moore.

Fall a ruith air lobaibh frasach,
Bho luchd nam breacanan feilidh,
'Si stior thaomadh leis na glacan—
'S truagh! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich
eirigh.

'S bochd gun sian orra bho lnaighe,
On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nadur,
Fulangach gu dhol sun tuasaid,
Guineideach 'nuair ghluais' an ardan,
Cha robh math d'an namhaid gluasad,
Dh'farruidh buaidh orra' s na blaraidh,
Chaill iad air an truigh seachd uairean,
Tuilleadh 's na bha bhuan 'san araidh.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
Ghabhail ar cairtealan geomhraidh,
Far am faigh sinn leann am puilteas,
Ged' tha Mac-na-praisich gunn oirn
Olar leinn deoch-slainnte' Mharculs—
Ar gualann thaise 's ar Ceannard;
Tha sinn cho ullamh's a ait leis,
Dhion a bhraicheadh bho ainneart.

Note.—Various spurious editions of this unrivalled piece have been published in different collections of Gaelic Poems. It is now printed genuine, for the first time, from the poet's own MS.; and never, perhaps, did poet's lay commemorate prowess in more graphic and burning language.

AN DUBH-GHLEANNACH.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'n cois na traghad
Chuala mi calsmeachd nan Gael,
Dh' aithnich mi meoir grunn a Bhrathaich,
Air slannsaír ur bu lughor gairich,
A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-armunn,
Fear thogail nan tur uasal,* statail.

*Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann!
Ho ro ghealladh, na co chuirheadh i,
—Trom oirre 'seinn*

Bu mhiann leam sunnt nam port eallant,
Bu chonnabhallach urlar a's gear aidhean,
Dionach, lughor, dlu, no-mher chdach—
Tionndadh nan siubhlaichean caithreamach,
Dhuisgeadh lugh na smuis 's na carraidean,
Duthchas nan lann da-ghorm tana dhuibh.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dh'irich mi 'm bruthach le h-eibhneas,
Dh'eisdeachd ri fálte righ Seumas,
Chunna' mi'n Druimineach dhubh, ghleusda,
Cuir fa-sgaoil a h-adaich breid-ghil,
Air machair mhin, sgiamhach, reidhleach,
Mar stend cruithenach—'s i' cuir reise.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alex. McDonald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

Channa' mi 'n Druimineach dhubh, dheat-
bhach,
Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garbh-chrioch,
Mar stend rìoghail air bharr fàirge,
Togail bho thir le sìoda balla-bhreuc,
Suaicheantas rìoghail na h-Alba,
Ghluais-euilh na mìltean gu fearra-ghleus.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair ghabhaidh l'm fuaradh na sliasaid,
'S gualla 'n fhasgadh chasadh dian ris,
Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fàradh,
'N aghaidh gaoithe, sid a's lionaidh,
Dh' eignich i Corran an diarruis,
'S leum i air iteig mar ian as!
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i ollathach fo fhars'neachd,
Soirbheas na sliasaid ga brosnachd,
Mar shiu'ladh mial-chu bras-astach,
Na ruith air sliabh a's fadh air thoisnach,
I dìreadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
Shnaitheadh i iad mar iarunn lovrach.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnach Neptune agus Æolus,
Bho u' chaidh gaoth a's cum fo'n ordugh,
Nach do mhaslachtheadh cho mor iad
Bho linn na h-Aire a bha aig Nonh,
Gu robh 'n rìgh is airde cominadh,
Dion 's a sabhaladh Chloinn-Domhnuill!
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha Neptune agus Æolus eudimhor—
Dh-iarr iad builg nan stoirm a sheidheadh
Dh-ordach iad gach bord dh'i reubadh,
'S na siuil a stracadh na'm breidenn,
Le borb-sgread a's feid na reub-ghaoith,
'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speur-an:
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ur-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iary iad,
Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmailt,
Na'n trom-luirichean dlu iargalt',
'S iad a trusadh surd 'sa lionadh
Mar dhorch smuid a fuirneis iarunn,
Gu bruchadh stoirm bha garbh a's fiadhaich.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N caralas fo laimh air gabhaidh
Chuir sibh an ceann i gu dana;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
Sparradh buill thaghta n'an aite;
Slabhraidhean cannach air fàradh,
Theannaich sibh gu daingean laidir.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach ball neo-cheurbach,
Ullamh, dens gu glenhd ri fàirge;
Tharruinn i le gaoith an carra-dheas
Ghlac i 'n caol fo' taobh 's bu' doirbh e,
'S ged bha Neptune snoitheach, stoirmcil,
Mhaslach an saobh-shruth 's an dorch e!
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an dubhair gnais gun chaoimhneas,
Sgaoileadh cuirtearan na h-oidhche:
Sgioba na h-inbhraich an gainntir
On' chlad duil gu cur Dun-aoibhneis
Phaig iad trian gach stuil gu teann-chruaidh,
A's las iad ri cairt-iull na coinnean.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Iomradh slan do Chaiptein Alaslair,
Le sgioba tabhachdach, bearraidheach,
Bu mhiann leam fallt' ur cairdean dealai'
dhuibh,

Calla seamb bho ghabhath mharanan,
Coinnidh bhaigheil bhilath gach caraid dhuibh,
Pog bhuir mathar, mhna 's bhuir leannan duibh.
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu dhulan,
Aig nìal na strannaralach 's na h-upraid;
Dh-fhosgail na builg air an culthaobh,
Mun gann a fhuair iad an duadh,
Bhu Maighdeann nam Mor-bheann cuirteil,
An aca'said fo shroin na duthchaid
Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bard-Conanach*, or the *Stratheconnon Bard*, was born in *Stratheconnon*, *Ross-shire*, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the supineness of his parents, who deemed education of no essential importance to enable a man to get through the world, or, at least, thought one might weather through tolerably well without it, he got no English education, but could read Gaelic. The wild and romantic scenery of his birth-place, with its characteristic exuberance of rock, wood, and water, was well calculated to inspire his breast at an early age with those poetical leanings, which, at a more advanced period, transpired in glowing verse. Highlanders, especially in his younger days, never dreamed of training their children up to any useful trade; the oldest son was invariably recognised as his father's legitimate successor in his little farm;—and the other, or junior members of the family, generally got possession of similar pendicles. Thus they married and got themselves established in the world—strangers to the promptings of ambition, and free from the cares, turmoils, and solitudes of their more affluent neighbours, the Lowlanders.

Donald M'Donald earned his livelihood as a sawyer; an employment that probably suggested itself as being more immediately productive of pecuniary aid than any other common in his country.

Having spent a number of years at the saw in his native glen, he removed to the town of *Inverness*, where he established himself as a regular sawyer. Like many other sons of genius and song, M'Donald was of a convivial disposition and warm temperament. He committed some youthful indiscretions which had drawn down upon him the combined wrath of his friends and the *Kirk Session*, and he has not left us in the dark as to the measures which were adopted against him. His parents dreading that he would elope with a young girl, who was reported to be in a state of pregnancy by him, had recourse to the severe measure of putting him in "durance vile." But, although they succeeded in frustrating his every attempt to do justice

to his paramour, they failed to improve the morals of their aberrant son. He ultimately married a young girl, a country-woman of his own, of the name of M'Lenan, with whom he enjoyed a great share of conjugal happiness.

The first of the two songs we annex to this notice, he composed in Edinburgh, upon witnessing the demonstrations of joy which took place upon hearing the result of the battle of Alexandria. It is a triumphant piece, and a very respectable effort, exhibiting, as it does, no mean poetical talents. The other is equally good in its way. All his poems were arranged and taken down in manuscript preparatory to their being printed, but our author was seized with Cholera in the year 1832, which terminated his mortal career. The intention of publishing was consequently relinquished for the time, nor have we heard of any measures having been adopted to resume it.

M'Donald was of a middle-sized stature—active and cheerful. He was an excellent companion, and much liked by his acquaintances.

ORAN DO BHONIPART.

LATHA soilleir samhraidh dhomh,
Air eabhaisirean Dhun-eideann,
Gu'm fàin mi na brataichean,
A lasadh ris a ghreim ann,
Chualas mi na gunnaidhean,
A's dh' fhuirich mi gu'n eiseachd,
'S mac-talla bh'anns na creagan,
A' toirt' freagairt dhaibh le eibhneas.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhìom,
Feadh na duthcha fad 's bu leir domh,
Bha eòl 'sna h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
'S tein-aighear air na sleibhteann,
On chualas ann na Gasaidhean
'S gach aite bh' ga leughadh;
Gun deach' an ruaid air *Bonipart*
S an onair aig a Ghreumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannach,
Tha ballach, balla-bhreac, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrìoch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh Iain-Ghrota,
Fìr laidir, shunntadh, thogarrach,
Nach ob a dhòl an ordugh
Gu dol an coimeann *Bhonipart*,
Chuir onair air rìgh Seoras.

C'aithe biodh na h-Albannaich?
Duin' uaisle calma, treubhach,
Fìr shunntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
Na seòid nach obadh eiridh,
Ach on nach fìu laimhe leo,
Do bhas a thoirt le treun-bheirt,
'S an thilg iad air sgeir thraghaidh thu,
'S gu'm basaidh thu dhion beidh ann.

Ach 's beag leam sud mar phianadh ort—
'S a mhiad sa rinn thu dh' eacoir,

Ach leir-sgrìos nan deich plaighean,
A bh' air Pharaoh anns an Eipheid;
Gu'n laich iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shraicadh as a cheile,
'S gu'n eòinnt' air falbh deich mil' thu,
A's mi fhin a bh' ga t-eiseachd.

'S tu chaill do naire, 'nuair
A bha thu ann an dochas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasunn thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhuanin Hanobher,
Ach cuiridh sinne dhachaigh thu,
S seachdnar air do thoireachd,
S mar toir thu grad do dhaoine leat
Cha ruig a h-aon dia beo thu!

Nach sàol thu nach bu ladorn dhut
Bh' bagairt air rìgh Deorsa,
An eual thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach d'aoir a phaigh e ghòraich,
Ge do eòisinn ainneart dhut
An Fhraing a chuir fo t-òrlugh,
'S e t-aoibhaich a bheir uilaidh ann
Le tobha sniobhna corraich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sleibhteach ort,
'S na cendan do Chlann-Domhnoill,
Mar sud a's Mao-'Ie-Alaslair,
Ghlinn-garaidh agus Chnoicirt, -
'Nuair thogas iad am brataichean,
'S an gaisgich a chuir coladh
O! e'ait' am fad thu t-fhalach orr'
Mar slug an talamh beo thu!

Ma chi iad aona bhaoisgeadh dhìot
Bidh greim ao' nìr do sgornan,
'S chan' eil de dh'eich na dhaoin' agad
Na shoras tu bhò meoirean,

Ged dh-éireadh na deich *tegnan*,
 B'níg Ceasar ann an Róimh leat,
 Cha'n fhaothalach had air t-ambalach
 A's na lannan aig Clann-Domhnuill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich ishrathain ort,
 Le cheathúirín' do dhaoín' unisle,
 Sud a bhratach aigeantach
 Le cabar an dáimh ghruamaich,
 Cha tar thu na bheir pillendh orr'
 A chruinncehadh ma'n cuairt-daibh,
 'Nuair rugas tu Chlann-tuille
 Co an gearl a chumas bhúath thu ?

'Nuair thig an cinnéadh Físealach,
 Tha fíos gur daoine borb iad,
 Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
 Le Mac-Shimkhlí mor na Moraich.
 Cha tar thu na bheir pillendh
 Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios eolg orr',
 'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
 'S e mo bhairéil gu'n bí lorg ort.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Toisich,
 Le sheoil ort a Srath-Fíreann,
 Mar sud agus fir Chlannúidh,
 Is iad uil' an gaoile cheile
 Ma gheibh an ead na chruibhan thu,
 Le dhubhanan beng' gearn,
 Ged bhíodh eadh air bhengan dhíot
 Bídh aige-sa cheud féin dhíot.

Tha Clann-an-Ab' a bagairt ort,
 'S iad o cheann iad an deigh ort,
 'S na gheibh iad ann an fógus dut,
 Gur grad a bheir iad leun ort,
 Bristidh iad do bhrataichean,
 Na spalltan as a cheile,
 'S bí'dh tus an sin na d' starsalach ann,
 Fo ehasan nam fear gleusda!

Tha Gordonach an toir ort,
 'S chan' eil beo na ní do thearnadh,
 'Nuair dh-éireas morair Hunndaidh,
 Le f'hearath ionnsaicht, laidir,
 Or se fein a's coirmeal,
 Air na seoil ga'm bain bunaidh-larach :
 'S e chanas sinn gu bheicanta
 An dh-fhichead a's na dha riu.

Aoh cuimhnich thus a cheathairne,
 Chuir latha *Fontenoi*,
 'S a sheasadh aims an arach,
 As eadh a chuir air fogar,
 Chí thu nis san Fhrainc iad
 Fo chomanda mhorair Gordon,
 Se ní do lamhais dh' f'heum dhut,
 An reusar chuir ri d' sgoruan.

Tha Rosaich agus Rothaich,
 'S iad ro choinneadh dhut le cheile,
 Ma gheibh iad ma do chomhair
 Gabh na chomhairle 's thoir thu fein as!

Aoh ma chí thu 'm fírean
 Tigh'n' le sgríob ort as na speuran,
 Na gheibh i ann na orubhanas
 Grad luthaig díro fein e.

'Nuair chruinnicheas na gaisgíoch,
 Thig bho Apuinn-Mhic-Ian-Stiut airt
 Shíochd nan ríghrean Abannach,
 Da'n tig na h-airn a rugadh,
 Co bheireadh taíre dhaibh
 Nach faighendh paigheadh dubhailt,
 'S ma gheibh iad ann an sas thu,
 Gu brach eadh fhaic thu d' dhathalach.

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Iomhúinn,
 Cha shor a dol 'san uspairn,
 'S míthíoch dhut bí tíomadh,
 'Nuair tha 'n t-ionraídh iad a dtagadh,
 Ma dh-éireas dhut gun taohair sibh,
 'S gun faic iad thu le'n suilean,
 Síd na fir a chaitheas,
 Auns an adhar na do smuid thu.

Tha Caimbeulaich eho naimhdeil dut,
 'S iad sauntach air do mhárthachd,
 A Dine tha 'n Earraghach,
 Agus morair ard Bhráid-Albann
 C'ait am beil na thearnas tu,
 'S na h-armuinn ud a sealg ort,
 'S ceart eho math dhut faladair
 A charadh ri do shealabhan!

'Nuair a thig Clann-Ghríoch ort
 'S neo-chlíobach a eadh raig iad,
 'S fir iad nach gabh pillendh
 Le teine no le luaidhe,
 Le'n galdean laidir, smíoraíl,
 'S le lannan bíorach, orungach,
 'S ma chí iad iad na h-óirleích dhíot,
 Cha bheo na chumas bhúat iad.

Thig S'osalach Srath-ghlas or'
 Na'n laisgáirean mun cuairt dhut,
 Le lannan gour a chíon-alsnich
 Tarsuinn air an ornachan,
 'Nuair thoisicheas na gaisgíoch ud,
 Air tarraim as an trunáillean
 Chí thu do chuid brataíochan,
 Gu srachadh ma do chluasant

Thig Mac'-Ill-Lean Dhubháird ort
 'S gur subhach ní o greim ort,
 Le dhaoine laidir lu-ohlensach,
 Nach díult a la no dh-óidhe,
 Ní iad sin do sgiarsadh-sa
 Gu ouil an aite slaighteir,
 'S theid thu air do ghluinean daibh
 'Nuair chí thu 'guais an snáighear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
 Fir laidir, ainmeant, eolach,
 Da thaobh Looch-iáil a's Arnsaig,
 As chaisteal Inbher-Lochaidh,
 'Nuair a thig na saoilhean sin
 Bu math gu straoiceadh foala.

Cha mhios air pronnadh mhullach iad,
'S bu ghna leo fuil a dhortadh.

Thig Mac-Neill a Bara ort
Le dhaoine falain finealt,
Daoine bheir a fichead dhiubh,
Bristeadh a's na miltean,
Baoisgidh iad mar dhealanach,
Ri oidhche shalach dhile,
'S m'an teid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
—Bidh ainneart mar a's tir ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir a Cruachan ort
Na fir 's an ruaig nach diobradh,
An am dol anns an eabhaig,
Sud na gallanan nach pillte,
Shloechd nan Guel cruadalach,
Bu dual daibh a bhí dileas,
Gu dol an coinneamh Bhonipart,
Chuir onair air an rioghachd.

'Nuair chruinncheas Clann-Fhionnlaidh,
Na fir shumtach tha gu eislean,
D'heir iad tha gu curntais,
As na dh' iunsaich tha de dh' eucoir,
C'ait' am beil de Fhrangaich
Na cheannascheas le sreup iad,
'S gun tugadh iad gu ciosachadh,
Na miltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast diuc Mhontroise ort,
Le fhearabh mor an deigh ort,
'S ann an sir-thig an dorain ort
'Nuair thoisicheas na Greumaich
'S an t-aon fhear tha ri t-aodainn,
'S e daonuan cuir retreat ort,
Cha'n fhad' gu'm bi do chean aige,
Ri crann mas e thoil fein e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-larach,
Leis na Gaeil anns gach teughail,
Toil inntinn aig ar cairdean
'S gach namhaid a bhí geilleadh,
Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
Bha taitneach leam ri eisdeachd,
Air latha soilleir samhraidh
'S mi air cabhsairean Dhun-eideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhí air a thogall gun robh i tor-
rach aige, 's e 'g iunseadh cho math 'sa bhiodh e
dh' i ged a b' fhuir mar chaidhaltris.]

FHUAIR mi sgeula rooch an de,
'S cha deach' mi 'n eis ri chluinntinn,
'S cha tug mi goill nach deanainn feum,
Le gaol do 'n te mu 'n d' iunseadh,
'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh
air
Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air,

'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt sinn,
Gheibh sinn bhuaian ri tim e.

A ghruagach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
Tha mis, air bhonn nach diobar,
Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialthaobh cuirt,
'S cha 'n ann an duil do dhiteadh,
Tha mi air bheachd gu 'n seas mi ceart,
Ge d' bheir am Parson cis diom,
'S gu 'm paighinn daor air ra do ghaoil,
Na 'n tarainn saor 'sa 'n tim so.

Gu 'm paighinn daor gu t-fhagail saor,
Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann narach',
Fa chombair cuirt mar fhasan ur,
'S nach robh e 'n run do naduir,
Cha n' eil mi 'n dul thu dhol na 'n luib,
Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnn,
'S ma chumas airgeid thu o chie,
Gu 'n seas mi fhin na t-aite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgeul,
Gu do sheasamh cliuiteach,
'S ghabhainn uileadh orm an seisoin,
Gu d' leith-trom a ghiulan,
'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gan lasa,
Gus an at mo shuillean,
Mar diobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaicear,
Chòidh thu ao' fo mhuisgeag.

Ach 's truidh! nach robh mi agus tu,
Dol fo na siuil do dh-Eirinn,
Na thir eile 's faide busainn,
Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fheutainn,
'S truaigh nach faicinnse bhí seoladh,
A's sinn air bord le cheile,
Gun duil a chòidh thigh'n' s'ir ar 'n colas,
Do'n Roinn-Eorp na dheigh sin!

Ach cia mar 's urrainn domh bhí beo,
'S cho mar sa thug mi speis dut?
Na cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhí stoilte
'S mi gun choir air t-fheutainn?
Ged fhaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eorpa,
Agus or na h-Euphaid,
Cha chumadh e mi suas car naire,
S tu bhí bhuan gun sgeul ort.

Ach cuis mo chruadail, 's faide bhuan,
An diugh da uair na 'n de thu!
S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
Gu 'm bhí sinn cuairt bho cheile,
Ach ma thionndas tu do shlios rium,
'S fiosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
Gur gearr an uin a thamhas tu,
'Nuair thigh do chul na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chul
Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n uir
Cha dean mi turn ad dheighse;
Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhí saor,
'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh?
Mo chridh air fhalach lo do ghaol,
Gun duil a chòidh ri fheutainn.

Tha gaol nam boireannach o 'n oigo,
 Mar an ceo 'sa cheitean,
 Laidhidh e ri madainn dhriuchd,
 Ri lar cho dlu 's nach leir dhuinn,
 Chi mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
 Dol an ceann a cheile,
 Ach sgaoilidh e ri uin ro ghearr,
 Gun fhios cia 'n t-ait' an teid e.

Gur mor a bh' agam ort do mheas,
 'S cha tug mi fios do chach air,
 'S o 'n is beairt e tha gun fhios,
 Cha 'n innis mis gu brach e,
 Gu'm beil an sean-fhacl o shinnsear',
 'Tigh'n gu cinnt an drasda—
 "Gur faide bhuam an 'iugh na 'n de,
 A bhean nach d' fhead mi thaladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domh ach ciuirt
 'S cha 'n eil mo dhuigs ach cianail,
 Cha n' eil an obair dhomh ach cradh,
 'S cha n' fhearrde mi bhli diamhain,

Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir eiridh dhìom iad,
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n fhasa tamh no guiomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
 Cha b' e bhi ann a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mar b' e cruaidhead mo chomann,
 Bu luath mo dheann ga fhagail,
 Gur fada 'n aimsir tha o 'n uair,
 A chualas bhi ga radhainn,
 Gur cruaidh an reachd a bhi fo smachd,
 'S bidh mise nochd mur tha mi !

Cha b' e chuis bhi nochd an glais,
 Na 'n tigh'n aise a maireach,
 Ach bhi 's na f' bhras fad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la riamh dhiu tearuinn;
 Cha robh uair gun chuartaich ur dhomh,
 Gur ciuirte rinn iad m' fhagail,
 Nis o 'n lagaich iad mo phearsa,
 Tha mo sgairt air fàilinn !

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

DONALD M'LEOD, commonly called the "*Skye Bard*," was born in the parish of Durness, Isle of Skye, about the year 1785. His parents were in humble circumstances, and consequently unable to give him an extended education: but, whether by self-application, or otherwise, he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Gaelic language.

In the year 1811 he published an octavo volume—consisting of all his own compositions and a few poems, the productions of other bards, ancient and modern. We cannot, however, say that with the exception of a few pieces, either the original or selected poems, which it contains, are of a high order. Our author was little more than twenty years when he "came out;" the manhood of his mind was not fully formed; neither reading nor society had ripened his judgment, or refined his taste; and we are convinced, had he profited by the sage admonition of Pope, and left "his piece for seven years," that the character of his book would be far different from what it is.

Donald M'Leod possesses a fine and delicate musical ear, and so fastidious has he proved himself in the nice discrimination of sounds, that, to preserve the smoothness, cadence and harmony of his pieces, original and select, he actually interpolated them with words of no meaning, or, at least, paid no attention to grammatical rules, but took the cases, tenses and numbers, as it suited his convenience.

In the year 1829 he travelled the Highlands, taking in subscriptions for a new

work, the prospectus of which is now before us, and promises a "correct history of *Calum-Cille, Coinneach Odhar, Am Britheamh Leoghasach agus an Taoitear-Saileach*, from the cradle to the grave." But whether he failed in the attempt of publication, or was otherwise diverted from his object, we cannot say; but the projected volume never made its appearance. This is much to be regretted, for, from the impression made on our minds by M'Leod's talents and legendary lore when we saw him in 1828, we are perfectly warranted in saying that it would amply recompense a perusal. Few men could *speak* the Gaelic with greater fluency and correctness than our author, and there was an archness about him which set off his story and witticism in an admirable light.

Shortly after the period of which we write, the Skye Bard emigrated to America, and of his history or adventures in the western hemisphere, we know nothing. He returned to his native country last harvest, and set up as a merchant in Glendale, near Dunvegan.

His two pieces here given are not destitute of poetic merit. Indeed they possess some genuine strokes of grandeur, which entitle them to a place among the productions of poets of higher pretensions and fame. M'Leod possesses within him the elements of true poetic greatness; and if these are brought into fair play, under auspicious circumstances, it is within the compass of possibilities that he may yet take his stand amongst the first class of the minstrels of his country.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID MHC-SHIMIDH,

CEANN-CINNIDH NAM FRISEALACH SA' BHLIADHNA, 1810.

An am uracha' fhaicil domh,
'S cumntas thoirt seachad,
Air eilteachadh fhasain
Nan gaisgeach tha 'n trathsa
Air tinnndaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lu-chleasach, aigeantaich,
Lubht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgarlait;
Is eilteach a' bharrach,
To'n cunntar air faiche sibh,
Thoir leam nach bu chaidribh,
Ur tachaird le damhair;
Is dlu dha na chasas riubh
Tinnndadh le masladh,
Na'n uine bli paisgte,
Fo'r casan sa'n aruich,

Cha churam dha'n aitrìbh,
An dumbleich ur Caipiteinean,
'S dlu dhaibh an t-achdha,
Bheir casg' as an namhaid;
Le iunnsaidh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na lasraichean,
Dlu dhaibh cha'n fhaighear

Na bhagras air pairt' dhiubh;
An eul-thaobh cha 'n fhaicear,
A tinnndadh le gealtachd,
Che dlu 's ga 'n bi 'm fenehd
A bhios uca mar namhaid,
'N am rusgadh nan glas-lann,
Biodh cumntas gun astar,
'S croinn ruiste gun bharrach
Ga'n stailleadh fo'n sailean.

Cha 'n eil cumntas air fhasain
Fo'n eirun th'aig Ri Shasainn,
Nach eil ionnsaicht' ann pearsa,
Na th'aca de dh'aireamh,
Is muirneach ri'm faicinn iad,
'S eilteach ri'n claisinn iad,
'S lughmhòr an casan,
'Sa 's brais an' cath-lamh iad,
'S aluinn an crisleachadh,
'Sgabardach, biodagach,
Stailinneach, pistéalach,
Slios-lannach, dearsach;
Sgarlaitheach, leisichte,
An caradh fo itean,

Thug statachan meas dhaibh,
Nach fiosaich mo chanan.

Tha *Lorat* 's a dhuingheann,
Na sholas dha'n fhearum,
An deonaich lad fanntuinn,
Nan gearasdain laidir;
'S mor-elmiseach, ceannasach
'S stroilte ro'n tarrauin iad,
'S neoil an cuid lannan,
Mar lainnir an sgathain;
A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
A leumnaich mar bhradain,
A beucail, 's a plabraich,
Ri caismeach an laubaich;
Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
An' eisdeachd, 's an fateinn,
'S binn gleoraich an caismeachd
A steach air na sraidean.

O! dhaoin' nach fae iad,
'S beag ionghna a chleachd sibh,
Mar saoirich sibh 'm fada,
Gu 'm faicinn an caradh,
An' caochla' gu beachdaidh,
Bho 'n aodainn gu'n casan,
Cho aontach dha 'n fhacal,
Cha 'n fhacas air laraich;
'S piob mhoy a chual-uluineil,
A lirigeadh luinneig,
Tro *ibhiri* euimir,
A's ribheidean spainteach;
Siod na chuir nime,
'S gaoraich a le-unnag,
A'g innseadh dha 'n drumu'
Mar chuireas i falte.

Bidh slainnte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
Na cairdeas dha' chinneadh,
Sa'n t-al nach do ghineadh,
Bidh sreadh roi' chach orr';
'S ard ann an spiorad e,
'S laidir an' gillean e,
'S barr air an t-shiorachd e,
'S teine e nach smalair,
'S garadh ro ghioralg e,
Sabhlaidh cinneadh e,
Slainte bho thinneas e,
'S tuilleadh air aird air!
Bho 'n thar e mar ghibhteann,
An aird 's a cuid sliochda'
Buaidh-larach biodh tric leis,
Mu 'm brist' iad an bara.

Buaidh-larach air urram,
Do charadh a *chulair*,
Roi reitichear ullamh
Gu iomal gach sraide;
'S reull ann an Lunnainn thu,
'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
Eiridh iad uile,
Na t-fhuran 's na t-fhabhar;
Seididh na h-uramaich,
Ceir nan cuid uinncean;

'S gleusar gach inneal
Is binne gu eaman;
Gach stiobal, 's gach drumna,
Na pioban, 's na feadain.
'S na eimn as na tunnaichean
Ruma le t-aillens.

Ach ge treun thu mar churaidh,
'S deich ceud fo do chunnail
Lan-reiseamaid ullamh,
Gheur, ghluineach, neo-sgathach,
'S e sheulach do bhuintig,
Cinn fheodhna na erninne,
Lan cèll' agus urraidh,
A cumal do phuirte;
'S rioghal do Chaitpeinean,
'S aoigheil ri 'm faicinn iad,
'S innsiginneach, faicteach.
'S laisde air parad iad,
Bho shailleann an casan,
Gu 'm barr air a marcadh,
'S or faineach na mhapaidh,
Gu'n ahlais bho 'n airdid;

Gu'n chuinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Stoimnidh mi 'mach dhuibh iad,
Is lannairean laisd' iad,
Cha taisich am blaths iad;
Facoir, na craichuinn,
Dh'eiris 'n ar feachdanain,
'S leir dhomh na chaisgeas e,
An gaisgeach is maidscur;
Ge leibh e na gidaine,
'S has milleach e 'n carraid,
Ni shaighdean geur, tana,
Cium fhala a thrathadh,
'N glaic diolt' an eich allail,
'S ard srann ann am falas,
'S dheannas mar dhcalan,
A gearradh, 's stracadh.

'S lauh sheunt' thu na t-carradh,
'S ard iarras do dheannal,
'Sgrìob dheuchain na gaillin,
Sion chal' gun bhuigh thu;
'S deuchulneach sealladh
Air iarbhaid do ghalair,
Cuirp lionmhor ri talamh,
Nan carruinean gearrte:
'S toir' bhatach thu 'm fallachd,
'S corn iatach na falla',
'S e lion an ri 'n t-annart,
Is stailceas fo lar iad.
Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
Ceo fiamha ga 'n dalladh,
A spianas bho 'n talamh,
Nan deanhanan smail iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
Fo shuaichentais ballach,
Mar bhualadh na mara,
Na falaisge Mairte,
Tha'n suairceas 's an cenneal,
'S am boichead mar leunnain;

A buaireadh nan caileag
 'S am mealladh nam paistean;
 Theid Buinn-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'n cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne
 Cho cinnteach 's dh'ama's mi,
 'N callaid-sa raite,
 'S biodh bantraichean f'hearalbh,
 'S an clann air an dronnaig,
 Le geall an cuid ban,
 A bhi falach fo' charn leibh.

Note.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterized it in the author's own collection—it will still, however, task the understanding of many readers, but we could make no further emendations without manifest danger to the structure of the piece.

SMEORACH NAN LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

Ulibheag i na i ri u o,
Ulibheag u na i ri i u,
Smeorach mise 'mach o'n Tur,
Is gleoghrach cuirn ma bhuird le feusde.

'S mise smeorach og a ghrinnis,
 Sheinnis ceol mar organ miltis,
 Feadan ordail fo mo ribheid,
 'S fead mo mhicoir air comhra filleant'.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i orionach liath na mosgan,
 Bho na shiolarich treud an fhortain,
 Ach flogh miath, nam miar, gun soadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, bho bhian Rìogh Lochlainn.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil ard dha'n laidir finne,
 Ma'n iath parlamaid gun ghioraig,
 Nach iarr baigh an aite millidh,
 A dhlaladh bais gun strac ga'm pilleadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'eug e cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
 As na connspuinn eolach, smachdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceo gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean gloir nan neoil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bi comhra' fo shroin peacaich,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar or daite,
 Sheasas coir, 's nach fogair casgradh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig toir a choir na h-aitrioh,
 Theid an connspaid air sheoil gaisgidh,
 Snapach, ordach, toiteach, speachdach,
 Naisgear feoil do dh' eoin an achaidh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maisc,
 Le shroil balla-bhrenc, ri geala ghasan,
 Nach leig earabal gu falbh dhathnaigh,
 Gu'm bi 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, liobhach, disneach, claiseach,
 Menchair, fnealt', rimhach, laisde,
 Na brais phriseil, o'n tir fhasgach,
 Nach leig cios le stri, na feachdaibh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nuair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealach,
 'S luchd an fhuimha, siaradh tharais,
 Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teangaidh,
 'S dorus riabt' air ois gach fear dhiu.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
 A sgoltadh bhlion, 's a dianamh phinne,
 Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sireadh,
 'S gloime lionta, an ioc-shlaint' spioraid.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chlaradh grian gu calla',
 'Thigendh triall nan diolt-each meara,
 Srannach, siannach, srianach, stailleach,
 Ealand', iargalt', lionta an lainnir.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dun is muirneach caithream,
 Dha'm beil luil gach cursa ceannas,
 Dhu'm beil iuntas dlu mar ghaineamh,
 Nach toir spuil gu cunntas gainne.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalairt,
 Far an iarrar gnìomh fir-callaiddh,
 Far an ciatach miann gach seallaidh,
 Far a riadhlar ciadan ain-eoil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam fonnmhor, pongail, m'caisaidh,
 As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
 Cha tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
 Ni mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Tha mo chuach na cusairteig m'eala,
 'S barrach uaine suasaidh tharum,
 Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
 'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobh an craobh nam meangan,
 Cha toir gaoth dhìom m'aodach droma,
 'S ma thig naoisg a ghaoirich mar rium,
 Ni mi aoir a sgaoileas tan' iad.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaiddh mo bhalla,
 Chuireadh ruig air sluagh a caraid,

Nach dean gluasal gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala',
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shithe nan trì scallaidh,
Fasla, dhìdein, nan crìoch cainig,
Glag an stiobla dhu'n strìochd ain-ochd,
Meirghe na firinn gun lith sgainneil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollagha'r a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mic a tholgas le'n gorm lannan

Rìochd an fharabhais nach falbh falamh,
Cuip na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.
Ulibheag, i na i ri, &c.

Neart Eoin Tormod cha searg ascall,
'S maise chrannachar 's gach dearbh each-
draidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acunn,
'S brais a leanamhuinn ga sgala shnapadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "*Clarsair num Beann*," was born at Kenmore, Loch-Fyne-side, in the year 1812. His parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth. The subject of our memoir was the second youngest of a large family of sons and daughters. At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. M'Coll, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, he would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fireside denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.

His father, Dugald M'Coll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetical leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. M'Coll bought the

entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of the "Spectator," "Burns' Poems," and the "British Essayists." He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view: his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist.

Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion, was the artillery of a neighboring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners. The circumstances in which his father was placed, rendered it necessary for him to engage in the active operations of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years.

In the year 1837, he threw off the mask of anonymity, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that *they* were miserably blockaded in their own mental *timberism*. If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unlogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inverary failed to extinguish the flame of M'Coll's lamp; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to "see themselves as others see them," in our author's retaliative poem, "*Slochd a Chopair*," in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated.

It is well for dependent merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr. Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr. Campbell of Islay, patronised our author, and through the generously exercised influence of either, or both of these gentlemen, M'Coll was appointed to a situation, which he now holds, in the Liverpool Custom-house.

M'Coll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind, of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluent tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of

the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'Coll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery:—long may it be ere Ewan M'Coll is the subject of any posthumous meed of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A LOCH-AICE na gnuis' chaoin—
Gnuis ghabh gaol air a bhi ciuin,
'S air an tric an luadh gath-grein'
Soilleir mar uchd seamh mo ruin!

'Oide-altruim mhaith nam breac,
Gar an leatsa eath nan tonn,
'S ged nach d' amais long fo bhreid
Air t-uchd reidh riamh chur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com
'S i neo-throm air t-uchd a' snamh.
Eun a's gile enes na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan baird!

'S leat bhò Lochluinn a's bhò 'n t-Suain
An lach bheag is naine cul;
'S tric 'ga coir—'s cha n-aun 'ga feum,
Falach-fead a's caogadh shul.

'S leat an luinneag 'sheinneas oigh
'Bleodhan bhò gu tric ri d' thaobh;
'S leat an duan a thogas og
'S e'g' a coir a meas nan craobh.

Seinnidh e —“Tha oneas mo ghraidh
Geal mar chanach tha nan glac,
'S fàileasan a ghaol 'n a suil
Mar tha neamh an grund Loch-aic.

C'ait' an taitneach leis an carb'
Moch a's anomach 'bhi le 'laogh?
C'ait' an trice dorus dearg,
'Fhir nan garbh-chroc, air do thaobh?

C'ait' ach ri taobh loch mo ruin—
Far, aig bun nan stuc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chairdean tiugh
Ged tha iad an diugh air chall!

O air son a bhi leam fein!
'Siubhal seimh taobh loch nan sgorr
'Nuair bhios gath na gealaich chaoin,
Nuais a' taomadh ort mar or.

'Nuair tha duilleach, fochunn, feur,
Fo 'n og-bhraon a' cromadh fiuch,
'S gun son rionnag anns an speur
Nach 'cil cilleadh' i 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciobair ann a shuain
'Faiuin nuda'-ruadh 'na threud,
'S e 'dian-stuigeadh nan con luath
Gu bhi shuas mu 'n dean e beud:

Sud an t-am 's am bi ri d' thaobh
Ceol a mhaoth' dheas elis gach oridh
Sud an t-am 'san tug thu gradh,
'Shine bhàn! do 'n fhilidh slith.

'Tional ghobhar air dh'i bhi
'N Coir'-an-t-sith aon fheasgar Maigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhilis, seamh—
Shaoil i neamh a bhi aig laimh.

Dh' eisd i,—'s mar bu mhòtha dh-eisd,
'S ann bu bhinne teud a chiuil;
Lean i,—'s mar a b' fhaide lean,
'S ann a b' fhaid' e as, mo dhuil!

Rainig i, mu dheireadh, cnoc,
Dorus fognuill air a suas,
'S dh' fhaireih i gur ann bhò sior
Bhruchd an ceol bu bhlasda fuaim.

“Thig a's taigh, a Shine bhàn!
Thig, a ghraidh, gun engal beud:
Feuch an oidheche dhubb m' an cuairt—
'S fada' bhuat do dhachaigh fein.”

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiuil!
Dh' ol i 'n deoch bu deoch do chach,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhag i 'n dun.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARAIÐ

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
'NA LEANABHAOHD.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neulltan ruitheach
'Bhios 'san Eas ma bhriste' faire;
B' fhermad leis a' ghrèin am bolthead,
'S dh' eirich i 'na gloir 'chur sgeil orr'!

Chaochail i—mar phlatha greine,
 'S am fàileas 'na reis 'an toir air;
 Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
 Shil an fhras a's threig a ghloir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a' laidheas
 Anns an trùigh ri cois na fairge;
 Dh'nom an lun gun iochd air aghaidh,
 'Ghile O! cha b'fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clarsaich,
 'Nuair a's druitiche 's a's mìle e;
 Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd aluinn
 Mu'n gann 'thoisichear r'a h-inneadh

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge gealaich'
 'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dorcha;
 Chaochail i—mar bhrundar millis,
 'S an cad'laicho duilich gu'n d' falbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tus a h-aille!
 Cha seachnadh *Parras* as fein i;
 Chaochail i—O! chaochail Mairi
 Mar gu'm baite 'ghrian ag eiridh !

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FOKK—" *Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leam thu.* "

LUINNEAG.

*A nighean donn nam mala crom,
 A nighean donn nan caoin-shul,
 A nighean donn bho 'm binne fonn,
 Gur mor mo gheall air t-shaotainn.*

A NIGHEAN donn a's grin' e cruth,
 A's binne guth 's 's caoine,
 Ge geal an cobb r' air an t-
 'S ann bhiodh e dub' ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo run a' challeag luinneagach,
 Deagh bhannarach na spreidhe,
 'S meò geile 'n seomar ainneagach
 'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-eideann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Te eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
 'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomh;
 'S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
 Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reulltan.
A nighean donn, &c.

O 's trnagh 'bhi 'n so air Galldachd
 'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud run
 A' stri co 's grinne dhearras
 Ni. air airidhean Ghlinn-creran!
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhiuc cead 'bhi
 Le m' run 'am bothan-gheugan,
 'S cha ghabhainn corm air air son
 Bhi 'n sud a pogadh m' eiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A ruin, nam biodh tu deonach air,
 'S ar cairdean uile reidh ruin,
 Cha chuirinn tuille daluch ann,
 Am maireach bu leam fein thu!
A nighean donn, &c.

AM BARD MAC-'ILLEAN.

JOHN M'LEAN, commonly called *Am Bard Mac-'illean*, was born in the island of Tyree, Argyleshire, in the year 1787. He belonged to the Treishnish branch of the family of Ardgour. His ancestors had, for a long time, occupied the fertile little farm of Heinish, at a very small rent. The first of them who held it obtained it from his father McLean, of Treishnish, in consideration of his having performed some act of bravery.

His father, Allan McLean, was in comfortable circumstances. He was a pious, honest, kind-hearted man. He gave his children the advantages of a fair share of education, and endeavored to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.

In his boyhood, the poet was exceedingly fond of the society of old men, and

listened with much attention to their conversations. He took no pleasure in the sports and amusements which are often so attractive to youth. He evinced a great aptitude for learning; he read all the books that came in his way, and had a very retentive memory. He took a special delight in the songs and poems of his country. He was a very good scholar, considering the state of education in the Highlands and Islands in his school-boy days. He was thoroughly acquainted with his mother-tongue; he wrote it accurately. He had also a very good knowledge of English; he spoke and read it with fluency.

At the age of fifteen he was bound an apprentice to a shoemaker. Having learned his trade, he went to Glasgow, and there worked for a year or two as a journeyman. In this city he got married in the year 1808, to Isabella Black, daughter of Duncan Black, elder, Lismore. He then returned to Tyree, and commenced shoemaking on his own responsibility—having for that purpose purchased a large stock of leather, and took apprentices. He also carried on merchandize on a small scale. Having been thus employed for four or five years, he resolved to publish a volume of poems, consisting of his own productions, and a few select songs written by others. This work, which he dedicated to his patron, Sir Alexander McLean, Laird of Coll, was published in the year 1818.

Having procured a considerable sum of money by the sale of his books, he determined to emigrate to Nova Scotia. He arrived with his family in Pictou, in the autumn of 1819. He very feelingly alludes to his departure from his friends in Scotland in the following lines:

“Nuaig thug mi eul ruibh, bha mi ga'r n'ionndrain,
‘S gum shil mo shuilean gu dhu le deoir.”

He was an enthusiastic Highlander, and never forgot the land of his birth—“*An t Eilein iosal an tìr o'n Arìall mi.*” Immediately upon his arrival he took up a woodland farm, which he denominated *Baile-Chnoic*, on the east branch of Barney's River. It was now that his trials and hardships commenced. Whilst in Scotland he led a comparatively easy life, and enjoyed the society and friendship of several persons of distinction. With the exception of one neighbouring family, the nearest settlement to him now was two miles distant. *Baile-Chnoic*, was all covered with the primeval forest, and the only road to it was a foot-path. He had to toil hard from morning to night, in clearing away the woods, and in preparing the land for the hoe. He was harrassed with cares and anxieties, with troubles and difficulties. In the “sweat of his face he ate his bread.” It was during this gloomy period of his life, that he composed his celebrated poem on America. After having worked on this farm for several years, he resolved to remove to another place. In the winter of 1830 he took up a new piece of land six miles east of *Baile-Chnoic*. This place, in which he lived during the remainder of his life, is now called *Glenbard*. It is situated in the western parts of Antigonish. He died in the year 1848; his grave may be seen by the traveller within a pistol shot of the road which leads through the romantic valley of the Marshy-Hope.

John McLean was a poet of considerable genius. He had a clear, penetrating intellect, a fine lofty imagination, and a sound, comprehensive judgment. He com-

posed extemporaneous rhymes with great facility. He wrote comic, descriptive, and religious pieces of much merit, yet it was in the department of elegy that he excelled. Of this species of poetry he wrote a great deal. His elegy on Mrs. Noble is perhaps unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the language. It abounds with exceedingly beautiful similes. The following verses are inimitable :

“Lean as duillech do phaislean,
Gur a lag lad 's gun mhathair rin eul!
Sinn mar luing air a fuadaich,
Ann an urradh a chuain thar a curs;
Ann an eumart gach bare-shugh—
Bhrìst na ceangalchearan—dh'fhuasgail an
stuir!
Tha chairt-inn air a sracadh,
Dh'fhalbh an comhast, na slatan, 's na stiùil.

Thaibh 'th air an arduich,
'Nuir a dh'èirich tuil bhàite fo croice;
Thuit eraobh ubhal mo gharaidh,
'S gun do fhroisendh obblath feadh an fheoir;
Chaidh mo choimneat a smàle-dh.
Bu ghlan solas a dearsa' mun bhord;
Bhrìst a ghloine bha 'm sgathan;
Dh'fhalbh an daoimein a' a' fhaineachan
oir.”

The poem on America, however, is undoubtedly the best that he ever wrote. It has been greatly admired. The description which he gives in it of the country, the state of society, the long dreary winters, and the sultry summers, are graphic, beautiful and true.

It does not appear that our poet had done anything in the poetic way till he was about twenty years of age, but having once commenced, he ever after continued an ardent votary of the muse. Many of the songs which he composed he never wrote down, and they are consequently lost. He was the author of many religious as well as secular poems. A small edition of his hymns was published in Glasgow in the year 1835.

The bard had a firm and resolute will, a tender and benevolent heart, and a brave and manly spirit. He was always of a quiet, imperturbable disposition. His manners were pleasing and winning, and his conversational powers excellent. The old and the young listened to him with delight. Like the generosity of the bards, he was fond of a cheerful glass, and sang the praises of *Aequa vitæ*—“*Fear na Toiseachd.*” His soul was free from malice and resentment—a satirical or sarcastic poem he never wrote. His whole life was exemplary. He was an affectionate husband, a kind parent, a true friend, a sincere christian. He was liked and esteemed by all who knew him, and he died without an enemy.

McLean was of middle height, stout and well built; he had black hair and grey eyes; his forehead was broad and massive; he had a soft musical voice, and was a good singer.

ORAN DO DH' AMERICA.

AIR FOKK—“*Coire a Cheathaich.*”

Gu bheil mi m'onar 'sa choille ghruamaich,
Mo amaointein luaineach, cha tog mi fonn;
O'n fhuair mi'n t-àite, 'san fhaoghaid nadair,
Gun threig gach talaint bha 'nam cheann;
Cha dian mi oran a chuir air doigh ann,
Nuair ni mi toiseachadh bidh mi trom;
Chaill mi ghaeilic 's ach mar a b'abhuist,
'Nuir a bha mi 'san duthaich thall.

Cha n'fhalg mi m'inntinn leam an ordugh,
Ged tha mi colach air dianamh rann;
'Se mheudaich bron domh, 'sa laghdach solas,
Gun dulne co'rium ri'n dian mi cainnt,
Gach la a's oiche, 'gach car a ni mi,
Gum bi mi cuimhneachadh anns gach am,
An tìr a dh'fhag mi bha 'n taic an t-àite,
Ged tha mi 'n drasd ann am braighe ghleann.

Cha n' loghnaidh dhomhsa ged tha mi bhrònach,
 'Sann tha mo chomhmadh air ehad nam beann,
 A'meadhain fasach air Anluinn Bharaid,
 Gun dal a 's fhearr na bunntata lom;
 Mum dian mi aiteach, 's mun tog mi barr ann,
 'Sa choille ghabhadh chuir as a bonn;
 Le neart mo ghairdean gum bi mi sarrichte,
 A's treis a fallean mi fas a chum.

So 'n duthaich 'sa lbeil an cròdal,
 'Cun bhios don t-slugh a tha t'inn a mall;
 Gur ole a fhuaras oirne luchd a bhuidridh,
 A rinn le'n tuarasgeul ar toirt ann,
 Ma ni iad buannachd eha bli e bun daibh,
 Cha dian e suas iad, 's cha n' loghnaidh leam;
 'S gach mullachd truaghair a bhios gu
 ruagadh,
 O'n chaidh a' fadaich a chuir fon ceann.

Bidh geallach baidir ga thoirt an tra sin,
 Bidh ehn an alte ga chuir a mend;
 Bidh iad a'g radhain gum bi na cairdean,
 Gu sona saobhair gum dal a dh'ois;
 Gach naigheachd mheallta ga thoirt gum n'
 ionasuidh,
 Feuch an sanntaich sibh dol nan deigh;
 Ma thig sibh sabhailte 'nuair chi sibh iadsan,
 Cha 'n fhearr na statachan na sibh fein.

'Nuair theid na drobhrean sin gu n'iarra-
 'Sann leis na brigan a ni iad feum; [aidh,
 Gum bhacal brinn a bli ga innse',
 'San cridhe d'icadh na their an beul;
 A cuir a fachaibh gu bheil san tir so,
 Gach ni as prìceile a tha fon' ghreim,
 'Nuair thig sibh ionte gur beag a chi sibh,
 Ach coille dh'icadh toirt dhiubh na speur.

'Nuair thig an ceumradh as am na dublachd
 Bidh sneachda deante gu dlu mun gheig,
 Gu domhain dumhail dol thar nan gluinean,
 Ga math an trisair eha dian i feum,
 Gun stocain dhubailte, a's moguis ehadach
 A ghabhas dnuadh gu dlu le cill;
 Be fasan ur dhuinn ga cosg le fionndadh,
 Mar chaidh a rusgadh dhe n' bhrèid an de.

Mur bi mi colach air son mo chomhdach,
 Gu fàigh mi reota mo shron 's mo bheul,
 Le gaoh tuath bhios gu ceinheil fuaraidh,
 Gum bi mo ehnusan 'an cunnart gear,
 Tha n-eir cho fàth'sach 's nach seas mi tuagh
 Gu mill i chruaidh ged a bla i gear; [rithe,
 Mur d' thoir mi blas di gum brist a staillein,
 Gun dol don cheardaich eha ghearr i beum.

'Nuair thig a' samhradh, 'sa nios ceitein,
 Bidh teas na greine ga m' fhuagail sunn;
 Gun cuir e speirid 's na h-uile creutair
 A bhios fo eislein air feadh nan toll;
 'Na mathain bhicidheil gum dan iad eiridh,
 Dhol feadh na treud 'sgur a mor an call,
 'Sa chuilleg inneach gu socrach puiscant,
 Gam' lot gu lionar le ruinn a lanns.

Gun dian i m'aoil gu h-ole a chaobadh,
 'Cha n' fhaic mi 'n saoghal, 'san bhios mi dall;
 Gun at mo shuillean le neart a eungaidh,
 Gu guineach druiteach le sugh a teang;
 'Cha n' fhuagh m'airdeam dhuibh ann an gaello,
 Gach beathaich grainneil a thogas ceann, fuch,
 Cho luthaid plugh ann 'sa-bheair Rìgh Phar-
 Airson nan trailean 'nuair bha e'n camp.

Gur lomadh enochladh t'inn air an t-saoghal,
 'Sro-bhleg a shaoil mi 'nuair bha mi thall;
 Bu bheachd dhomh 'nuair sin, mu'n d'inn mi
 Gu fasan nasal 'nuair thiginn am; [ghuasaid,
 An ear a fhuair mi eha b'ann go m' bhuan-
 nachd,
 Tighinn thar a chuin, air a chuart bha meallt;
 Gu tir nan craobh anns' nach 'eil an t-sunsinn,
 Gum mhart gum chaora, 'smi d'haodach gann.

Gur iona' ceun anns' am bi mi'n deigh-laimh,
 Mun dian mi saibhir mo theachd-an-tir,
 Bidh an obair eigin mun d' thoir mi feum as,
 'S mun dian mi reiteach airson a chroin;
 Ga chuir na theinibh air mun a chille,
 Gun bealach fèithean a bh' an am dhuinn;
 'Sua h-uile ball dhuinn cho dubh a sealltuinn,
 Bidh mi ga m' shambhlachadh ris an t-saip.

Ga mor a' sennachas a bh'nea 'an Albainn,
 Tha chuis a dearbhadh nach robh i fior;
 Na dollair ghoran eha n' fhaic mi fubh iad,
 Ged b'le iad ainneil a bh' 'san tir;
 Ma ni iad barraig eha n' fhuagh iad airgid,
 Ach 's eigin ainneadh anns' a phris;
 'Sua gheibh iad cunnradh air feadh nam
 buithean,
 Gum paigh iad mun e le fur na im.

Cha n' fhaic mi marghadh na la feillo,
 Na ionain feudalach ann an drobh;
 Na nithe ni feum dhuibh a measg a cheile,
 Ach iad mun eigin 'sa h-uile doigh;
 Chu chulaidh-fhuaraidh iad leis an ain-fhiach,
 A reic na shealbhuicheis iad 'an coir;
 Bidh fear na facha n' cromadh cinn air,
 Ga chuir na phriosan mar diol e' stor.

Mun d' thig an eisean a tigh na airtach,
 Gum d' theid an dublachd aig a mhod;
 Tha lagh a giulan bho lann na jury, [corr,
 Gum d' theid a' spuinendh 's nach fhinn iad
 Bidh earraidh suibhlach air feadh na dacha',
 Ga'n ruith le cunnasaidh air an toir—
 Gur mor mo churam gum d' thig e m' ionnsuidh;
 Cha ghiabh e diultadh 's bidh diubhail oirnn.

Cha n' fhuagh mi innse' dhuibh ann an gaelic,
 Cha leig mo nadar a chuir air doigh;
 Gach fias a b'ail leam thoirt do na cairdean,
 'San tir a dh'fhag mi rinn m'arach og;
 Gach aon leughas e tuigeadh reusan,
 Na d' thugadh eiseachd do luchd a bhosd;
 Na fàidhean breige a bhios ga'r teumadh,
 'S gun aca speis dhuibh ach doigh an n'oir.

Ged b'ai'n d'ichollach ann a sgrìobhadh,
 Gun gabhainn mios ris agus corr;
 Mun cuirein crìoch air na bheil air m'inntinn,
 'S mun d'thugainn duibh e le cannt mo bheoil;
 Tha mulad diombair a a deigh mo lionaidh;
 O'n 's eigin strìochdadh 'an so rim bheo,
 Air bheag toilinntinn 'sa choille chroinn so,
 Gun duine faighneachd a seinn mi ceol.

Cha be sin m' abhuist 'an tus mo laithean,
 'Sann bhi'n rubhartach air gach bòrd;
 Gu cridheil sunndach 'an comann cuirteil,
 A rith na h-uine, 's gun churam oirnn;
 Nuair thug mi cul ruibh bha mi ga'r n'ionnd-
 Gun shil mo shuillean gu dlu le deoir, [rain,
 Air moch Dirdaoine a dol seach' an caolas,
 A long fo h-aodach, 'sa ghaoth o'n chors.

ORAN

MAR GUM BIODH E FADAR AM BARD AGUS AN
 COIRNEAL FRISEIL.

AIR FÒNN—"Mios deireannach an fhoghar
 An dara lu 'smath mo chuimhne."

'Smor mo mhulad, 's cha lagha m' eislein,
 Cha 'n 'eil feum dhomh bhì gu chunntas,
 'O na thainig mi don tìr so,
 Gu bheil m' inntinn air a mchadh,
 Chaill mi mo shugradh 's mo sheanachas,
 'O na dh'fhalbh mi as an duthaich;
 Toiseach a chiad mhios don fhoghar,
 Sheoil sinn air aghart na'r cursa.

Gun de dh'fhairich mi o'n uair sin,
 Gun bu ohruadach a chuis domh,
 Teannadh ri leagail na coille.
 'S gun mi goiresach da h-ionnsuidh;
 A fear nach dian obair le tuairg ann,
 'S nach urrain an uaisle ghlinan,
 B'fhearr dha fuireach ann an Albuinn,
 Mun dianadh e'n fhaighe sturadh.

COIRNEAL.

Ged tha uireasabh an drasda ort,
 Gheibh thu ceann an aird ri tim air,
 'Nuair a bhios an erodh 'sna caoirich,
 Air na raointean dhut a cinn...an,
 Bi' d'thu pailt 'am biadh 'san aodach,
 'S theid leagadh nan cròbh air dichuimhn,
 Bi' d'thu sia gu saibhir soerach,
 'S theid a bhochduinn as do chuimhne.

BARD.

Chuala mi sean-fhacal roiraha,
 Tha sin na chomhearsta fìor dha,—
 'Chaora bhies gu bas le gorta,
 'S coltach dhi' gun dian i crìonadh,
 Mu faigh i feur ur an t-samhhruidh,
 Cuiridh an geamhradh gu eriche i,
 'S ann mar sin a dh' eirich dhanasa,
 Na bi cuir do sgleo dhomh fhachamh.

COIRNEAL.

Cha sgleo a tha'gam ga sheanachas,
 Ach cuis a dhearbhas mi fìor dhut,
 Na fir a chi thu 'san nite,
 B' nithne dhaibh do chas 'nuair shia iad;
 'Nuair a reitich iad a fearann,
 Thug iad uire dha le crìonachd,
 Rinn iad beartas air a thailcamh,
 Ged a thainig iad 'se chi orra.

BARD.

Cha 'n 'eil ach beagan diu' beartach,
 Ged tha pailteas diu' fo fhìachan,
 Tha bhochduinn an Geigh a' leonadh,
 'S tric iad fo chomhlatach a phrìosain,
 Bith an Siorra air an toireachd,
 'S m' e 'm pocanan a sgrìobadh,
 Bheir e leis an cuid mar dhrobhair,
 'S cha n' fheoraich e cìod as pris dhaibh.

COIRNEAL.

Tha cuid diu' mar tha thu 'g radhin,
 Cha n'fhaod mi nìchen' nach fìor e;
 Daoine bha tuilleadh a's sporsail,
 'Sa nba mor chuiseach nan inntinn,
 A thuit gun fhìos dhaibh ann an a-fhìach,
 Cha 'n 'eil e cho soirbh dhaibh dìreachd,
 O'n a dh' atharruich an saoghal,
 'Sa rinn caochladh air na prìsean.

BARD.

'Smor a dh' atharruich an saoghal,
 'S mise dh' fhaodadh sin a ghra' in,
 Thug e car dhomh nach do shaoil mi,
 Chuir e 'n aois mi na bu tràithe,
 Tinn don choille fad 'o dhaoire,
 A leagadh nan cròbh as an la-nìch;
 Ged a fhuair mi fearann saor ann,
 'S goirt a shaoithreachadh gu aiteach.

COIRNEAL.

Cha chuant mi gur obair chrunidh e,
 'S nach bi uachd ran gu brach ort;
 A mhaoidheas do chuir air fogradh,
 Mur a dian thu 'n corr thoir dha-san,
 Cha bhi na chomas do dhaoradh,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu maor leis a bharlta,
 Gu de nis a bhiodh d'thu 'g iondrain,
 O'n thainig d'thu anduthaich aghor.

BARD.

'Sioma' ruid a tha mi 'g ionndrain,
Nach dian 'san am so bonn sta dhomh,
Nam bi'n ann an tir mo dluchais,
Far an robh mi 'n tus mo laithean,
Gheibhinn meas a' measg nan uaislean,
Bha mun cuairt domh 'n Barra-Ghael,
B' fhearr gun d'fhuirich mi rim' bheo ann,
Mun d' thainig mi chomhnuidh 'n Bhràigte.

COIRNEAL.

Ged bu mhath bhi measg nan uaislean,
Gur ann fada bh'nat a's fhearr iad,
A luchd muinntir tha na' seirbheis,
Cha n-airde an ainm no na truillean,
Sleamhuin an teachd aig an dorsaibh,
Mur a coisicheadh d' thu fallidh,
'S nan tuiteadh d' thu uair gun fhios dut,
Rachadh bristeadh air a chairdens.

BARD.

'S ioma' fear le storas stochdail,
Tha gle shoerach a toirt mail daibh,
'S inntinneach iad fad an t-samhruidh,
Le 'n cuid 'sna gleann-tainean fàsach,
'Nuair a theid iad dh'ionns' mhargaidh,
Gheibh iad airgid, 's cha bhi dail ann,
'S na faicheadh d' thu iad air tilleadh,
Chinntadh iad gin ri t-fhairdein.

COIRNEAL.

Ged tha toileachadh 's na glinn sin;
Tha cusban an rìgh ri phaigheadh,
Cha n'fhaod iad iasg a thoirt a linne,
Na fiadh o'n fhìreach as airde,
Ma mharbas iad eun ann san doire,
Theid an coireachadh mar mheirlich,
Tuirnidh iad a stigh gu binn iad,
Theid an diteadh, 's cuirear cain orra.

BARD.

'S furasda dhaibh sin a phaigheadh,
'S ach mar tha mi anns an tir so,
A liuthad la bho Fheil-Martuin,
A fhuair mi saruchadh a's mi-mhodh,
Gur tric a chuing air mo mhùineal,
A tarraim a chonnaidh le dichuill,
'S a sneachda dhomh mu na cruachain,
Cuid do dh'uisirean bidh mi 'n iosal.

COIRNEAL.

Tog do mhisneach 'sna biodh bron ort,
Ged tha sin 'an conuidh sgith leat,
Bi' d' thu fhathasd mas a beo thu,
Cho doigheil 's as math le t-inntinn;
Gu do dh'iarraidh d' thu ach fhaotinn,
Fearan saor a's coir bho 'n rìgh air,
Bhios an deigh do bhais mar oighreachd,
Aig do chloinn ma bhios iad erionnda.

BARD.

'Nuair a chunntas mi mo shaothair,
Bidh e na's dnoire na fhiach dhomh,
Mun dian mi ghlanadh 'sa reiteach,
Sa dhuir ri cheile na theintean;
Gur coltaiche mi 'san uair sin,
Li fear a toll-guail a d'eadh,
Bi' mi cho dubh ris na truillean,
A th' aig statachan nan Innean.

COIRNEAL.

Ged a shiubhladh d' thu 'n Roinn-Forpa,
'Sa bhi feoraich anns gach rioghachd,
Cha n'fhaic thu duine gun storas,
A t'inn beo ann le bhi diamhain;
Tha mi 'n dail gun robh thu gorach,
'Nuair a thoisich thu ri diteadh,
'S ioma' non dha'n d'rinn i fuasgladh,
Bha na thruaghan a t'inn innte.

BARD.

Cemar dh'fhaodainns' moladh,
'S gun mi toilichte ann an inntinn,
O'n a thig toiseach na duldachd,
Bidh a chuis na h-aobhar claidh dhomh;
A'geiridh 'sna maduinean veota,
Gum bi crith air m'fheoil 's air m'fhiacian,
'S gaoth tuath le fuachd, gam leonadh,
Mur a bi mo chomhdach cinnteach.

COIRNEAL.

Air son toileachadh do nadair,
Cha 'n 'eil sta dhut a b' e stri ris,
'Sin an ceum nach d' theid thu dh' aichea',
O'n a dh'fhailnich ar sinnsreadh,
Ged bha pailteas aig Adhamb,
Bha craobh 'sa gharadh a dhi air,
Dh'fhag a meas fo iochd a bhais e,
'Nuair a ghabh e pairt o'n mhnaoi dhe'.

BARD.

'Se ni mi tuilleadh mar raoghainn,
Gun chuir a taghaidh n'as daine,
Tha mao an duine a'g iarraidh ailghios,
Eadar e bhi ard a's iosal,
Chluinnidh mi gearain o'n Diuchda,
Cho math rin-sin tha toirt cis dha,
'S o'n bhaigear a tha coag na luireach,
'S o'n fhearr a tha crun an rìgh air.

Cha lean mi ni's fhaide seanachas,
Mun cinn iad searbh dhe' le chluinntinn;
'S ma faigh iad coire dha m' ghaelic,
Cha bhi mi 'g radhain no 'g inanse,
Ole no math mar bhios mo charadh,
'San aite so 's eigin strìochdadh,
Soraidh bh'uam gu tir nan Gael,
Nach leig mi gu brach air dichuimhne.

ORAN CUMHA

DO BHEAN UASAL OG CHLIUITEACH, A BHA FOSDA
AIG DOCTAIR IAIN NOBLE—MAR GUN DIAN-
ADH A COMPANACH E.

SEISD.—“ *Gur e mise th' air mo leonadh*
'S mi ri amharc na' seol air chuana
sgith.'”

A noohd gur luaineach mo chadal,
'S mi ri gluasad 'am leabaidh gun tamh;
Leis a bhruaillean 's th' air m'aigne,
Cha dualach dhomh fada bhi slau,
Chuir mi cello mo leapa,
Ann an ciste chaol ghlaiste nan clar;
'S trom a chis thug an t-eug dhiom,
Bi' mi cumha' mud' dheiginn gu brach.

Bi' so bliadhna mo chlisgidh,
An ochd-ceud-deug 'san da-fhichead 'sa tri,
An dara miosa dhe 'n t-samhradh,
Se chiad la dhe thug teann orm sgrìob;
'Nuair a chairich mi ghaoil thu,
Ann' a leine don chaol-anart ghrinn;
'S d'thu gun chlaisteachd gun leirsinn,
'S goirt an t-saighead tha reubadh mo chridhe.

'S beag an t-ìoghnadh sin dhomhsa,
Bhi fo mhulad 'sam bron air mo chlaoidh;
Tha mi nis ann am onrachd,
'S bean mo thighe bhi 'n naoidh gam' dhi;
Chaill mi ceile glan m'òige,
C'aite a faic mi cas boidheach 'san tìr,
Bha do nadar 's do bheusan,
A co-fhreagrachd dha cheile anns gach ni.

'Si do ghnuis a bha aluinn,
Gum be teisteanas chaich ort gum b'fhlòr;
Bha do phearsa gun fhaillein,
O'd mhullach gu sailtean do bhuinn;
Bha do ghruaidh mar na resan,
Slios mar eala nan lon lon air an tuinn,
'Se bhi 'd oluimha mo chombhradh,
'S oha d'theid thu rim' bheo as mo chuimhne.

'Se bhi bronach as gnaths domh,
'O na rinn mi do charadh 'san uir;
Bheir gach aon rud a dh'fhag thu,
Ann am shealladh gach la thu as ur,
Bheir e laigse air mo nadar,
Agus sìleadh gu lar air mo shuil—
Chaidh mo mhisneach gu faillein
O'n a chuir mi thu'n caradly 'sua buird.

An am luidho agus eiridh,
'S d'thu mo leabhar ga leubhadh 's mi sgith;
Leis an teachdaire ghruamach,
A bha 'g amharc mun cuairt dut san am,
Thilg e saighdean a lot thu,
Cha robh feum ann am dhotaireachd ann,
'S on a dh'fhag mi 'sa chnoc thu,
Gur a dilleachdain bhochda do chlann.

Leam as duillech do phaisdean,
Gur a lag iad 's gun mhathair rin' eul!
Sinn mar luing air a fuidhach,
Ann an anradh a chuain thar a curs,
Ann an cunnart gach bare-slugh, [stuiur
Bhrist na ceanglaichean—dh'fhuasgail an
Tha chairt iuil air a sraendh,
Dh'fhalbh an compaist, na slatan, 'sna siuil.

Thainig dith air an ardaich,
'Nuair a dh'cirjeh tuil bhuite fo croice,
Thuit craobh-ubhal mo gharaidh,
'S gun do fhroiseadh a blatin feadh an fheoir;
Claidd mo choinneal a smaladh,
Ba ghlan solus a dearsu mun bhord;
Bhrist a ghloine bha m' sgathan—
Dh'fhalbh an daoimein a' m' fhaineachan oir.

Tha mo chridhe air a mhuchadh,
'S mi gun mbaran, gun sugradh, gun cheol;
'S trom an t-eallach a dhruigh air,
Ged as eigin domh ghluan le bron;
Bha mi roimhe so sunntach,
'Nuair a fhuair mi le cumhant ort coir;
Rinn a chuibhle orm tiendadh,
Bho na dhalladh do shuilean le sgìco.

Si do shuil bu ghlan sealladh,
Cha robh gruaim air do mhadaidh na sgraing;
Bha thu sughantach falaidh,
'S d' thu bu shiobhalt briathran a's cainnt;
Si do lamh nach robh diambain,
Bu ghlan t-obair o'd mhiaran gun mheang;
'Sann a' nochd tha mi cinail
'Se bhi t-ionndrain a liath mi gun taing.

Theirig samhradh mo laithean,
Tha mi uircasach craiteach gu leoir
Thainig geamhradh na aite:
Dhoirt na tuiltean gu lar bho na neoil;
Mi mar dhuine ann a' fiabhras,
Na fear seachrain air sliabh ann an ceo:
Chuir mi iuchair mo riaghailt,
Ann an tasgaidh 'sa bhliadhna bha corr.

Iuchair ghlèusta agus ghliocais,
Gan robh ciall agus tuigse gu leoir;
Fhad 'sa bha thu ri fhaotinn,
'S d' thu gun cumadh an teaghlach air doigh,
Ach a nis 'o na sgaol e,
Gun d' theid sgapadh 's gach aon do na meoir;
'S mise am thruaghan rim' shaoghal,
'S nach 'eil leigheas ri fhaotinn dha m' leon.

Ged a theid mi don leabaidh,
Cha d' thig bunireadh a chadail 'nam' cheann,
'S ann tha m' inntinn cho luaineach,
Ris na duilleagan uaine air a chrann;
Bhi ga t-fhuicinn 'um buadar,
'Nuair a dhuisgeas mi suas gun thu ann;
'S iad mo smaointeinan unigheach,
Tha bhi t-shineadh fo'n fhuar-lic ud thall.

Be so samhradh mo chruadhail,
Dh'fhag mo leaba 's mo chluasagan lom;
Tha mo chomhuidh cho uaigneach,
'S ged a bh'i'n ann uamha nan toll,
Gun bli t-fhaicinn rim' ghuakain,
Se chuir aiceid ro-bhuan ann am chom;
Tha mo chridhe fo smuaircan,
As e mar chudtrom na luaidhe 's gach am.

Och! se aobhar mo ghearain,
Bean mo ghaoil chuir a' fulach 'sa chill;
Se ciselehd gairich do leanabh,
'Nuair a bha thu 'san annart gun chli;
Fuaim an uird ris an taruim,
Bh'aig na saoiribh gad' sparradh fo dhion,
Chuir sud gaoir ann am bhallaibh,
'S gun a dh'èirich mo ghalar ri linn.

Gu de sta dhomh bli 'g iomradh,
Air do bheus 'o na dh'fhalbh thu 's nach till;
'S ann tha sean-fhacal dearbhta—
Dh'fhiosraich pairt e bli dearbhte anns gach
Gum bi suil ri beul fairge, [lir.n
'S nach bi suil ri beul roilge a chaoidh,
Dh'fhag sin mise mar bhalbhann—
'S bi mi tarsuinn lenn' sheanachas gu criche.

Bidh mi nis a co-dhunadh,
Cha'n 'eil feum dhomh bli t-ionndrain a
Ged a leanain as ur air, . [ghraidh.
Gheibhinn eumhneachan tursach mu d'
Tha ar beatha neo-chinnteach, [bhas;
Air a comcas 'san fhìrinn ri sgail,
Sinn mar choigrich 'san tìr so,
Theid sinn tile gu siorr'achd gun dail.

ORAN DON CHUAIRTEAR.*

Deoch-slaime a Chuairtear a ghluais a' Al-
buinn,
Bho thù na mor-bheann 'sa sheol an fhaerge,
Don duthaich choilltich thoir d'ann a
sheanachais,
'Sa fear nach ol i, bidh moran fearg ris.

'Nuair thig an Chuairtear ud nair sa mhiosa,
Gum bi na h-oganaich le toilintinn,
A tional colais na chomhradh sìobhalta,
'S bidh naighlachd ur aig air 'Chlu an sinns-
readh.

Gur lionar maighdean a th'ann an deigh air,
'Sa bhios le caoimheas a faighneachd sgeul
dhe,
Le solus choimnlean a bhios ga lenbhadh,
'S bidh eachdraidh ghaoil aige do gach te
dhiu.

* 'Chuairtear nan Gleann,' or the 'Gaelic Tourist.'

Cha n' ioghuadh oigri thoir moran speis da,
'Nuair tha na seann-daoin' 'tha cull a 'leir-
sinn,
'San cinn air iathadh, cho dian an deigh air,
'S nach dian iad fhaicinn mur cleachd iad
spenclar.

'Se'n Chuairtear Gaelach an tarmunn ainneil,
'Nuair theid an t-ailagan sin fo armaibh,
Le pheansa bhoidheach 'an comhdheach ball-
bhreac, [garbhlaich.
Mar chleachd a shìnsreadh gu dìreachd

Be sin an t-eideadh bha eutrom uallach,
Gu sìubhal bheann, agus ghleann a's chrua-
chan,
Gu seasamh laraich an lathair cruadhail.
'S tric bha namhaid 'an eas san ruag leat.

'Nuair thig e 'n tìr so, mu thù na samhna,
Cha lagaich fauchd e na gruaim a gheamh-
ruidh,
Bidh feile-euaiche mu chruachain teann-
tuidh,
'Sa bhreacan gnaile gu h-uallach greannar.

Bidh boineid ghorm agus gearr-chot ur air,
Bidh osain dhealbhaich mu chalpa dunnail,
Bidh gartain stiallach far fiar ghrèid euil air,
'Sa bhrogan eile, be 'n t-eideadh dachais.

Bidh lann gheur staillein an crios braois-
denn airgid, [haich,
'Sa dhag air ghleusadh, nach lenn le cear-
A bhiodag dhuallach do chruaidh na Gear-
mailt, [bhruc.
Sa sporan iallach do bhian an t-seana-

'Nuair chi mi 'n Chuairtear tha nasal rioghail,
Bidh mi ga shamhlaibhadh ri Iain Muilleir,
Tha fhehad geamhradh o'n tha e 's tìr so,
'S cha'l chuir e rianh air a shiasaid cuibh-
reach.

Tha corr as ead o'n tha ciall as eumhne
aige,
'S tric a shealg e damh dearg 'sna frithean,
Air shìos beinn Armuin a b'ard ri dhireadh.
An deigh an t-seorsa ud be'n comhlan
fiachail.

'Sa Chuairtear aluinn tha tamh 'sna gleann-
tan,
Ga bheil a Ghaelie 'sa 'sfhearr ni labhradh,
Nach gabh tamailt co ni ris sealltainn,
'S mor do chairdean tha 'n drasd an geall ort.

Gun ghabh iad thachd dhiot, le beachd nach
treig iad,
O'n 's gael gasda thu, tha sgairteil gleusta,
'S d' thu Oighre an Teachdair a chleachd
bhi beusach,
'S nach d' fhag, masla' air a mhac na dheigh
san.

'Sa Chuairear ghradhaich cha d'thugainn
fuath dhut,
Gun robh do chuirdeas ri sar, dhaoine nuisle,
Ged rinn pairt diu' do charadh suarach,
A chaill an Gaelic, 'snu b' fhearr cha d'
fhuair iad.

Gur mor na fiachan fo bheil na Gael,
Don fhear* a dh'inntich ar leabhar nadair,
'Sa dhearbh le firinn gur i a Ghaelic,
Baine-chioch a lion gach cancin.

Bu lus bha priseil i chinn 'sa gharadh,
Bu ghlan gun truailleadh a fuaim aig Ad-
hamh,
Bha stoichd gun chrionadh na bhrigh 'sna
fhaileadh,
Ged thainig siontan a mhill an blath air.

Gun robh i dileas do laoich na *Feinne*,
Bu daoine calma nan aimsir fhein iad,
Rinn Oissein danachd dhaibh air a reir sin,
Si labhair Padruig a bheannaich Eirin.

* The late lamented Lachlan McLean, Esq., of
Glasgow, author of the "History of the Gaelic
Language."

A Chuairear eibhinn na treig gu brach i,
'S na leig air diehuimhne ri linn an ails' i,
Bidh sinn ga seinn anns na coilltean fasach,
Mar bha clann Israel aig braighde Bhabilon.

A Chuairear shiobhalt ma ni thu m'iarraidh,
'S gun cuir thu 'n t-oran so 'an clo nan
iarunn,
'S gun dian thu ghiulan 'sa churs' an iar leat,
Do'n Eilein iosal an tir o'n thriall mi.

Bho'n tha thu siubhlach a' measg nan Gael,
Gun cuir thu curamach e sa mhaileid,
'S aig Cnoc Mhic-Dhughail a ni thu fhagail,
'S thoir fios dha 'n ionnsuidh gu bheil mi 'n
shlainte.

'Nuair bhios mi comhla ri comunn cairdeil,
Nar suidhe comhnard mu bhord tigh thairne,
Gun gabh mi 'n t-oran, gun ol 's gum
paigh mi,
Deoch-shlainte a chuairear le bunaidh don
Ghaelic.

AIREAMH TAGHTA
DE
SHAR-OB AIR NAM BARD GAELACH;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following songs and poems are the productions of gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on rare occasions, and under the impulse of strong feelings excited by extraordinary events;—or, of individuals of whose history little is known to the world, and whose works were not sufficiently voluminous to entitle them to a place among the professed or recognised bards. When the tide of chivalry ran high in the Highlands, and ere the Gaelic ceased to be spoken in the chief's hall, it was deemed no disparagement to people of the highest rank to embody their feelings on any subject in Keltic poetry. Many of these pieces are of commanding merit, and it is hoped that they will form an appropriate and valuable appendage to this work. So far as practicable, the paternity of the poem is given, and such historical and illustrative notes are interspersed as the full elucidation of the subject seemed to require.

MOLADH CHABAIR-FEIDH.

LE TORMOD BAN MAC-LEOID.

DEOCH-SLAINTE' chabair feidh so
Gur h-eibhinn 's gur h-aighearach;
Ge fada bho thir fein e,
Mhic Dhe greas g'u fhearann e;
Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
A's m' eideadh nar nheana mi,
Mur ait leam thu bhi 'g eiridh
Le treun neart gaeh caraide!
Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
Ealamh, ullamh, acuinneach;
Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,
Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhaibh;
Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,
Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,
Ri faicinn ceann an fheich ort
'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Be'n t-amadan fear Foluis,
'Nuair thoisich e cogadh riut;

Rothaich agus Rosaich—
Bu ghorach na bodaich iad;
Frisealaich a's Granddaich,
An campa cha stadadh iad;
'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.
Theich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich
An treas duine 'bh'aca-san;
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—
Cha do las a dhagachan;
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e as,
'S ann dh'eigh e 'n t-each a b' aigeannaich,
Ri gabhal an ra-treuta,
'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

'S ann an sin bha 'm fnahtas
Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
An deas dhuinn a's an tuath dhuinn,
Gu luath ruith roi' d' cheann-cideadh;

Mar sgaoth a dh'coin nam fuar-bheann,
 A's gruainn air a h-uile fear,
 A tearnach bhò na sleibhtean
 Gu reidhleinn 's gu cladaichean.
 Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'Fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh;
 Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagradh sradh,
 'S a luthadh toirtair dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air flod thar chlaigeannan?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Gu'm faigh mi fein mi dhurachd—
 ('Se dhaisg as mo chadal mi)
 An Ti da'n geill na duilean,
 'S da 'n umhlaich na h-uile ni,
 Gun greas e thu gu d' dhuthaich,
 Gu h-niseil 's gu h-urramach!
 Gur tu nach leigeadh cuis,
 Leis na du-Ghaill nach buineadh dhaibh;
 'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luehd gnothaich,
 Gun fhios eo a throdadh riut;
 Am sine Rothach chuir thu fothadh
 Ge mor leotha 'n ladornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruithe-choimhich,
 'S am baile-nodha na shradagan,
 'S na lasair anns na speuran,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu,
 'S gu'm b'uachdaran allail thu;
 Bha Cataich fo do churam,
 'S dh' umhlaich na Gallach dhut;
 'S gach ti bha riut an diumba,
 'S nach duirigeadh sealladh ort,
 A faicinn bhí gu'n sgiursadh,
 Gu duthaich nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach; [b'reach,
 Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag 's chorean
 Cha philleadh luchd-bogairt iad;
 Thig feachd Mhic-Shimi gu do mhilleadh,
 'S ruitheidh iad gu saidealta;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chilar t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort!

Th'am brochan a' toirt sar dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n cal a' toirt an oirbh;
 Ach 's beag is misde 'n t-armunn,
 'Ur sath thoirt an nasgnadh dhuibh:
 Ge mor a thug sibh chaise,
 Thar airidhean Assainne,
 Cha'n fhacas euirm a'm Fokais,
 Ge mor bha do chearcan ann;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',
 Coin a's gillean gortach ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dileag bhrochain ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear mairt-eoil ann am poit ann;
 Mur bi ceare ga plotaigeadh;
 'S ga'n tional air an deire,
 'Nuair threigeas gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an ìolair,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'i,
 'S do dh-fheidh anns na frichean:—
 Bi'dh iadsa moch ag eiridh,
 A feuchainn bhìolair;
 'S bi'dh is' air sean each caoile,
 Rì slòadadh a mhìonaich us;
 Chuir i spuir a staigh na churach,
 A's thug i fhuid na spadul as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' gearraidh donais,
 Bi'dh na coin a' sabaid ris;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gonn fhios e'ait' an stadhd e,—
 Mas' ole a lean e abhaist,
 Cha b' fhearr far na chuidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhuotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollachadh:
 Gel tha ort iteag dhìreach,
 Mar fhìor shuighthead corranach,
 'S ged' thuir iad riut am firenn,
 Tha ionan an donais ort!
 'S iona buachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus enaille bat aige';
 Ni guidhe bhuan do bhiantan bhuaith,
 'S a bhuaileas bhò do thapadh thu;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,
 'N uair thachras cabar feidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhì snasadh dha!

Tha cabar-fearna Dhombhuill,
 Mar spors' anns an talamh' ac';
 Nach innseadh sibh dhombh' e,
 'S gu'm b'col domh a charachadh:
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-colach,
 Gu Seoras an earraideach,
 Gur h-e fear Dhuin-Dombhuill,
 Le loup chum an t-anam ris; [ghlioca
 'Bhiasd gun mbeas, gun mbiagh gun,
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseach,
 'S tu an t-isean amaidach;
 Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnothach,
 'S tu a t-ambusg aineolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choimnich miadh ort,
 Cha b' fhaich thu 'n treas earrainn deth.

Faire! faire! 'shuoghail,
 Gur caochlaidhenech carach thu,
 Chunna mise Si-phort,
 'Nam pioban cruidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'fionn-shluagh,
 Ged shineadh Mac-Cailein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'eireadh leat an coir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Assainn, a's fa dheas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snaip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—

Bu leat Sir Domhnuil Shleibhte,
'Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'eireadh leat fir Mhuideirt,
'Nuair ruisgte do bhrataichean,
Le 'n lannan daito du-ghorm,
Gu'n eiuirte na marcaich leo;
Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Iomhuinn,
Le 'n euilbheirean acuinneach;
'Nuair racladh iad 'san iorghuill,
Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad :—
B'ídh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
Ann am Brathuim blaidelaich,
B'ídh cinne t-athair ort a feitheamh,
Co bhrathadh bagradh ort?
B'ídh fion ga chluithreamh feadh do thaighe,
'S uisce-beatha feadhnaich;
'S gur liomhor piob' ga'n gleusadh,
'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort!

Note.—Norman McLeod, the author of the foregoing clan song was a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Little is known to us of his parentage except that he moved in the higher circles of his country, and upon his marriage, rented an extensive farm in his native parish. He had two sons whose status in society shows that he was in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—one of them was Professor Hugh McLeod of the University of Glasgow; and the other, the Rev. Angus McLeod, Minister of Rogart in the county of Sutherland. Both sons were men of considerable erudition and brilliant parts,—and Angus's name is still mentioned in the North with feelings of kindness and respect.

Norman McLeod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr. McKenzie of Ardloch whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "*Cabar-feidh*," which has single handed stamped the celebrity of McLeod, arose out of the following circumstance. The earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who, with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pasturages at the shellings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the shellings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, McLeod invoked the muse and composed "*Cabar-feidh*," or the clan-song of the McKenzies—making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had antecedently made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed. Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life for his temerity, if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other; but chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "*Uilleam a bhonaid uidhir*." One day as he entered Ardguy Inn, there sat Norman McLeod, on his way to Tain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale. Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; not so McLeod—he immedi-

ately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drank to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the horn with the following contemporary salutation:—

"Ar an n'le in a' eile
Mh' d'g an bas air Tormod;
A' chreach do th' air an rathad,
'S an g'leib na h'athach f'earg r'ia."

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
Ere death my mouth shall close;
And, trait'or, there's a drink for thee,
To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after. Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young lieutenant, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart.—"And do you really think, Sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son?" "*Cabar-feidh* is not forgotten yet." "No! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from the pulpit there!" "Thank you! thank you!" said Achany, "that is one important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all—and we must try to get the kirk for you." He gave him a letter to Dunrobin and he got the appointment.

"*Cabar-feidh*" is one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language, and deservedly so. It has been erroneously ascribed to Matheson, the family-bard of Seaforth; but now for the first time, it is legitimately patented, and the only correct edition, which has yet appeared, is here given. The song itself bears internal evidence that our history of its paternity is strictly correct; and our proofs in corroboration are numerous and decisive. Nothing can surpass the exultation of the bard while he sings the superiority of the clan K'Kenzie, over those who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line "*Nuair dh'eireadh do chabar ort!*" falling in at the end of some of the stanzas, has an electrifying effect; and, although figurative in its language, is so applicable as to transport us beyond ourselves to those feudal times when our mountain warriors rushed to the red field of battle to conquer or to die. The music, as well as the poem, is McLeod's, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipe; so popular, indeed, has this tune been in many parts of the Highlands, that it was not danced as a common reel, but as a sort of country dance. We have seen "*Cabar-feidh*" danced in character, and can bear testimony that, for diversified parts, for transitions, mazes and evolutions, it yields not, when well performed, to any "*Cotillon breut* new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIR Fonn—"Carraig Fhearghults."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
Gu'n taghail mi monadh
'S an tuitend an sneachda,
'S a ghail-shion gu trom;
'S an talamh neo-chairsrig',
'S na chail mi na casan,
Mu'n d'rainig mi'n caisteal
'N robh Mali chruinn donn!

'Nuair a rainig mi doras
 Gu'n dh'fhas mi cho toilicht,
 'S gu'n d' rinn mi gach dosgainn
 A thogail gu fonn;
 A's thanh mi 's an asuil,
 Bha 'n sail beinn an t-sneachda
 Cho blath ris a chladach
 Bha m fásgadh nan tonn.

Fhír a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Mali* chruinn donn;
 Tha thuinnidh sa' ghleannan,
 Aig alltan a cheannaich',
 'S gur daoine gun tubhail
 Nach taghaidh am fonn:
 I mar ionmhas an tásgaidh,
 Gun ckunnart gun gheasan,
 Ach a fuotainn gu taitneach,
 Dhu 'n fhear rachadh ann;
 'S ged bhithlan am Bharon,
 Air duthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
 Gu'm foghaidh mar *mhaitche*,
 Lean *Mali* chruinn donn!

Tha pearsa cho boidheach,
 Tha i tlachdmhor na comhdach,
 Tha taitneas na comhradh,
 Mar smeorach nan gleann,
 Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
 'Nuair rinn i rium brithinn,
 'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
 Gu tighinn a nall.
 Bha h-aogas gun smalan
 Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
 Bha gaol air a thasgaidh,
 'S a chridhe ' bha na com:
 Gu'n smaoinich mi agam
 Nach rachadh am mearachd,
 Ged theirinn gur piuthar
 I dh' Iain geal, donn.

Na meoir sin bu ghile,
 Bha corr air ghlinneas,
 A's boiche ni fíche
 A's fuaidheal glan reidh;
 Gur cuimir, deas, díreach,
 A shiubhlas tu'n rídhle,
 'Nuair dhuiseagar gu oridheil
 Dhut fíodhall nan teud:
 'S tu oheumadh, gu boidheach,
 'S a thionndadh gu h-eolach,
 'S a fhreagradh gu h-ordail
 Do cheolan nam meur;
 Tha'n earbag 'sa mhonadh,
 'S math tearmunn o'n ghaillíonn,
 'S gur sealbhach do'n fhear sin
 A ghlaos a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suaireis,
 'S o leasraidh na h-uisle,
 Be t-fhasan 's bu dual dut
 O'n bhuaineadh do sheors;
 Gur furaoch, pairteach,
 Am preas as an dh'fhas thu,

Mar rinneadh do charaill
 O'n Au 's o'n t-Srath-mhor.
 Na'm biodh sibh a lathair,
 'S an stail mar a b'uill leam,
 Cha reiginn 'ur cairdeas
 Air innai 'na Roimn-Eorp;
 Gu'm beil mi 'n diugh sabhailt,
 O chunna mi Mairi
 Gu'n sheas i dhomh aite,
 Na mathar nach beol

Chuir i fásgadh mu'n euaire domh,
 Mar carradh math nachdair,
 Gu'n bhaflich i uaisle
 Le suaireas glun beoil.
 Lunn shoilleir neo-spíocach,
 'S an cridhe neo-chrianta,
 Aig nighean Catriana
 'S mo bhriathar bu choir!
 Ge nach fua mi t-athair,
 Gu'n cuala mi leithid,
 'S gu'm b'urra mi aithris,
 Cuid dh' fhasain an t-seoid:—
 Bha e fial ris na mathaibh—
 Ceann' chliar agus cheathairn',
 'S bu dhiobhail mar thachair
 Luaths' chaidh e fo'n fhod.

Bhíodh ol ann, bhíodh ceol ann,
 Bhíodh fíran, bhíodh poit ann,
 Bhíodh orain, bhíodh dochas
 Mu bhord an fhir fheil;—
 Bhíodh iasg ann, bhíodh sealg ann,
 Bhíodh fíadh, agus earb ann,
 Bhíodh coilcach dubh barraghal,
 Ga mharbhadh air geig.
 Bhíodh brúdan an fíor-uisg,
 Bhíodh taghadh gach síthn' ann,
 Bhíodh liath-cheurcan fraoich
 Anns an fhrith aig a fein;
 'Nam tighinn gu bhaile,
 'S gu thurlach gun ainnis,
 Bhíodh rusgadh air ealaidh,
 Casg paghaidh, a's sgíos.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
 Gun chine gun ghruaiméan
 Cha 'n fhaigheadh caoh buaidh orr'
 'N tuasaid na'n streup;
 Iad gun ardan, gun uabhar,
 Neo smaohdail air tuatha,
 Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
 'Fas suas anns gach ní.
 O na dh'imich na h-armuinn,
 Chaidh an saoghal gu tairé,
 'S bi'dh bron agus paidh
 Rí chlaistinn na'n deigh:—
 'S na 'm fanain rí fhaicinn,
 Cho fad' rí mo sheanair,
 Gu'm farr'deadh gach fear dhíom
 —" Am faca mi 'n Fheinn?"

O na dhi-míoh na h-armuinn,
 'S e n-ar cuid na tha lathair,

Gu m' beannaicht 'n geard
Th'air an alach a th' ann!
Ceud soraith, ceud failte,
Ceud furan gu Mairi,
A dh'fhag sinn 'sa Mhaigh
Ann an braighe nan gleann
'S i cuachag na coille,
Na h-naise 's na h-oilean,
A dh'fhag sinn gu loinneil
An creagan nam beann;
A gheala-ghlan gun ainneil,
B'e t-ainn a bh' banail,
'S gu'n d'beurbh thu bi d'neil,
'S n'ir chluinneam-'s do chall!

Gu'n chluinneam-'s do bhainig,
Ge nach faic mi thu tuilleadh,
Gar an barradh tu idir
Dhol fad' as an fhonn;
Ach an aite na 's deiseil,
Gun bhlar, no gun chreagan,
'S na gheibh m' achanaich freagairt
Cha'n eagal d'at bonn;
Tha naislean, 's treun-laich,
Tha truaghain a's feumaich,
'Toirt tuaraisgeul gleusta
Air t-fheum anns gach ball;
Tha gach thlachd ort ri innseallh,
Lamh gheal a ni sgrìobadh,
'S gur tuig-each a chiall
A chuir Dia na do cheann!

Bi'dh mo dhan agus m' oran,
Bi'dh m' alla mar 's eol domh,
Gu brath fhad 's is beo mi
Toirt sgeoil ort a chaoith;
Na fhuair mi dhe t-thuran,
Cha'n fhuaraich e tuille,
Ni smaointean mo chridhe
Riut brithinn nach pill;
Cha 'n eil Siorrachd dha 'n teid mi,
Ged 'n ruighinn Dun-cidenn,
Nach toir mi deugh sgeul ort
Fhad ' dh' eisdear mo rainn
'S bheir mi Charrag bho Fheargus,
Gu atharrach ainne,
'S leuchd-ealaidh na h-Alba
D'a sheanchas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud failte,
Ceud soraith le bardachd
Ceud thlachd mar ri ailleachd,
Air fas air a mhnaoi;
Ceud beannachd na dha dhut,
'S gu'm buiccam-sa ean thu,
Mu tha idir an dan domh,
'Dhoi gu brath do Loch-bhrain;
Ged nach sgalaiche baird mi,
Cha 'n urrainn mi aicheadh,
Ma thig iad ni 's daine
Gu'm paigh iad ris daor:—
'S i bean nan rasg trodhad,
Gun ardan, gun othail,
'S i Mairi 's glain' bodhaig
—Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghobhar, creag chaorach,
Creag bheann, agus aonaich,
Creag fhasgach ri gaoith thu,
Creag bogh, agus mheann;
Creag chaoran, creag chnothan,
Creag fhiarach, a's chreamhach,
Creag ianach a' labhairt
An barrabh nan crann;
Gu'n chluinne guth siorrach
An uinneag do sheomair,
'S a chluithag a comhradh
Mar a b' eol d'ì bh' eainnt,
'S bi'dh ealaidh a mhonaidh,
Ri cluich anns an doras
Mar onair ri *Mholi*,
Beun shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgrìobhadh,
No litir a leughadh,
Fhir a dhealaidh an de riunn
Aig ean an fheidh dhuinn,
'Chuir a chuid gillean,
'Sa ghearrain ga'm' shreadh,
Ma'n rachadh mo mhilleadh,
An curaidse puill;
O nach urra mi mholadh,
An onair mar choisinn,
Mo bheannachd gu meal o
Gun easlaint a chaoith!
Fhir n shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh' ionnsuillh na Dabhoich,
Uam inirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Mali* chruinn Donn!

Note.—The above truly admirable song was composed by William McKenzie, the Galloch and Lockbroom catechist, commonly called *An Ceitèar Crubach*, owing to a lameness which he had. He was a native of the parish of Galloch, and was born about the year 1670. In his early years, McKenzie had the reputation of being a serious young man; he committed to memory the whole of the questions of the Shorter Catechism in Gaelic, and was subsequently allowed a small stated salary for going about from house to house in the forementioned parishes, catechising the young, and imparting religious instruction to all who chose to attend his meetings. It was while employed on these missions that he composed the foregoing. It was the dead of winter; the houses were far apart—a tremendous storm came on—and our author, to save his life, was compelled to stand in the shelter of a rock. In this situation he was fortunately discovered, and conveyed on horseback to the house of Mr. McKenzie, where he experienced the greatest kindness. He forthwith invoked his muse, and celebrated the praise of his host's sister, then a beautiful young lady, and afterwards Mrs. McKenzie of Kernury, in Galloch. A song of less poetic grandeur and merit might well have immortalized any mountain maid, and established the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of detraction.

CALUM A GHLINNÈ.*

LUNNEAG.

*Mo Chuilin donn og,
S mo nighean dubh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,*

* The author of this popular song was Malcolm McLean, a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. McLean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtaining his discharge

Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh
Mo brinthaer gun togainn,
'S gu'n innsinn an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d' thogradh.
Mo Chailin donn og.

Gr'm beil thu gu boidheach,
 Bainnidh, banail,
 Gun chron ort fo 'n ghrein,
 Gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
 Gur gil' thu fo d' leine
 Na citeng na mura,
 'S tha coir' agam fehn
 Gun eheile bhli mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Gur muladach mi,
 'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
 Na dheanadh dhut sta
 Aig each 'ga mhalart;
 Bi'dh t-athair an comhuaidh
 'G ol le cuthreum,
 'S e colas nan corn
 A dh-fhag mi cho fala.nh.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Nam bithinn a'g ol
 Mh bhord na dibhe,
 'S gum faicinn mo mhiann
 'S mo chiall a' tghinn,
 'S e 'n copan beag donn
 Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
 'S cha tugainn mo bhriathar
 Nach iarrainn e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Bi'dh bodatach na ducl'
 Ri burst 's ri fanaid,
 A cantain rium fehn
 Nach geill mi dh-ainnis;

was allowed some small pension. Having returned to his native country, he married a woman, who, for patience and resignation, was well worthy of being styled the sister of Job. Malcolm now got the occupancy of a small paddock of land and grazing for two or three cows in (Glengulth), at the foot of Beaufort-hills, in the county of Ross. McLean during his military career seems to have learned how to drown dull care as well as 'fight the French—he was a bauchalanian of the first magnitude. He does not, however, appear to have carried home any other of the soldier's vices with him. Few men have had the good fortune to buy immortality at so cheap a rate of literary and poetical labour as "*Calum a' Chlainne*;" on this single ditty his reputation still stands unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the Illulanda of Scotland.

The occasion of the song was as follows: McLean had an only child, a daughter of anomalous beauty and loveliness; but owing to the father's squandering what ought, under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwedded, unsought, and, for a long time, unmarried. The father, in his exorcism, portrays the charms and excellent qualities of his daughter, dealing about some excellent side-blows at fortune-hunters, and taking a reasonable share of blame to himself for depriving her of the bait necessary to secure a good attendance of wooers.

The song is altogether an excellent one, possessing many strokes of humour and flights of poetic idealism of no common order; while its terseness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs have been deduced from it. His "*Nighean dubh Thogarrach*," and her husband were living in the parish of Coum, in the year 1768. Malcolm, so far as we have been able to ascertain, never got free of his tavern propensities, for which he latterly became so notorious, that when he was seen approaching an inn, the local toppers left their work and doeked about him. He was a jolly good fellow in every sense of the word; fond of singing the songs of other poets, for which nature provided him with an excellent voice. He died about the year 1764.

Ge! tha mi gun spreidh,
 Tha teud ri tharruinn,
 'S cha sguir mi de 'n ol
 Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamh.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

'S ioma boduagan gunn
 Nach dnirig m' aithris,
 Le thionnail air spreidh
 'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
 Nach coeg anns a bliadhna
 Trian a ghallain,
 'S cha toir e fo 'n uir
 Na 's mu na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Nam bithinn air feill,
 'S na ceudan mar rium,
 De cluinnendha choir
 A dh-oladh drama;
 Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhord
 'S gun traighinn mo sheurrag
 'S cha tuir mo bhean rianh rium
 Ach—"Dia leat a Chalum!" *
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ge! tha mi gun stor,
 Le ol 's le iomairt,
 Air bheagan de ni,
 Le pris na mine;
 Tha fortan uig Dia,
 'S e falaidh uime,

*The virtue of indifference in his wife was often put to the test, and found to be equal to the glowing representation of the poet. Malcolm had occasion to go to Glasgow on a summer day for a boll of oatmeal; and having experienced the effects of a burning sun and sultry climate, he very naturally went into a public house on his way to refresh himself. Here he came in contact with a Badenoch drover, who, like himself, did occasional business at the shrine of the red-eyed god. "Our worthy brace of toppers" entered into familiar converse; gill was called after gill until they got gloriously happy. Malcolm forgot or did not choose to remember his meal; the drover was equally indifferent about his own proper calling—and thus they sat and drank, and roared and ranted, until one joint told his last sixpence on the table. After a pause, and probably revolving the awkwardness of going home without the meal, "Well," said Malcolm, "if I had more money, I would not go home for some time yet." "That's easily got," replied his cronny; "I'll buy the grey horse from you." The usual speculatively changed owners, and another and more determined onslaught on "blue rain" was the consequence. Our poet did nothing by halves,—he quaffed stomp after stomp until his pockets were emptied a second time. "Egad!" exclaimed McLean, making an effort to lift his head and open his eyes, "I must go now!" "You must," rejoined his friend; "but I cannot see, for the life of me, how you can face your wife." "My wife!" exclaimed the bard in astonishment, "pshaw! man, she's the woman that never sold or will say worse to me than "*Dia leat a Chlainne*;" she'll God bless you, Malcolm. "I'll say you a bit of the price of the horse and the meal that her temper is not so good, and that you will get an entirely different salutation," replied the drover, who had no good faith in the tactfulness of the female sex. "Done! my rerrull," vociferated the bard, grasping the other eagerly by the hand. Away went Malcolm and with him the landlord and other two men, to witness and report what reception our drowsy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, and, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed grateless in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her arms affectionately about him, exclaiming "*Dia leat a Chlainne*." "Ah!" replied Malcolm, "why speak thus softly to me,—I have drunk my money and brought home no meal." "A hootherbell for that," said his helpmate, "we will soon get more money and meal too." "But," continued the intoxicated poet, "I have also drunk the grey horse!" "What signifies that, my love," rejoined the excellent woman, "you, yourself are still alive and mine, and never shall we want—never shall I have reason to murmur while my Malcolm is sound and hearty." It was enough; the drover had to count down the money, and in a few hours Mrs. McLean had the pleasure of hallooing her husband's return with the horse and meal.

'S mo gheibh mi tao shláinte,
Gu'm páibh mi na shir mí.
Mo Chaitín donn og, &c.

Ge mor le each
Na tha mí milleadh.
Cha tógainn mo bhóid
Nach oláim tuilleadh,
'S e gaol a bhí mor
Tha m' fheoil a' síreach—
'Tha 'n sgeul nd ri aithris
Air Callum a Ghlinne.
Mo Chaitín donn og, &c.

CLACHAN GHLINN-DA-RUAIL.

LUNNEAG.

*Mo chaileag bhíon-gheal, wheall-shuileach,
A dh-fhas gu fáiláin, fúsgaill,
Gur tream mo cheam o'n dhéidreach stán,
Aig clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail.*

Di-donaich ríom mí cholachadh,
Bean og 's modhar ghiasad.
Tha 'n guth mar cheol na suco-raiche,
'S mar bhíol an rois a gnuaidhean.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S caoin a seung shlios fúranach,
Neo-churnadh a ceum mallach;
Tha 'n gairdeán ban gle ekmadail:
'S deud bhrach n' a beul guamach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'S ro fháicilleach 'n a comhradh i,
Gun sghim, gun sgleo, no tuilleas;
Gur fathach coiseacht shraideán i,
Air bheagan stait no guaincis.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Seoras aite dhomb,
Cho ard 's a tha measg unislean;
Air m' fhacal 's mor a b' fhearr leann,
A bhí 'n Coir-ehainmh na m' bhruichail.
Mo chaileag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh mí 's m' aillecagan
Air airidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair, seinnh a chaidlín, 's i
Nan m' achlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas oidhch' air leabaidh
dhomb,
Ga t-fháicinn ann am brúadar;
'S am Bìoball fein cha lainsich mí,
Gun t-íomhaigh ghraidh ga 'm bhuaireadh.
Mo chaileag, &c.

'N uair b' fhéilant' briar' a mhíneisteir,
A bharrachadh mu 'r truailléachd;
Bha mise coinneadh durachdach,
Na soire tha d' shuil neo-luaineach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cleir na tire leam,
'S ní sgríobhadh dháibh le fuath-láimh;
'S ann bhios mo sumaint ean-díomhaireach;
Air Síne dhúinn a chnuch-fhuillt.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim ríom;
Ged fhogras iad do 'n Chaint mí,
Bí m' bheo cha toir mí fuath dhut!
Mo chaileag, &c.

Note.—The above popular song has been attributed to many reputed poets, that we feel great pleasure in putting the reader right on the subject. The Perthshire people claimed it for the late Rev. Dr. Irvine of Little Dunkeld; while the others were equally certain that it was the production of Mr. Archibald Currie, teacher of the Grammar School, Borthwick. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to its paternity, we have instituted the necessary inquiries, and have now the satisfaction to announce that it is the composition of Mr. Angus Fletcher, parish schoolmaster of Dumoon. We subjoin Mr. Fletcher's letter in reply to our communication—

"I was born at Cairn-toshie (Cairn), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Lochess, in Cowal, early in June, 1774, and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmaden, Glenfrued. From thence I went to Inver in 1791, where I was variously employed until May, 1804, when I was elected parish schoolmaster of Dumoon, and that situation I have continued to fill (however unworthily) till now.

"The 'Lassie of the Glen' is my earliest poetical production, and came warm from the heart at the age of 16 years. 'Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail,' I think, was composed in 1807, in compliance to a very 'bonnie Bannan Lassie,' Miss Jean Currie of Calvechive, now Mrs. H.—. In this song, although I believe the best of the two, the heart was not at all concerned. It appeared first in the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal,' with my initials, and has been evidently copied from that paper into Turner's collection of Gaelic Songs. The verse beginning 'Gairdeán shraideán thig an t-íomhaigh,' has reference to the situation I then held of deputy-clerk to the Presbytery of Dumoon, and to the office of Session-clerk of the united parish of Dumoon and Kilmun, which I still hold.

"It is, then, the authorship of 'Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail' is settled. It is one of the best and most popular of our amorous pieces, and although the talented author says that 'the heart was not at all concerned' in it, we venture to remind him that Nature, that excellent schoolmistress, had taught him to study her ways. The air to which it is sung is also very popular, and is known in the Lowlands by the name of 'Nell Gow's Strathpey.' But, without wishing to denude that celebrated violinist of any of his laurels, we beg to inform the reader that that air was known in the Highlands centuries before Nell was born. It is entitled 'Gairdeán na Mòrtha Sìth,' or the 'Fair's Carol,' and has the following tradition annexed to it. A certain farmer had engaged a young beautiful female as herd and dairy-maid for a period of twelve months. During the first days of her servitude, as her character and history were altogether unknown, it was necessary to have a sharp eye after her. On one occasion while her employer went out to see whether she was tending the cattle with due care, he found her dauling lightly on the green, and singing a Gaelic song, one verse of which we subjoin—

"Am bun a chruilch cha chaitris mí,
Am bun a chruilchea bhí mí;
Am bun a chruilch cha chaitris mí,
'S mo leabaidh ann an t-áthreas."

We beg to translate this for the sake of the English reader:—

I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
I'll tend not long thy bullock;
I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
My bed is in yon hillock.

But to return to Mr. Fletcher, we are sorry that want of room prevents us from giving the "Lassie of the Glen" in Gaelic. We annex, however, an English translation of it which has deservedly become very popular. It is from Mr. Fletcher's own pen.

AIR—"Cum an Fhasag ribeach bhram."

Beneath a hill 'mong birken bushes,
By a burnie's drompht flann,
I told my love with artless blushes,
To the Lassie o' the Glen.

*O! the broken bank see grass-ble,
Heard the heron's song all lonely,
Darting o'er the broken bay-ble,
Lying in yon solitary glen.*

*Lanely thimble! thy stream see grass-ble,
Shall be my joy for 'tillie thimble,
For on thy banks, in Highland haesle,
First confessed a mutual flame,
O! the broken, &c.*

*What bliss to sit and name to fast us,
In some sweet tree bow'ry den!
The fondly stray among the rushes,
All the blades of the thimble,
O! the broken, &c.*

*And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted then,
I'll ne'er forget the bank see grass-ble,
Nor the blades of the thimble,
O! the broken, &c.*

MALI BHEAG OG.

NACH truagh leat mi 's mi 'm prìosan,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Do chairdean a' cuir hinn' orm,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu.
A bhean na m'ath mine,
'S na 'm pògan mar na fìoguis,
'S tu nach fàgadh sbìos mi,
Le mi-ruin do bheoil.

Di-dombhaich anns a' ghleann duinn,
Mo Mhali bheag og
'Nuair thoisich mi ri caimnt riut;
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal mhor.
'Nuair dh'fhosgadh mi mo shuilean,
'S a sheall mi air mo chul-thaobh;
Bha marcach an eich chruthaich,
Tigh'n' dlu air mo lorg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuaireadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
'Nuair 'thain an 'snaigh mu'n cuairt duinn
Mo ribhinn ghlan ur:
'S truagh nach ann san uair'nd,
A thuit o' m'ghualainn,
Mu'n dh' annas mi do bhualadh,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

Gur boiche leam a dh'fhas thu.
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Na'n lili ann san fhasach,
Mo cheud ghradh' 's mo ruin:
Mar aiteal caoin na grein'
Ann an madainn chiuin ag eirigh,
Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S mise a thug an gaol
Dha mo Mhali bhig og,
Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
Mo nighean bhoideach thu.
Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan teudan,
Do ghruidhean mar na coaran;
Do shuilean, fathail, sobhach,
'S do bheul-labhairt ciuin.

Shinbhlainn leat an saoghal,
Mo Mhali bheag og;
Cho fad a's eul na greine,
A gheug a's nìll gunis
Ruithinn agus leumaidh,
Mar fhiadh air bharr na sleibhteann,
Air ghaol 's gu'm bìthinn reidh 's tu,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

'S truagh a rinn do chairdean,
Mo Mhali bheag og!
'Nuair thoirnisg iad do ghradh dhomh,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu:
Nan tugadh iad do lamh dhomh,
Cha bìthinn-'s ann san ann so,
Fo' bhinn air son mo ghradh dhut,
Mo Mhali bheag og.

Ge 'l' bheirte mi bho'n bhas so,
Mo Mhali bheag og,
Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dalach,
Mo cheud gradh' 's mo ruin:
B'annsa 'n saoghal-'s' fhagail,
'S gu'm fàicim t-àdunn ghradhach;
Gu'n chluinn' bhì air an la sin,
'S na dh'fhag mi thu ciuirt'.

Note.—The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer, who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus:—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles to their union were regarded even by themselves, as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see his friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello-like, the gallant young officer told her of "hair-breadth 'scapes by land and hood" and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to elope with him.

Having matured their arrangements, they fled on a Saturday night—probably under the belief that the non-appearance of the young lady at her father's table on Sabbath morning would excite no surmises in the hurry of going to church. She, indeed, had complained to her father of some slight headache when she retired to rest, and instructed her maid to say next morning that she was better, but not disposed to appear at the breakfast table. Not satisfied with the servant's prevarication, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bedroom, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress; and

being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came up, and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel-apple (*ubhal a' chialldeinibh*) she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow that she instantly fell and expired at his feet! Upon seeing this, he humbly and immediately surrendered himself, saying, "That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone." He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution.

Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making an inn the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by me—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BO.

LEISNEAG.

Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mi Mhairi bhinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn;
Mhairi bhoidheach, turach,
Rugadh anns an ghlain.

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
 Bithidh ' choill fo bhla,
 'S coin bhonga 'sein duinn—
 A dh'oidhich a's a la;
 Gobhair agus caoirich,
 A's crodh-laoigh le'n al,
 'S Mairi bhann gan saodach',
 Maeh ri aodainn charn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'Nuair a thig an Samhradh,
 B'nnsa bhí 's na glinn,
 Ged roibh an t-aran gann oirn,
 B'ídh 'n t-amhlan trí fill'
 Gheibh sinn gruth a's nachdar,
 Buannachd a chruidh laoigh,
 As lohaid a chinn chuachach,
 Chuir mu'n cuairt a mbing,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'A Phlegi," arsa Seonaid,
 " 'S neonach lean do chuil,—
 Nach barradh tu 'sheimmar,
 Ach Gleann-sucoill gu brath."—
 " B'ídh mis' dol do'n' bhunail,
 A's m' thait mu m' ehnas a 'fas,
 'S b'ídh ua fr a faghneachd,
 Maighdean a chuil bhain.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad,
 'S math leis thu bhí ann,
 Do ghruidh mar na corann,
 Bhios ri taobh nan allt:
 Tha thu banail heusach—
 Cha leir dhoim do mheang;
 B'annsa bhí ga d'phogadh,
 Nu poit lion na Fraing.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

N'a'm biodh Seonaid baidir,
 Chuir a lamh 's an im,
 Peigi ris an al,
 A's Mairi mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
 Bléithinnse gu statoil,
 Dol gu airidh leibh,
 'S eia bhith annaid fo phracas,
 Te nach tumbadh linn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoin' naisle,
 Mu'n cuairt air a thord,
 'G eilteachadh ri cheile,
 'S deigh ac' air bhí ceol,
 Cha'n fhaic mis an eis ind,
 Air son seis da'm beoil,
 Luinnceag Mairi chuachach,
 Tha shuas an Gleann-sucoil.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch McKenzie, a Loch-bruon Prover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of " *Marciadh Ruadh nam Bo,*" or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr. McKenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication; but at the opportunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan McKenzie, of Lochcarron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Mairi Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr. McKenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the sheeling or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertness in that department. The air is original, and so truly beautiful that the song has attained a degree of popularity, which its poetry would never have entitled it to, if composed to an old, or inferior air. Mr. McKenzie died in 1831.

MÀIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUNNEAG.

Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn :
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn
Mhairi bhoidheach lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.

B'og bha mis' a's Mairi
 'M fasaichean Ghlinn-Sucoil,
 'Nuair chuir macan-Brenuis,
 Saighead gheur 'n am f'heoil;
 Tharruinn siun ri cleile,
 Ann an eud cho beo,
 'S nach robh air an t-saoghal;
 A thug gaol cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c

'S tric bha mis' a's Mairi,
 Falbh nam fasanach finl,
 Gu'n smaointean air òl-bheairt,
 Gu'n chail gu droch ghniomh;
 Cupid ga n-air taladh,
 Ann an cairdeas dian;
 S barr nan craobh mar sgail dhùinn,
 'Nuair a b' aird' a ghrìan,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
 A h-airgead a's a macin,
 Cia mar bhithinn sona
 Gu'n do chomunn gaol?
 B' annsa bhi ga d' phogadh,
 Le deagh choir dhomh fhein,
 Na ged f'haighinn stòras,
 Na Roinn-Eòrp' gu leir.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
 Lan de shonas gràidh;
 Uchd a's gile sheallas,
 Na 'n eal' air an t-samh:
 Tha do mhìn-shlios, fallain,
 Mar chanach a chair;
 Muineal mar an fhaoilinn
 Fo 'n adainn a's aillt'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
 Ma do chluais a' fas,
 Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
 Thar gach gruaig a bha:
 Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tnairgne,
 'Na chuir suas gach la;
 Chas gach ciabh mun-cuairt dheth,
 'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chaille-dheud shnaighte
 Mar shneachda nan ard;
 T-annal mar an cainneal;
 Beul bho'm banaul failt:
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
 Min raisg chinnealt, th;
 Mala chaoil gu'n ghrusimean,
 Gnuis gheal 's cunch-fhalt ban.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
 Air nilleas rùghrean mor;
 B' iad ar leabaidh stata
 Duilleach 's barr an f'heoir:
 Fluraichean an fhasaich
 'Toir dhuinn eal a's treoir,
 A's sruthain ghlan nan arl
 A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Cha robh inneal cinil,
 A thuraidh riamh fo 'n ghreoin,
 A dh'-aitriseadh air choir,
 Gach ceol bhìollh againn f'hein:
 Uiseng air gach lann;
 Smeoradh air gach geig,
 Cuthag 's gug-gug aic,
 'Madainn churaidh Cheit'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The second set of "*Mairi Laghach*," is the composition of Mr. John M'Donald, tacksman, of Seorraig, Lochbroom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set; and, while Mr. M'Kenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr. M'Donald is entitled to the praise of having sung that most beautiful of airs, in language, which, for purity, mellowness, and poetry, was never surpassed. Mr. M'Donald now lives in the island of Lewis, where he is much respected; he is the author of many excellent poems and songs, and in him yet the Highland muse finds a votary of ardent devotedness,—of nerve, fact, talent, intelligence, and wit. We subjoin a beautiful translation of five stanzas of this popular song by another gifted Highlander, Mr. D. M'Pherson, bookseller, London.

CHORUS.

*Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bells,
 Sweet the bubbling fontains and the dewy dells;
 Sweet the sunny blossoms of the flowering tree!
 Sweeter is young Mary of Glenasmole to me.*

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
 When Glenasmole is dress'd in all the pride of May—
 And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade
 Sadly to recline beneath the birken shade.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

There to fix my gaze in visions of delight,
 On her eyes of truth, of love, of light—
 On her bosom purer than the silver rill,
 Fairer than the camp on the mountain side.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by tansel men,
 To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan glen?
 Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
 There the mellow quavis and the blackbird sing.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the splendour of the proud and great,
 To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
 From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
 Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
 All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
 With the countless riches of her subject seas,
 I would scorn the change for blisses such as these!
Scout the rising mountains, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAG.

*Cuir a chinn dileis,
 Dileis, dileis,
 Cuir a chinn dileis,
 Tharum do lamh,
 Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
 A mhealladh na miltean,
 'S duine gun chli,
 Nach tugadh dhut gradh.*

Cha thinneas na feachda,
 'S a mhadainn so bhual mi:
 Ach acad ro buan
 Nach leigheis gu brach.
 Le sealladh air faiche.
 De shliat on taigh ussail,
 Moch-thra di-luain,
 'S mi 'g amharc an la.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
 Nach facas a thuarmsa;
 'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chul,
 Chamagach, thla.
 Rinn dealaradh a mais,
 Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
 Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
 Tharais gu lar.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi ritlist,
 Le cridhe lan uabhair;
 A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
 Ruighinn na dail.
 G'a h-iathadh na m' ghlacaibh,
 Ach smachdaich i bhuan sin
 Ochan! is truagh!
 A mheath i mo ehal.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dheare-shuilean glana,
 Fo mballa gun ghruidhean;
 'S daigheann a bhual iad,
 Mise le d' ghradh.
 Do ros bhilean tana,
 Seamh, farasda, suairec,
 Cladhaichear m' uaigh
 Mar glac thu mo lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
 On cheanghal is cruaidhe;
 Cuimhnich air t-uisle,
 'S cobhair mo chas.

Na bodham-s' am thraill dut
 Gu' brach, on non uuir-s';
 Ach tiomaich g' chruas,
 Do chridhe gu thas.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar lean cadal,
 Air leabaidh an uaigneas:
 'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
 Dh' oidliche 's a la,
 Ach ainuir is binne,
 'S a's grinne, 's a's suairec;
 Gabh-sa dhìom truas,
 'S bithidh mi slau!
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
 A tuireadh sa caoine;
 Bhual saighead a ghaoil mi,
 Dìreach gu'm shail.
 Dh' fhas mi cho lag,
 'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh;
 Le goirteas mo chinn,
 'S cha d' shin i dhomh lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
 An ional na cuirte;
 A' g amharc mo ruin,
 'S i 'n ionad ro ard.
 Thug i le fionnaireachd,
 Sealladh de snìl domh,
 'S thinndaidh i eul-thaobh,
 Seachad air barr.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighidh,
 Gu fradharc dh'i fhaotainn;
 'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
 Farasda, thla.
 Chuna' mi sealladh,
 A mhealladh na miltean,
 'S amaideach mi,
 'S nach faigh mi na pairt.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
 Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciuil e,
 Togaidh tu sunnt,
 An tallaichan ard.
 Leagair leat seachad,
 Sar ghaisgich na dutch';
 Le sealladh do shul,
 'S le giulan do ghnais.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bàraghad nì 's gile,
Na canach na dige;
Chite dol sìos,
'M fionn bhaine blath.
'S ioma ruid eile—
Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal,
Aogais mo ghraidh,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dhl mar an canach,
T-rhath clannach 's cuir air,
A chumas an drùchd,
Gu dlu air a bharr.
Na chuirean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùadhb,
'S do-cheannaithe' an crun,
Tha gulan a bhath,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an coreur,
Beul socair o'm bina sgeul:
Dend mar na dìsne,
'S finealt a dh' fhas.
Do shìos mar an eala,
'S do mheall-shuilean miogach,
Thaladh th' m' inntinn,
'S cha pill i gn brach.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. II. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN.

MO CHADAL DOMH.

An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
Sior acain na'm beil bh'uam,
Do chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoir fo ghruain.
Gur tric mi ann an aisling leat,
Gach nair da 'n dean mi snain;
Trom-osnach 'nuair a dhuisgeas mi,
Air bhì dha t-iundrann bh'uam.

Air bhì dhomh 'g-iundrann snaireis bh'uam,
'S tu leagh mo shuadh 's mo bhla;
O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
Cha dualach dhomh bhì slan.
'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-casbhuidh,
Air ghleus nach cluinneadh each,
Dh'fhag t-aogasg mi cho muldach,
'S gur cunnart dhomh am bas.

Is mor a ta do ghibhteann ort,
A ta gun fhios do chach

Corp seang gun fheall gun fhaicheid ann,
Gur eas thu mhicalladh graidh.
'S a lughadh oigear furanach,
A thuilleadh orms' an sas,
D' an tugadh taodann faothachadh,
'S an t-aog ga 'n cur gu bas.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geille mi,
Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghloir.
Gur h-e do chomradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghainn dheth gach ceol.
'S gur h-ionnadh oìlheh' no-aobhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leon;
Is bìdh mi nochd a' m' aonaran,
A snaointeach bean do neoil.

Tha bean do neoil am brathreachas,
'Ri eala bhan nan speur:
Gur binne leam bhì maran leat.
Na clarsaichean nan teud.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh an ceill;
Gur cosmhail thu ri aillean,
Da'n umhlaich each gu leir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochar thu,
'S a shoeraich ort mo ghaol:
'S gur e mhendaich tursa dhonah,
Gu'n tha bhì dhomh mar shaoil.
Sgeul fìor a dh' fhendar aircamh leam;
Gur leir a bhla 's a choinn:
Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
An nochd mo chadal faoin.

Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuartacladh,
O Chluaidh gu misge Spe;
Is bean do neoil cha chualas,
Bu neo-huainiche na bens.
Is corrach, gorm, do shuilean;
Gur geal, s gur dlu, do dhicud,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a slunagh air dhreach nan teud.

Thug mise gaol da riridh dhut,
'Nuair bhà thu d' uionaig oig;
Is air mo leimh nach dibrim e,
Air mhìle pumnd de 'n or:
Ge d' fhaighinn fhin na chruintean e,
Ga chunntadh dhomh air bord;
Cha treiginn gaol na ribhinne,
A tha 'n He ghias an fheoir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUINNEAG.

*Iug o ho-ri ho hoireannan,
Iug o ho-ri 's na hi ri hu o,
Ithill u hog oireannan,
Ilu o ho ri hog oireannan!*

AILEIN. Ailein, is fad an eadail,
Tha'n nì eag a' gairn 's an la glasadh,
Grian a'g cìridh air an leuchdairn,
S fada bhuan fhìn fheid nam breacan.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein dhùn gabh sgeuln 's lì g' cìridh,
'Tionail do chloim, cuimhniche t-fheum orr,
B'fìh Alba mhòr fo bheinn Eileisdean,
Mar a dhion a' ruinntir feib' ?
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Morag* pùhn air eigin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dìan, i geilleadh,
S gu'm bì sliochd gum iat coir fein ae.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Mhorag na'm faicinn t-fhear-cosaidh,†
Ge b' ann air cabhsair Dhun-Eideann,
Thairgeann na laim chaola, gheura,
S dh-fhagainn fhìn e marbh gum cìridh.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland.

ORAN

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

Fuir ud tha thail na a'ridh nan Comh-
nichann, [leat.
B'fhearr leam fhìn gu'n cinneadh gnothach
Shiubhlainn Gleann-kaoidh a's Gleann-com-
han leat,
Da thaobh Loch-Iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat,

*Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,
'S na hillirin ho-ro ho bhq ht,
Na hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,
Mo leann-dubh mor on chaidh tu dhìom.*

Shu bhlainn moch leat, shiubhlainn ana-
noch, [lach,
Air fe dh-choilltean, chreagan, a's gharbh-
O! gur h-e mo ruin an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a chuilein chiataich,
Thug mi gaol dut 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaoil nach tugainn do dhìuc na dh'iarla,
B' fhearr leam fhìn nach faca mi riamh thu.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhailt dualach sìos ma d' shlinnean,
B' annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do' chomhradh
milis.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Bha do phog mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruai bh mar bhraileig Shamhradh,
Suil chorraich ghoru fo'd mhala gheannar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a mhìe Rìgh Seumas,
Channa nì toir mhòr an deigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu deirach,
Disge mo chinn tigh'n' tian o'm leirsinn.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dha bhrathair,
Mhill iad mo chinneadh a's chreach iad mo
chairdean,
Sgrìos iad mo dhuthaich ruisg iad mo mha-
thair,
'S bu luoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Tearlach.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty
is not known, and though published on the "ling
of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers,"
this is the first time it has been committed to
press. Various MS. copies of it are in our pos-
session, the oldest of which is by a Lady and
bears the following title: "Miss Flora Mac-
donald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DH' UILLEAM SISEAL.

FEAR INNS'-NAN-CEANN AN SRATH-GHILAS
A THUIT LATHA CHUILEAIR
LE MHAOI FEIN.

Oen! a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
'S e do chuis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu bhuan gach id bh'agan,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar;
Cha chrodd, a's cha chaoirich,
'Tha mi caoidh ach mo cheile,
Ge do dh'fhagte mi m'aonar,
Gun sian 's an t-saoghal ach leine.
Mo run geal og.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,
No nì chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
O nach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cia mar gheibhinn o m' nadur,
A bhì 'g a'icheadh na 's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho laidir,
Thoir tu gu aite mo rìgh math?
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu'm fear mor bu mhath cumadh,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhrogan.
Bha do shlios mar an cala,
'S blas na meal' air do phogair;
T-fhailt dualach, donn, lurach,
Mu do mhùineal an ordugh,

'S e gu cam-lubach, cuimeir,
'S gach non toirt urram d'a hhoicead.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneamach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meallhon 's bu dealbhaich;
Cha bu tailear gun colas,
'Dheanadh cota math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhuais
Gun bli cumhann, no gann dut;
Mar gheala-bhradan da chasan.
Le d' ghearr osau nu d' chalpa.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu iasgair na h-ambunn—
'S tric a thaghaich thu fein i;
Agus sealgair a mhumsaidh—
Bhiodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleusadh;
Bu bhinn leam tabhunn do chuilcin,
Bheireadh fuil air mac eilde—
As do laimh bu mhór n' earbsa—
'S tric a mharbh thu le cheil iad.
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu poitear na dibhe—
'N am suidhe 's taigh osda,
Ge be dh'oladh 's tu phaidheadh;
Ged' thuiteadh each nu na bordaibh,
Bhi air mhig cha 'n e b' fhuil leat,
Cha do dh' ionnsaich thu og e,
'S cha d' iarr thu rianh cuis,
Air te air chul do mhna posda.
Mo run geal og.

Gur mis th'air mo sgaradh,
'S ge do chanam, cha bhreug e—
Chaidh mo shugradh gu sileadh,
O'n nach pillear bh'o'n eug thu,
Fear do cheile a's do thuisge,
Cha robh furast ri fheantainn,
'S cha do sheas an Cuilbhair,
Fear do choitais bu treine.
Mo run geal og.

'S ioma baintighearna phríséil,
Le'n síoda 's le'n srolabh,
Dan robh mis' am chuis-fharmaid,
Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pog dhonnh;
Ge do bhithinn cho seabhach,
'S gu'm bu leam airgead Hanobhar,
Bheirinn enac anns na h-aintean,
Na'n cumadh each sinn bho phosadh!
Mo run geal og.

Och! nan och! gur mi bochdag,
'S mi lan osnaich an comhnuidh;
Chaill mi duil ri thu thighinn—
Thuit mo chridhe gu doirteadh;
Cha tog fiodhal, no clarsach,
Piob, no taileasg, no ceol e;
Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgaidh,
Cha duisg caidridh duin' oig mi.
Mo run geal og.

Bha mi grei s ann am barail,
Gu'm bu mhaireann mo cheile,
'S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathuigh,
Le nighear 's le h-cibineas,
Ach thu 'n t-am air dol tharais,
'S cha 'n flaic mi fear t-eugais,
Gus an teid mi fo'n talamh,
Chu dealtach do speis riun.
Mo run geal og.

'S iomadh bean a tha bronach,
Eadar Troiteirnis 's Steibhte,
Agus te tha na bantraich,
Nach d'fhuair samhla da'm cheile;
Bha mise lan solais,
Fhad 's bu bhéo sinn le-cheile,
Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
Cha chuis fharmaid mi fein daibh!
Mo run geal og.

Note.—Christiana Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—entirely employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathgigas, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Culloden, William was flag bearer or banner-man of the clan; and most assuredly the task of preserving the "*Bratach Chloich each*" from the disgrace of being struck down, could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long, and manfully; and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn, which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade, high raised, and in proud defiance bayonetted the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast, he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semicircle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen, who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband, that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great good taste too, she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence:—

Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
Or fill the throne he ought to fill!

and then, with the wings and wail of a matchless dove, flutters over the mangled carcass of her husband, and depletes his matchless person and soul in language that would melt the sternest heart to sympathy. There are several passages of great beauty, pathos and sublimity in this song; and, apart from the interesting circumstance that called it forth, it possesses all the essential properties or attributes of a first rate production. The air is original.

MARBURANN DO LEANAMH GILLE
A BHA RO-THAHTNEACH LE
ATHAIR.

AIR FOSN—*Thug mi gaol, thug mi gaol,
Thug mi gaol don fhear bhau,
Thug mi gaol dhut a ghaoil,
'S d' thu nam sma-intein a ghaoil.*

Fhìr a dh'fhalbh 'uam dirdaoine
Bu ghlan aogasg na cach,
Bha do ghruaidh air dhreach nan caor,
Bhios air taobh nam beann ard.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

T-aghaidh aluinn mar ghrian,
Suil ghorm liontach 'si tha,
Beul deurg maoth 's mala chaol,
Slios mar fhaoilun an t-snaimh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'S beag a shaoil mi 'n am gluasad,
A haidh leat th'ar saile,
Gur ann an uir Chill-mhuir
Bheiridh thu ruin gu bhì eanach.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

Ach Dia gar toileachadh le ordan
S gach seol anns an aill :
An tigh a bhroin 'sann a dhorduich
E'n conuidh dhuinn tamh.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'S ni gur leir dhuinn mar cheusadh
A Mhae fhein tha gu h-ard,
A thug e thairis le thoil fhein,
Ann an eirie ur slainte.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

A ni dh'orduich Rìgh nan dul
Ann an cumhnant nan gras,
Gleann na h-ioraslachd thoirt duinn
Ro ghlean dudlaidh a bhais, &c.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

'Nuair a ruigeas sinn fa-dheoidh,
Abhuinn Jordan a bhais,
Mur bi 'n t-urras aig a bruaich
Theid don chuan dhubh nach traighe.
Thug me gaol, &c.

'Cha d'rugadh a h-aon anns-an fheoil
A chuaidh gu gloir gun a snamh,
A mach bho Enos a's Elias,
Mar tha 'n fhìrinn ag ra.
Thug mi gaol, &c.

MARBURANN DO BHEAN OG CHLIU-
PTEACH A BHA POSDA AIG ALAS-
DAIR CAIMBEUL SA CHAOCHAIL
SA BLIADHNA 1859.

AIR FOSN.—*'Ioram na truaighe.'*

'S gur e mise tha fo cislein
Bho chuala mi sgeula do bhais !
A bhean shubhailceach bheusach
Dha robh tuigse agus centamh a's gradh ;
'S beag an t-ìoghnadh do cheile
Bhì gu tursach trom dearach mar tha,
Cha n' fhaic e coimeas a cheud ghraidh
A measg mhiltean air cheutachd an gnithis.

Bha thu furanach flaluidh,
Lan tuigse agus ringhailt a's cliu ;
Cha robh lochd unnad ri iar-raidh ;
Bha maise na diadhachd ad ghnuis.
Leis an tlachd a bh'aig Dia dhut,
Thug e leis thu gu sìorraidh dha chuir :
Do chomunn nan ainglean,
Gu bhì tuilleadh a seinn air a chlu.

'S mor an comharra' grais ort,
Bha thu iochdar a's baigheil ri bochd ;
'Nuair a thig iad dha 'n aite
'San robh thu ri tamh ni iad osn' !
Cha n' fhaic iad ann Mari
Bidh a chuideachd a dh'fhag thu fosprochd ;
Neul fuar air an ardaich
An robh mire a's mannan a's tlachd.

'S beag an t-ìoghnach do mhathair,
Bhì gun aighear no slainte gu feum ;
Cha d'fhig i mar b'abhuist
A chuir furan a graidh dhut an geill ;
I ri faicinn an aite
Anns a bheil thu an caradh leat fhein ;
Bidh an oridhe ga chradh aic'
'Sa suilean ri fasgadh nan deur.

Ged bhiodh agamsa a dh'aireamh
Na bha aig Rìgh Daibhidh do mhic,
Agus bean aig gach aon diu,
Bheirinn Mari ri 'n thaobh as a measg ;
Cha 'n eol dhomh 'coimeas a ghraidh sin
Thug i chairdean a's luchd colais a fr,
Ach Rut a phos Boas
Sa lean ri Naomi gu glie.

Ach 's goarr an uine gus a fag sinn,
An suoghal 'sna cairdean gu leir ;
Cha n' eil aon do shìochd Adhamh
Nach dealaich am bas iad o cheil :
A chuid a gheibh ereideamh tearnuidh
Theid iad dhaehaidh gu Pharas Mhic De,
'Sa cha bhì tuillidh ceann-fath dhaibh
A bhì 'g ionndrainn na dh'fhag iad nan
deigh.

Note.—Archibald Campbell, the author of the two foregoing elegies, was born in the Isle of Skye, Scotland, in the year 1786, of highly res-

pectable parents, whose descendants in their native country, even to this day, are among the wealthiest, the most enterprising and intelligent portion of the inhabitants of that Isle.

Our author in his younger days, was like the most of those who woo the poetic muse, wild and romantic; consequently he did not succeed well in life in his native country, and in the year 1830 emigrated to Nova Scotia. Soon after his arrival on the shores of his adopted country, he took up lands on the beautiful banks of Lake Ainslie, C. B. where he taught school with much success for a number of years, and now (in 1863) lives respected an independent farmer.

The first of his poetic efforts here inserted, was composed on the death of a beautiful child, who died when 4 years of age. The last was composed in 1860, when our author was 74 years of age, and was occasioned by the death of Mrs. Alexander Campbell of Broad Cove, his daughter-in-law, a woman of great personal worth. He has composed many songs of much merit, which in all probability, will be published after his death.

ORAN GAOIL LE DUINE UASAL ARAID.

LUNNEAG.

*A Mhari boidheach 'sa Mhari ghaolach,
A Mhari bhoidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
A Mhari bhoidheach gur tu a chlaoidh mi,
'Sa dh'fhag mi brònach gun doigh air t'
fhaotinn.*

Mhari bhoidheach gur mor mo ghaol ort,
Gur tric mi cuimhneach ort 's mi m' aonar,
Ged a shiubhlainn gach ceum do 'n t-saoghal,
Bidh t-iomhaigh bhoidheach fìnn beo gach
taobh dhiom.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhari bhoid-
heach,

Ann an gleannan faoin a's ceo air,
'S ged bu Rìgh mi 'san Roinn-Eorpa,
Cha 'n iarainn pog ach o mhari bhoidheach.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ach chitear Feidh air sgeith 'sna speuran,
Chitear Iasg air ard naif sleibhtein,
Chitear sneachda dubh air gheugan,
Mu'm faicear caochladh air mo ghaol dut.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

O Mhari lughdaich thu mo chiall domh,
Tha mo ghri' le do ghaol air lionadh;

Tha gach lu ann am fad mar bliadhna,
Mur faic mi-t-nodan a tha mar ghrian domh.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Co chi mo Mhari s' as urrainn aicheil',
Gu bheil a chridhe laist le gradh dhi,
Thug i barrachd ann an ailleneidh,
Thar gach maise tha fas 'san al so.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Do shuilean meallach fad' mhalà bhoidhich,
Do bheulan tama air dhath nan rosan,
Do shlios mar chanach an gleannan moin-
tich,
'S do ghruidh mar chaoran fo sgeith nam
mor-bheann.

A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Caitè am faicear 'san t-saoghal bean t-aonais,
Cha n' 'eil i fdir ann ri fhaotinn,
Am maise, an tuigse 'san dea' bhucsan,
Tha thu ro ard oscionn gach aon diu.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Fhìr a shiubhlas thar thonnuibh uai 'reach,
Dh' ionnsuidh Innsean cian nan cuaintean,
Thoir gach sìod, agus ni tha luach' ar,
Dh' ionnsuidh Mari a rinn mo bhuaireadh.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Eoin as moiche a theid air sgiathan,
'Sa theid ard anns an iarmailt,
Na biodh la anns a bhliadhna,
Nach seinn sibh ceol dha mo Mhari chiataich.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ach cha dian Eala air slios nam mor-thonn.
Cha dian Smeorach nam badan boidheach,
Cha dian gach inneal-ciuil ach cronan,
'Nuair a sheinneas mo Mhari bhoidheach.
A Mhari bhoidheach, &c.

Ge do bhithinn tursach cianail,
'S mi le curam air mo lionadh,
Ni do 'hnuis-sa a tha mar ghrian domh,
Mo chridhe sunntach 'nuair thig thu m' fhi-
anuis.

A Mhari bhoidheach.

Gu mo slan dha mo Mhari bhoidheach,
Ge be aite 's am bi a conuidh,
Se mo ghuaidh-sa am fad 'sas beo mi
Gu'm bi gach solas aig Mari bhoidheach.
A Mhari bhoidheach.

GLOSSARY.

A

Ahhuchd, a harmless gilding or joking
Abrun, clampa, an oat guard, &c.
Achdadh, certain, self-satisfied
Aibhcin, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Aibheasach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Aimhealach, vexing, unwary, galling
Aimhich, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aistig-chonnata, a libellous dream
Ainagadh, tearnadh, protection
Aoi-taigh, university, college
Asaidh, ancient, old, over-aged
Astaich or **abhsaich**, a jerk, a sea phrase,
 also the whole canvas of a boat or
 ship

B

Balte-na-buirbhe, Bergen, the former
 capital of Norway
Balling, a spruce neat little woman
Baganata, no *boganta*, light, compact
Baucha, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Baivisneach, a foolish woman, idiotic
Bascatach, showy, chattering
Beirir, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Biadh-lanaidh, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, dhumtutive, dwarfish
Bioganda, lively, smart, apt to start
Biogach, catching at morsels, greedy
Blitum, gibberish, jargon, senseless talk
Borraichin, the banks of a burn or river
Brath, air *brath*, to be found, to the
 fore, extant
Breidach, a woman wearing the badge
 of marriage
Briomnach, flattering, coaxing, &c.
Briod, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
Broslaim, excellent, vigorous
Brobach, a hairy rough man, a plumped
 fellow
Brollach, unintelligible disjointed talk,
 unpleasant sounds, jargon
Brasgadh, a teasing in letters, or
 breaking answer, confusion
Buathanta, foolish, awkward, clumsy in
 conversation or action
Buidh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Buindais, fee, wages, bounty
Buraras, warbling or purling noise

C

Cairhin, gunna-glait, a carbine
Cairiche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Caisrengach, wrinkled or creased
Caibhir, luach, greedily, voracious, glut-
 tuous
Callanan-codhail, a God-send, a propi-
 tious omen
Caoidhearan, lamentation
Capull-cuille, a capercaille or mountain
 cock; this species of fowls is now
 nearly extinct in the Highlands of
 Scotland
Cearrteach, abounding in ringlets, round,
 globular, circular
Cladheach, ceabach, mist, fog, vapour
Clagh, surge, a baying-place, &c.
Clannuinn, clachta, glach, slach
Clann-fhall, luxuriant waving hair
Claisach, a kind of sword, also a rifle
 gun
Cluaranach, a wandering bard or min-
 strel, a sweetman, a wrestler
Cluain, attention, retirement, peace,
 slumber
Cnaididh, scoffing, jeering, derision
Cobhrisdean, coffers, money-drawers
Coisid, a content, a scold, a straggler
Comaratch, direction or tendency forward
Comarich, petition, request, demand
Comach, saibhir, rich, riches
Cosgaratch, conquerors, victors
Cota-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)

Craobhaidh, hard, well tempered
Cranagail, implements, apparatus
Craobhaidh, ulgardedly, mean
Crap-tu, a musical phrase among pipers,
 excreting
Crios-cochulainn, no tus-cochulainn,
 an herb called "my lady's belt"
Craiteag, stoich-chartach, a kind of mor-
 tar, a circular stone hollowed for pre-
 paring pot barley or pounding bark
Craibin cianu, a circle of children, &c.
Ceam-an-donata, blood and wounds!
 a good! wounds!
Cuannal, cuanntal, a company of song-
 sters, a band of musicians
Cuan-ghih, the sea between the lake of
 Skye and Lewis
Cuide-chiuil, a musical vein
Cuide-shnuichain, the winding veins of
 trees
Curaide or **cur-ataid**, a quagmire

D

Dalmbeach, a friend, companion, a
 stranger
Doiscachan, low witted insipid poets
Doisheil, grainell, disgusting, unpica-
 sant, loathsome
Doil, zealous, keen, earnest
Doilichan, zeal, great glee, hilarity,
 earnestness
Dontan, anxiety, eagerness, solitude
Doidyog, rib-grass, a little fair one, a
 darling, a conceit
Deilteachadh, the humming of bees, the
 barking of dogs
Dreuch-thunda, decant ed drink
Druant, everlasting, profound, bound-
 ing, raiwy
Duinn, endless, never, also an inundation
 or deluge
Dios, dihis, plural of one; two
Diuicadh, cramming, filling by force
Diuicid, come to me, approach me; *stic*,
 away! begone! disperse
Doinid, extreme cold, hoar frost
 elemency
Doinidh, loathsome, hateful, contemp-
 tible
Draige, Gen. of dring, an igloo fatuus,
 an atmospheric phenomenon
Duabheil, ridiculous, ludicrous, laugh-
 able
Du-chlach, a flint, also a caballate stone
Dudaidh, resembling in sound that of a
 horn, deep intonation
Duilceadh, affliction, sorrow
Duinheach, the primitive surname of
 Campbell, *the Dharwad O'Duine*
Duireadh, a half-worn dirk or knife
Duistuing, dustuinn, dust, earth, soil

E

Ealabhuidhe, ealohhi, St. John's wort
Earaeadh, uraradh, parching corn in a
 pot preparatory to grinnling
Eistreachd, traigh, a rough stony ebb, a
 sea bench

F

Fackach, a little insignificant man, a
 puffin
Fackach, the aerial expanse, a ring
Falkeat, a hearty cheerful salute, friendly
 talk, &c. &c.
Fachachadh, act of despoiling, plander-
 ing
Farragradh, provocation, enmity; re-
 port, surmise
Farpais, emulation, strife, rivalry
Fenda-collie, the flowers of wood-sorrel

Feara-ghria, hawthorn or briar
Fearagan, veapra, evening dovolons
Fideag, a stalk of corn, a reel
Fidhair, uncultivated ground, a ley
 land
Frioms, man (now obsolete), male, mas-
 culine
Fuidhidh, fubhaidh, a pruce, a vallant
 club, an arrow, a company
Foghtuinn, an apprentice, a pupil
Foirne, a set of rowers, a crew, a brigade,
 a troop
Fraighe, a scabbard, a sheath, protection
 wall, shelter
Fidamale, fidamir, a sea-bird peculiar to
 St. Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Galla-bheinn, a huge billow, a snow
 storm
Gall-fheadan, a flagonlet, a clarinet
Guine, gainne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
**Gurra-gart, no Gavra gart, brean-ri-
 trean**, a corncock, quail
Gairseadh, gearaidh, warlike troops mili-
 tary
Gasgan, a green, a parterre
Geannabtra, confinement, prison
Geasram, entrance money, fee paid for
 admission, (Grassum, &c.)
Glannach, fear panic, sudden alarm
Giobain, a St. Kildian sausage made of
 fat from the gullets of fowls
Glod-ruid, agall-bheide, a dram in bed
 before rising in the morning
Gubach, the root of a bag pipe, drone
Greuthachd, surliness, moroseness, chur-
 chumness
Greas, greis, embroidery, needlework,
 tambouring
Guanag, a neat tidy woman, a light
 dressed girl
Guga, a St. Kilda bird, a short-necked
 hunchbacked man
Gugual, idle talk, clatter, flit, refuse

I

Ian-buckhainn, a melodious sea-fowl
Iisgean, taunta, nick-names, reflections
 on one's conduct
Iandid, entrails, bowels
Inise-Gall, primitive name of the Heb-
 rides, now confined to the Isle of Skye
Iomchruinn, conflict, behaviour, depart-
 ment
Iceanna, a patriarchal woman, a dam,
 the mother of a race
Iomrach, or omach, a rifle gun
Iudhach, a fugitive, a coward, a low
 feeble fellow
Iurguthach, a noisy contentious fellow,
 a ranter, a bawler
Iutharn, friain, triuin, hell, the abode of
 demons

L

Langrach, full of chains or fetters
La-utain, doom's-day, the last day
Leir, the wide ocean, the main
Learg, a small plain or hill, a battle-field,
 a green goose
Lobhach, slovenly, untidy, awkward,
 clumsy
Lob, a contemptuous name for the
 mouth-piece of a bag-pipe, a thick lip
Lobhar, polluted, burntish
Loiteann, pleasure-boats, lodgings, tents,
 or booths
Lon, an elk, a blackbird, an ouzel
Lorgair, one that traces or tracks, a dog
 that follows by scent
Lub, a roe, (now obsolete)

Luck-annan, a plenny, a dwarf
Lunn, penetrate, a heaving billow, &c.

M

Mac-fradh, *sulair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-lunhach, *cat-mara*, *grasach*, the fish called a sea-devil
Mahnenn, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maigneanna, a malden, an instrument for beheading with
Maol-ciaran, a child of grief, melancholy
Marsal, *marsadh*, a march, or marching of troops
Mathal, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardrach, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
Mealag, belly, protuberance
Meira-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meighe, a hammer, flag, pennon
Meilheag, *mealbhag*, a corn-poppay
Mhan, *sias*, downward, from above
Mophann, sounds of musical instruments
Muireadach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Muirichinn, children, inmates, occupants of one house
Muirninn, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadh, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *munadh*)

O

Olach, an eunuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
Olachd, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Oraid, an oration, a speech, an essay
Orda, shining like gold, gilded, excellent, precious

P

Pais, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear
Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pigidh, *bru-dhearg*, robin red-breast
Piathach, splay-footed, handy-legged
Prabhach, botching, bungling, spoiling
Prabar, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
Prais, *praiseach*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Priobartach, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Prioblagadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Patkar, a wound or hurt, a scar
Puic, hehe, well, *cha tug a puic dheth*, he made nothing of him

R

Rannannan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels

Rannar-buth, a confused dance without system

Rati, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky

Riathrach, outbreaking, immorality, eruption

Riatach, *dolain*, illegitimate

Robain, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains

Roiscil, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave

Ro-scot, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails

Roo, prose writhing, an eye, eyelids

Rutanach, firm, force, steadfast, stony

S

Samh, surge, the agitation of waves on the sea beach, the crest of whitened billows

Seall, a seal, a mark, an impression

Saradh, a broaching, a distracting, an arrestment

Seantar, rest, repose, comfort, pallet, pillow, a place whereon to rest

Seas-ghrinn, the equinoctial line

Seis, a musical air, the humming of bees or flies

Seis, one's match, or equal, a companion

Seighin, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric

Seol-nih, an anchorage, a harbour

Sgairche, a man ready to raise the human cry against his neighbour

Sgibidh, flight, active, handsome, neat

Sgthirach, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female tattler, a young sea gull

Sialag, *toit*, rheumatism, rheumatic pain

Sigaidheach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made

Sibh, a span, a squint, determined position in standing

Sinmachan, *binnan*, phosphoric fire

Slan, a defence, a garrison, a protection

Smeoil, Gen. of *Smaol*, *Gleam-smoil*, the gleam of mist

Smeocrin, the end of an arrow next the bow-string

Snaicis, a split of dried fish, &c., &c.

Sorn, a hearth, the flue of a kiln or oven, a concealty

Spangann, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments

Spaoch, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp

Spreidh, or *spreigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding

Srianach, a halberd, a brook

Stairbhanach, an athletic well-built person

Staoag, *ronnan*, saliva, spittles

Stral, tumours, *swail* (Ir. id), wonder

Sucht, filled, saturated, lightened

Sumaire, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle

Siennail, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Tarbharaach, *fruinneach*, noisy, garrulous

Tafaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows

Tairdeant, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage

Taobhlath, a division of a pipe tune

Targatach, a prognostication, a prophesying

Tearannach, or *feallsannach*, a philosopher, or astronomer

Teannair, season, in season, fit time

Teiridneach, *ceiridneach*, medicinal, having the power to cure

Treacht, cowardice, cowardliness

Threasd, *chaohail*, *dh'eug*, he died, *thead e*

Tobha, *bill*, *rop*, rope, cable

Toghdail, a feud, a levying of forces, a struggle in arms

Tolhaicell, sensible, prudent, frugal

Tóiré, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls

Tóiréireach, a thick elegant man, a dense column of smoke

Tóiréichim, a deep snoring or sleep

Tóran, an onset, beginning, proluo

Tógair, messenger, harlinger, ambassador

Treabhair, *tighean*, houses, outhouses, stables

Treaghad, a stitch in one's side, &c., &c.

Trinillinn, no *trealainn*, nonsensical stuff, daggery

Trogadh, *raog-trogadh*, soft rolling eyes, full-orbed

Troidh, *Troy*, an ancient city which baffled the united efforts of all Greece for ten years

Trog, a codd, in Sutherlandshire a fool

Tuairnac, a round knob or small cup

Tuirarach, a rattling or rumbly noise

Tuireadach, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep

Tuinn, *tien*, of *tohn*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll

Tuly, a grudge, an upbraiding, paking

Tullin, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave

Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves

Tuirneitas, a striking of heads against each other as rams, contact, collision

U

Uachdair, farm stock; *fo nachdair*, under stock

Uca, *ucas*, the gull or coal fish, stench (Sc.)

Ufhalteach, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation

Urlinn, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship

Urrar, division of a pipe tune

Urracag, a thowl, a ear pin, a elato

Urraigean, inundations, overflowings, spentis (Sc.)

ach, noisy, gar-
ow for throwing
avel, a march, a
f a pipe tune
eation, a prophe-
ach, a philoso-
ason, fit time
medlehal, hav-
wardliness
e'eny, ho dlot,
ghte
ing of forces, a
lent, fragal
attle, a warlike
water fowls
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ng or sleep
ng, prolude
binger, ambas-
ises, outhouses,
e's side, &c., &c.
nonsensical stuff,
oft rolling eyes,
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coat fish, sten-
ocular, cheer-
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, overflowings.

